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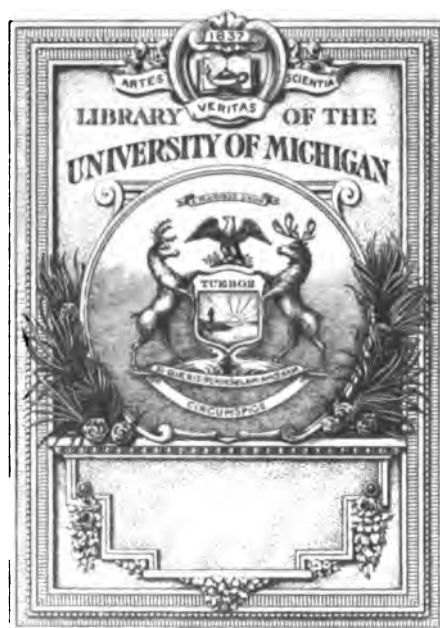
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PROSE AND POETRY

SELECTED FROM THE LITERATURE OF ALL TIMES AND NATIONS

EDITED, WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTES, BY

A. R. SPOFFORD, Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., and
RUFUS M. SHAPLEY. Author of "Solid for Mulhooly."

ILLUSTRATED WITH FIFTY CHOICE ETCHINGS

ENGRAVED EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK

VOLUME I

PHILADELPHIA

GEBBIE & CO., PUBLISHERS

1894

20

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PREFACE.

THE scope of this work is indicated by its title. Whilst the purpose of all previous compilations and encyclopædias of wit and humor has been to give, within the limits of one or two volumes, at the most, an entertaining collection of humorous extracts, anecdotes and witticisms, it has been the aim and purpose of the publishers of this work to make it truly a LIBRARY, in which may be found the most complete and comprehensive collection of the wit and humor of all ages and of all countries that has ever been published.

The editors have endeavored to accomplish the purpose of the publishers.

As a man who sets about collecting a library should not attempt to crowd and encumber his shelves with *all* the books that have ever been printed, but should search only for the *best*, so the editors have striven to collect—not, indeed, *all* of the world's wit and humor and satire—but the larger portion of that which, having outlived one or more generations and come down to us still living and full of vitality, has apparently earned a title to immortality; and also the *best* of that which, having not yet withstood the test of time, seems to be likely, by reason of undoubted merit, to withstand that ordeal.

They have endeavored to represent here all of the world's great masters of wit and humor and satire by their acknowledged master-pieces, not garbled, but entire; and when that was impracticable, for want of space (as in the cases of Rabelais, Cervantes, Sterne, Dickens, Thackeray and others), by the best extracts from their best works, rather than to allow them to be unrepresented in this collection.

With such works as Joe Miller's "Jests" and Goethe's "Reynard the Fox," it became necessary for the editors to take such liberties with the text as were absolutely necessary to render them fit for the family circle; but otherwise the originals have been faithfully reproduced.

It need hardly be said that much of the wit and humor and satire which delighted past ages, owed its existence and charm to circumstances and accidents of time and place and person, and must, therefore, seem to all readers of our day, excepting only the Antiquarian few, lacking in interest and meaning, like pressed flowers that no longer possess color or fragrance. Only a few specimens of such ancient and venerable, but not-now-to-be-appreciated wit have been preserved in these volumes.

In some instances where gems like Jack Falstaff, the Courtship of Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman, and the case of Bardell *v.* Pickwick, exist only in works which could not be re-published entire in this collection, the plan of reproducing

PREFACE.

them in the form of *Monographs*, containing everything necessary to present them, perfect and complete in form and substance, has been adopted.

As far as was consistent with the first rule prescribed for their guidance—to select only the worthiest from the most worthy—the editors have endeavored to include within this Library the largest possible number of authors and the greatest possible variety of specimens of wit and humor and satire, in the hope of, at least, nearly approximating that degree of completeness and comprehensiveness which they had in view.

It was hoped that Hon. J. PROCTOR KNOTT, of Kentucky, could have given his valuable assistance to this work, from its inception to its completion, as one of its editors, but his important official duties rendered it impossible for him to do so. Acknowledgment is hereby made of many valuable suggestions received from him and acted upon.

As the publishers desired that no expense should be spared to make this Library worthy of its purpose, as the best and most beautiful of its kind, it has been embellished with original or new etchings and engravings—ten to each volume—which, it is believed, will add materially to the value and attractiveness of the work.

The thanks of the editors and publishers are cordially extended to the many authors and publishers of copyrighted works for the permission so generously extended, to draw upon their treasures, by means of which so much of freshness and novelty has been added to this collection. Care has been taken, wherever this courtesy has been made use of, to acknowledge the sources from which the selections have been obtained.

NOTE.—It is due to one of the editors, who is also represented herein as an author, to say, that he is in no wise responsible for the appearance of his own production in a work on which his name appears as editor. The selection in question was made before he had any editorial connection with the work, and the publishers afterwards insisted upon its being retained.

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THE LIBRARY OF WIT AND HUMOR.

MRS. CAUDLE'S CURTAIN LECTURES.

[DOUGLAS JERROLD, the author of these inimitable *Lectures*, was born in London, Jan. 3, 1803. His father being manager of Sheerness theatre, his earliest impressions received a dramatic coloring. Smitten in boyhood with a passion for the sea, a midshipman's appointment was procured for him; but in a short time he quitted that service, and was presently articulated to a printer. He studied diligently between the hours of labor and thus acquired a good education. While still a compositor, he made his literary debut with an anonymous essay on the opera of "Der Freischütz," which he dropped into the letter-box of the editor of the paper on which he was working. The article was handed to him to put in type, and accompanying it was a cordial editorial invitation to the unknown correspondent to contribute other articles. Mr. Jerrold's first dramatic composition, *Black-Eyed Susan*—the most popular of dramas—was written before he was twenty-one years old. It was followed by *Nell Gwynne*, *The Prisoner of War*, *Time Works Wonders*, and other plays, which sustained and widened the author's fame. But his labors were by no means restricted to dramatic composition. Stories, essays, and editorials, claimed a large share of his busy life. Among the best known of his narrative pieces, are *The Story of a Feather*, *Clovernook*, *St. Giles and St. James*. From the second number of that famous journal, *Punch*, Mr. Jerrold contributed regularly to its pages until his death, which occurred June 8, 1857. The strongest impulse of popularity that *Punch* ever received, came from the immortal *Candle Lectures*; and this is saying much when it is remembered what a brilliant galaxy of writers and draughtsmen were employed upon that paper in Jerrold's time. The *Curtain Lectures* hold so perfectly the "mirror up to nature," that they are as fresh to-day as when first written, and they will continue to afford delight and to point their peculiar moral, till human nature ceases to be what it now is. But why longer detain the reader when Mrs. Caudle is present to speak for herself? We seem to hear her emphatic tones break upon the solemn stillness of the night, their monotony varied at intervals by the suppressed groans of the afflicted Job.]

VOL. I. —W. H.

THE PREFACE.

It has happened to the writer that two, or three, or ten, or twenty gentlewomen have asked him,—and asked in various notes of wonder, pity, and reproof,—

"What could have made you think of Mrs. Caudle?"

How could such a thing have entered any man's mind?"

There are subjects that seem like rain-drops to fall upon a man's head, the head itself having nothing to do with the matter. The result of no train of thought, there is the picture, the statue, the book, wafted, like the smallest seed, into the brain, to feed upon the soil, such as it may be, and grow there; and this was, no doubt, the accidental cause of the literary sowing and expansion—unfolding like a night-flower—of MRS. CAUDLE.

But let a jury of gentlewomen decide.

It was a thick, black, wintry afternoon, when the writer stopped in the front of the play-ground of a suburban school. The ground swarmed with boys full of the Saturday's holiday. The earth seemed roofed with the oldest lead; and the wind came, sharp as Shylock's knife, from the Minories. But these happy boys ran and jumped, and hopped and shouted, and—unconscious men in miniature!—in their own world of frolic, had no thought of the full-length men they would some day become; drawn out into grave citizenship; formal, respectable, responsible. To them the sky was of any or all colors; and for that keen east-wind—cutting the shoulder-blades of old, old men of forty—they in their immortality of boyhood had the redder faces and the nimbler blood for it.

And the writer, looking dreamily into that play-ground, still mused on the robust jol-

lity of those little fellows, to whom the tax-gatherer was as yet a rarer animal than the baby hippopotamus. Heroic boyhood, so ignorant of the future in the knowing enjoyment of the present! And the writer, still dreaming and musing, and still following no distinct line of thought, there struck upon him, like notes of sudden household music, these words—CURTAIN LECTURES.

One moment there was no living object save those racing, shouting boys; and the next, as though a white dove had alighted on the pen-hand of the writer, there was—MRS. CAUDLE.

Ladies of the jury, are there not then some subjects of letters that mysteriously assert an effect without any discoverable cause? Otherwise, wherefore should the thought of CURTAIN LECTURES grow from a school-ground—wherefore, among a crowd of holiday school-boys should appear Mrs. CAUDLE?

For the LECTURES themselves, it is feared they must be given up as a farcical desecration of that solemn time-honored privilege; it may be, exercised once in a lifetime,—and that once having the effect of a hundred repetitions: as Job lectured his wife. And Job's wife, a certain Mohammedan writer delivers, having committed a fault in her love to her husband, he swore that on his recovery he would deal her a hundred stripes. Job got well, and his heart was touched and taught by the tenderness to keep his vow, and still to chastise his help-mate; for he smote her once with a palm-branch having a hundred leaves.

D. J.

THE INTRODUCTION.

Poor Job Caudle was one of the few men whom Nature, in her casual bounty to women, sends into the world as patient listeners. He was, perhaps, in more respects than one, all ears. And these ears, Mrs. Caudle—his lawful wedded wife, as she would ever and anon impress upon him, for she was not a woman to wear chains without shaking them—took whole and sole possession of. They were her entire property; as expressly made to convey to Caudle's brain the stream of wisdom that continually flowed from the lips of his wife, as was the tin funnel through which Mrs. Caudle in vintage time bottled her elder

wine. There was, however, this difference between the wisdom and the wine. The wine was always sugared; the wisdom, never. It was expressed crude from the heart of Mrs. Caudle, who, doubtless, trusted to the sweetness of her husband's disposition to make it agree with him.

Philosophers have debated whether morning or night is most conducive to the strongest and clearest moral impressions. The Grecian sage confessed that his labors smelt of the lamp. In like manner did Mrs. Caudle's wisdom smell of the rush-light. She knew that her husband was too much distracted by his business as toy-man and doll-merchant to digest her lessons in the broad day. Besides, she could never make sure of him; he was always liable to be summoned to the shop. Now from eleven at night until seven in the morning, there was no retreat for him. He was compelled to lie and listen. Perhaps there was little magnanimity in this on the part of Mrs. Caudle; but in marriage as in war, it is permitted to take every advantage of the enemy. Besides, Mrs. Caudle copied very ancient and classic authority. Minerva's bird, the very wisest thing in feathers, is silent all the day. So was Mrs. Caudle. Like the owl, she hooted only at night.

Mr. Caudle was blessed with an indomitable constitution. One fact will prove the truth of this. He lived thirty years with Mrs. Caudle, surviving her. Yes, it took thirty years for Mrs. Caudle to lecture and dilate upon the joys, griefs, duties and vicissitudes comprised within that seemingly small circle—the wedding-ring. We say, seemingly small; for the thing, as viewed by the vulgar, naked eye, is a tiny hoop, made for the third feminine finger. Alack! like the ring of Saturn, for good or evil, it circles a whole world. Or, to take a less gigantic figure, it compasses a vast region; it may be Arabia Felix, and it may be Arabia Petrea.

A lemon-hearted cynic might liken the wedding-ring to an ancient circus, in which wild animals clawed one another for the sport of lookers-on. Perish the hyperbole! We would rather compare it to an elfin ring, in which dancing fairies made the sweetest music for infirm humanity.

Manifold are the uses of rings. Even swine are tamed by them. You will see a vagrant, hilarious, devastating porker—a full-blooded fellow that would bleed into many, many fathoms of black-pudding—

you will see him, escaped from his proper home, straying in a neighbor's garden. How he tramples upon the heart's-ease: how, with quivering snout, he roots up lilies—oderiferous bulbs! Here he gives a reckless snatch at thyme and marjoram—and here he munches violets and gilly-flowers. At length the marauder is detected, seized by his owner, and driven, beaten home. To make the porker less dangerous, it is determined that he shall be *ringed*. The sentence is pronounced—execution ordered. Listen to his screams!

"Would you not think the knife was in his throat?
And yet they're only boring through his nose!"

Hence, for all future time, the porker behaves himself with a sort of forced propriety—for in either nostril he carries a ring. It is, for the greatness of humanity, a saddening thought, that sometimes men must be treated no better than pigs.

But Mr. Job Caudle was not of these men. Marriage to him was not made a necessity. No; for him call it if you will a happy chance—a golden accident. It is, however, enough for us to know that he was married; and was therefore made the recipient of a wife's wisdom. Mrs. Caudle, like Mahomet's dove, continually pecked at the good man's ears; and it is a happiness to learn from what he left behind that he had hived all her sayings in his brain; and further, that he employed the mellow evening of his life to put such sayings down, that, in due season, they might be enshrined in imperishable type.

When Mr. Job Caudle was left in this briery world without his daily guide and nocturnal monitress, he was in the ripe fulness of fifty-two. For three hours at least after he went to bed—such slaves are we to habit—he could not close an eye. His wife still talked at his side. True it was, she was dead and decently interred. His mind—it was a comfort to know it—could not wander on this point; this he knew. Nevertheless, his wife was with him. The Ghost of her Tongue still talked as in the life; and again and again did Job Caudle hear the monitions of by-gone years. At times, so loud, so lively, so real were the sounds, that Job, with a cold chill, doubted if he were really widowed. And then, with the movement of an arm, a foot, he would assure himself that

he was alone in his holland. Nevertheless the talk continued. It was terrible to be thus haunted by a voice; to have advice, commands, remonstrance, all sorts of saws and adages still poured upon him, and no visible wife. Now did the voice speak from the curtains; now from the tester; and now did it whisper to Job from the very pillow that he pressed. "It's a dreadful thing that her tongue should walk in this manner," said Job, and then he thought confusedly of exorcism, or at least of counsel from the parish priest.

Whether Job followed his own brain, or the wise direction of another, we know not. But he resolved every night to commit to paper one curtain lecture of his late wife. The employment would, possibly, lay the ghost that haunted him. It was her dear tongue that cried for justice, and when thus satisfied, it might possibly rest in quiet. And so it happened. Job faithfully chronicled all his late wife's lectures; the ghost of her tongue was thenceforth silent, and Job slept all his after-nights in peace.

When Job died, a small packet of papers was found inscribed as follows:—

"CURTAIN LECTURES

DELIVERED IN THE COURSE OF THIRTY YEARS

BY MRS. MARGARET CAUDLE,

AND SUFFERED BY JOB, HER HUSBAND."

That Mr. Caudle had his eye upon the future printer, is made pretty probable by the fact that in most places he had affixed the text—such text for the most part arising out of his own daily conduct—to the lecture of the night. He had, also, with an instinctive knowledge of the dignity of literature, left a bank-note of very fair amount with the manuscript. Following our duty as editor, we trust we have done justice to both documents.

THE FIRST LECTURE.

MR. CAUDLE HAS LENT FIVE POUNDS TO A FRIEND.

"You ought to be very rich, Mr. Caudle. I wonder who'd lend you five pounds? But so it is, a wife may work and may slave! Ha, dear! the many things that might have been done with five pounds. As if people picked up money in the street! But you always were a fool, Mr. Caudle! I've

wanted a black satin gown these three years, and that five pounds would have entirely bought it. But it's no matter how I go,—not at all. Everybody says I don't dress as becomes your wife,—and I don't; but what's that to you, Mr. Caudle? Nothing. Oh, no! you can have fine feelings for everybody but those belonging to you. I wish people knew you as I do—that's all. You like to be called liberal—and your family pays for it.

"All the girls want bonnets, and where they're to come from I can't tell. Half five pounds would have bought 'em—but now they must go without. Of course, *they* belong to you; and anybody but your own flesh and blood, Mr. Caudle.

"The man called for the water-rate to-day; but I should like to know how people are to pay taxes, who throw away five pounds to every fellow that asks them?

"Perhaps you don't know that Jack, this morning, knocked his shuttlecock through his bedroom window. I was going to send for the glazier to mend it; but after you lent that five pounds I was sure we couldn't afford it. Oh, no! the window must go as it is; and pretty weather for a dear child to sleep with a broken window. He's got a cold already on his lungs, and I shouldn't at all wonder if that broken window settled him. If the dear boy dies, his death will be upon his father's head; for I'm sure we can't now pay to mend windows. We might though, and do a great many more things, too, if people didn't throw away their five pounds.

"Next Tuesday the fire-insurance is due. I should like to know how it's to be paid? Why, it can't be paid at all! That five pounds would have more than done if—and now, insurance is out of the question. And there never were so many fires as there are now. I shall never close my eyes all night—but what's that to you, so people can call you liberal, Mr. Caudle? Your wife and children may all be burnt alive in their beds—as all of us to a certainty shall be, for the insurance *must* drop. And after we've insured for so many years! But how, I should like to know, are people to insure who make ducks and drakes of their five pounds?

"I did think we might go to Margate this summer. There's poor little Caroline, I'm sure she wants the sea. But no, dear creature! she must stop at home—all of us must stop at home—she'll go into a con-

sumption, there's no doubt of that; yes—sweet little angel!—I've made up my mind to lose her, *now*. The child might have been saved; but people can't save their children and throw away their five pounds too.

"I wonder where poor little Mopsy is? While you were lending that five pounds, the dog ran out of the shop. You know, I never let it go into the street, for fear it should be bit by some mad dog, and come home and bite all the children. It wouldn't now astonish me if the animal was to come back with the hydrophobia, and give it to all the family. However, what's your family to you, so you can play the liberal creature with five pounds?

"Do you hear that shutter, how it's banging to and fro? Yes,—I know what it wants as well as you; it wants a new fastening. I was going to send for the blacksmith to-day, but now it's out of the question: *now* it must bang of nights, since you've thrown away five pounds.

"Ha! there's the soot falling down the chimney. If I hate the smell of anything, it's the smell of soot. And you know it; but what are my feelings to you? *Sweep the chimney!* Yes, it's all very fine to say, sweep the chimney—but how are the chimneys to be swept—how are they to be paid for by people who don't take care of their five pounds?

"Do you hear the mice running about the room? I hear them. If they were to drag only you out of bed, it would be no matter. *Set a trap for them!* Yes, it's easy enough to say—set a trap for 'em. But how are people to afford mouse-traps, when every day they lose five pounds?

"Hark! I'm sure there's a noise downstairs. It wouldn't at all surprise me if there were thieves in the house. Well, it *may* be the cat, but thieves are pretty sure to come in some night. There's a wretched fastening to the back door; but these are not times to afford bolts and bars, when people won't take care of their five pounds.

"Mary Anne ought to have gone to the dentist's to-morrow. She wants three teeth taken out. Now, it can't be done. Three teeth that quite disfigure the poor child's mouth. But there they must stop, and spoil the sweetest face that was ever made. Otherwise, she'd have been a wife for a lord. Now, when she grows up, who'll have her? Nobody. We shall die, and leave her alone and unprotected in the

world. But what do you care for that? Nothing; so you can squander away five pounds."

"And thus," comments Caudle, "according to my wife, she—dear soul!—couldn't have a satin gown—the girls couldn't have new bonnets—the water-rate must stand over—through a broken window, Jack must get his death—our fire-insurance couldn't be paid, so that we should all fall victims to the devouring element—we couldn't go to Margate, and Caroline would go to an early grave—the dog would come home and bite us all mad—the shutter would go banging forever—the soot would always fall—the mice never let us have a wink of sleep—thieves be always breaking in the house—our dear Mary Anne be forever left an unprotected maid—and with other evils falling upon us, all, all because I would go on lending five pounds!"

THE SECOND LECTURE.

MR. CAUDLE HAS BEEN AT A TAVERN WITH A FRIEND, AND "IS ENOUGH TO POISON A WOMAN" WITH TOBACCO-SMOKE.

"I'm sure I don't know who'd be a poor woman! I don't know who'd tie themselves up to a man, if they only knew half they'd have to bear. A wife must stay at home and be a drudge, whilst a man can go anywhere. It's enough for a wife to sit like Cinderella by the ashes, whilst her husband can go drinking and singing at a tavern. *You never sing?* How do I know you never sing? It's very well for you to say so; but if I could hear you, I dare say you're among the worst of 'em.

"And now, I suppose, it will be the tavern every night? If you think I'm going to sit up for you, Mr. Caudle, you're very much mistaken. No: and I'm not going to get out of my warm bed to let you in, either. No: nor Susan sha'n't sit up for you. No: nor you sha'n't have a latch-key. I'm not going to sleep with the door upon the latch, to be murdered before the morning.

"Faugh! Pah! Whewgh! That filthy tobacco-smoke! It's enough to kill any decent woman. You know I hate tobacco, and yet you will do it. *You don't smoke yourself?* What of that? If you go among people who *do* smoke, you're just as bad, or

worse. You might as well smoke—indeed, better. Better smoke yourself than come home with other people's smoke all in your hair and whiskers.

"I never knew any good come to a man who went to a tavern. Nice companions he picks up there! Yes; people who make it a boast to treat their wives like slaves, and ruin their families. There's that wretch, Harry Prettyman. See what he's come to. He doesn't now get home till two in the morning; and then in what a state! He begins quarreling with the door-mat, that his poor wife may be afraid to speak to him. A mean wretch! But don't you think I'll be like Mrs. Prettyman. No: I wouldn't put up with it from the best man—that ever trod. You'll not make me afraid to speak to you, however you may swear at the door-mat. No, Mr. Caudle, that you won't.

"*You don't intend to stay out till two in the morning?* How do you know what you'll do when you get among such people? Men can't answer for themselves when they get to boosing one with another. They never think of their poor wives, who are grieving and wearing themselves out at home. A nice headache you'll have to-morrow morning—or rather *this* morning; for it must be past twelve. *You won't have a headache?* It's very well for you to say so, but I know you will; and then you may nurse yourself for me. Ha! that filthy tobacco again! No; I shall not go to sleep like a good soul. How's people to go to sleep when they're suffocated?

"Yes, Mr. Caudle, you'll be nice and ill in the morning! But don't you think I'm going to let you have your breakfast in bed, like Mrs. Prettyman. I'll not be such a fool. No; nor I won't have discredit brought upon the house by sending for soda-water early, for all the neighborhood to say, 'Caudle was drunk last night.' No; I've some regard for the dear children, if you haven't. No; nor you sha'n't have broth for dinner. Not a neck of mutton crosses my threshold, I can tell you.

"*You won't want soda and you won't want broth?* All the better. You wouldn't get 'em if you did. I can assure you. Dear, dear, dear! That filthy tobacco! I'm sure it's enough to make me as bad as you are. Talking about getting divorced,—I'm sure tobacco ought to be good grounds. How little does a woman think, when she marries, that she gives herself up to be poisoned! You men contrive to have it all of

your own side, you do. Now if I was to go and leave you and the children, a pretty noise there'd be! You, however, can go and smoke no end of pipes and—*You didn't smoke?* It's all the same, Mr. Caudle, if you go among smoking people. Folks are known by their company. You'd better smoke yourself, than bring home the pipes of all the world.

"Yes, I see how it will be. Now you've once gone to a tavern, you'll always be going. You'll be coming home tipsy every night; and tumbling down and breaking your leg, and putting out your shoulder; and bringing all sorts of disgrace and expense upon us. And then you'll be getting into a street fight—oh! I know your temper too well to doubt it, Mr. Caudle, and be knocking down some of the police. And then I know what will follow. It *must* follow. Yes, you'll be sent for a month or six weeks to the tread-mill. Pretty thing that, for a respectable tradesman, Mr. Caudle, to be put upon the tread-mill with all sorts of thieves and vagabonds, and—there, again, that horrible tobacco!—and riffraff of every kind. I should like to know how your children are to hold up their heads, after their father has been upon the tread-mill? No; I *won't* go to sleep. And I'm not talking of what's impossible. I know it will all happen—every bit of it. If it wasn't for the dear children, you might be ruined and I wouldn't so much as speak about it, but—oh, dear, dear! at least you might go where they smoke *good* tobacco—but I can't forget that I'm their mother. At least they shall have *one* parent.

"Taverns! Never did a man go to a tavern who didn't die a beggar. And how your pot-companions will laugh at you when they see your name in the *Gazette*! For it *must* happen. Your business is sure to fall off; for what respectable people will buy toys for their children of a drunkard? You're not a drunkard! No: but you will be—it's all the same.

"You've begun by staying out till midnight. By and by, 't will be all night. But don't you think, Mr. Caudle, you shall ever have a key. I know you. Yes: you'd do exactly like that Prettyman, and what did he do, only last Wednesday? Why, he let himself in about four in the morning, and brought home with him his pot-companion, Puffy. His dear wife woke at six, and saw Prettyman's dirty boots at her bed-side. And where was the wretch, her husband?

Why, he was drinking down-stairs—swilling. Yes; worse than a midnight robber, he'd taken the keys out of his dear wife's pockets—ha! what that poor creature has to bear!—and had got at the brandy. A pretty thing for a wife to wake at six in the morning, and instead of her husband to see his dirty boots!

"But I'll not be made your victim, Mr. Caudle, not I. You shall never get at my keys, for they shall lie under my pillow—under my own head, Mr. Caudle.

"You'll be ruined, but if I can help it, you shall ruin nobody but yourself.

"Oh! that hor—hor—hor—i—ble tob—ac—co!"

To this lecture Caudle affixes no comment. A certain proof, we think, that the man had nothing to say for himself.

THE THIRD LECTURE.

MR. CAUDLE JOINS A CLUB,—“THE SKYLARKS.”

"WELL, if a woman hadn't better be in her grave than be married! That is, if she can't be married to a decent man. No; I don't care if you are tired, I *sha'n't* let you go to sleep. No, and I won't say what I have to say in the morning; I'll say it now. It's all very well for you to come home at what time you like—it's now half-past twelve—and expect I'm to hold my tongue, and let you go to sleep. What next, I wonder? A woman had better be sold for a slave at once.

"And so you've gone and joined a club? The Skylarks, indeed! A pretty skylark you'll make of yourself! But I won't stay and be ruined by you. No: I'm determined on that. I'll go and take the dear children, and you may get who you like to keep your house. That is, as long as you have a house to keep—and that won't be long, I know.

"How any decent man can go and spend his nights in a tavern!—oh, yes, Mr. Caudle; I dare say you *do* go for rational conversation. I should like to know how many of you would care for what you call rational conversation, if you had it without your filthy brandy-and-water; yes, and your more filthy tobacco-smoke. I'm sure the last time you came home, I had the headache for a week. But I know who it is who's

taking you to destruction. It's that brute, Prettyman. He has broken his own poor wife's heart, and now he wants to—but don't you think of it, Mr. Caudle; I'll not have my peace of mind destroyed by the best man that ever trod. Oh, yes! I know you don't care so long as you can appear well to all the world,—but the world little thinks how you behave to me. It shall know it, though—that I'm determined.

"How any man can leave his own happy fireside to go and sit and smoke, and drink, and talk to people who wouldn't one of 'em lift a finger to save him from hanging—how any man can leave his wife—and a good wife, too, though I say it—for a parcel of pot-companions—oh, it's disgraceful, Mr. Caudle; it's unfeeling. No man who had the least love for his wife could do it.

"And I suppose this is to be the case every Saturday? But I know what I'll do. I know—it's no use, Mr. Caudle, your calling me a good creature. I'm not such a fool as to be coaxed in that way. No; if you want to go to sleep, you should come home in Christian time, not at half-past twelve. There was a time when you were as regular at your fireside as the kettle. That was when you were a decent man, and didn't go amongst Heaven knows who, drinking and smoking, and making what you think your jokes. I never heard any good come to a man who cared about jokes. No respectable tradesman does. But I know what I'll do; I'll scare away your Skylarks. The house serves liquor after twelve of a Saturday; and if I don't write to the magistrates, and have the license taken away, I am not lying in this bed this night. Yes, you may call me a foolish woman; but no, Mr. Caudle, no; it's you who are the foolish man; or worse than a foolish man; you're a wicked one. If you were to die to-morrow—and people who go to public-houses do all they can to shorten their lives—I should like to know who would write upon your tombstone, 'A tender husband and an affectionate father?' I—I'd have no such falsehoods told of you, I can assure you.

"Going and spending your money, and—nonsense! don't tell me—no, if you were ten times to swear it, I wouldn't believe that you only spent eighteen-pence on a Saturday. You can't be all those hours, and only spend eighteen-pence. I know better. I'm not quite a fool, Mr. Caudle. A

great deal you could have for eighteen-pence! And all the Club married men and fathers of families. The more shame for 'em! Skylarks, indeed! They should call themselves Vultures; for they can only do as they do by eating up their innocent wives and children. Eighteen-pence a week! And if it was only that,—do you know what fifty-two eighteen-pences come to in a year? Do you ever think of that, and see the gowns I wear? I'm sure I can't, out of the house-money, buy myself a pincushion; though I've wanted one these six months. No—not so much as a ball of cotton. But what do you care so you can get your brandy-and-water? There's the girls, too—the things they want! They're never dressed like other people's children. But it's all the same to their father. Oh, yes! So he can go with his Skylarks they may wear sack-cloth for pinafores, and packthread for garters.

"You'd better not let that Mr. Prettyman come here, that's all; or, rather, you'd better bring him once. Yes, I should like to see him. He wouldn't forget it. A man who, I may say, lives and moves in a spittoon. A man who has a pipe in his mouth as constant as his front teeth. A sort of tavern king, with a lot of fools, like you, to laugh at what he thinks his jokes, and give him consequence. No, Mr. Caudle, no; it's no use telling me to go to sleep, for I won't. Go to sleep, indeed! I'm sure it's almost time to get up. I hardly know what's the use of coming to bed at all now.

"The Skylarks, indeed! I suppose you'll be buying a 'Little Warbler,' and at your time of life, be trying to sing. The peacocks will sing next. A pretty name you'll get in the neighborhood; and, in a very little time, a nice face you'll have. Your nose is getting redder already; and you've just one of the noses that liquor always flies to. *You don't see it's red?* No—I dare say not—but *I* see it; I see a great many things you don't. And so you'll go on! In a little time, with your brandy-and-water—don't tell me that you only take two small glasses: I know what men's two small glasses are; in a little time you'll have a face all over as if it was made of red currant jam. And I should like to know who's to endure you then? I won't, and so don't think it. Don't come to me.

"Nice habits men learn at clubs! There's Joskins: he was a decent creature once,

and now I'm told he has more than once boxed his wife's ears. He's a Skylark too. And I suppose, some day, you'll be trying to box *my* ears. Don't attempt it, Mr. Caudle; I say, Don't attempt it. Yes—it's all very well for you to say you don't mean it,—but I only say again, Don't attempt it. You'd rue it till the day of your death, Mr. Caudle.

"Going and sitting for four hours at a tavern! What men, unless they had their wives with them, can find to talk about, I can't think. No good, of course.

"Eighteen-pence a week—and drinking brandy-and-water enough to swim a boat! And smoking like the funnel of a steamship! And I can't afford myself so much as a piece of tape! It's brutal, Mr. Caudle. It's ve-ve-ve—ry bru—tal."

"And here," says Caudle,—"*here*, thank Heaven! at last she fell asleep."

THE FOURTH LECTURE.

MR. CAUDLE HAS BEEN CALLED FROM HIS BED TO BAIL MR. PRETTYMAN FROM THE WATCH-HOUSE.

"Yes, Mr. Caudle, I knew it would come to this. I said it would, when you joined those precious Skylarks. People being called out of their beds at all hours of the night, to bail a set of fellows who are never so happy as when they're leading sober men to destruction. I should like to know what the neighbors will think of you, with people from the police knocking at the door at two in the morning. Don't tell me that the man has been ill-used; he's not the man to be ill-used. And you must go and bail him! I know the end of that: he'll run away and you'll have to pay the money. I should like to know what's the use of my working and slaving to save a farthing, when you throw away pounds upon your precious Skylarks. A pretty cold you'll have to-morrow morning, being called out of your warm bed this weather; but don't you think I'll nurse you—not I; not a drop of gruel do you get from me.

"I'm sure you've plenty of ways of spending your money—not throwing it away upon a pack of dissolute peace-breakers. It's all very well for you to say you haven't thrown away your money, but you will. He'll be

certain to run off; it isn't likely he'll go upon his trial, and you'll be fixed with the bail. Don't tell me that there's no trial in the matter, because I know there is; it's for something more than quarreling with the policeman that he was locked up. People ar'n't locked up for that. No, it's for robbery, or something worse, perhaps.

"And as you bailed him, people will think you are as bad as he is. Don't tell me you couldn't help bailing him; you should have shown yourself a respectable man, and have let him been sent to prison.

"Now people know you're the friend of drunken and disorderly persons, you'll never have a night's sleep in your bed. Not that it would matter what fell upon you, if it wasn't your poor wife who suffered. Of course all the business will be in the newspapers, and your name with it. I shouldn't wonder, too, if they give your picture as they do the other folks of the Old Bailey. A pretty thing that, to go down to your children. I'm sure it will be enough to make them change their name. No, I shall not go to sleep; it's all very well for you to say, Go to sleep, after such a disturbance. But I shall not go to sleep, Mr. Caudle; certainly not."

"Her will, I have no doubt," says Caudle, "was strong; but Nature was stronger, and she *did* sleep; this night inflicting upon me a remarkably short lecture."

THE FIFTH LECTURE.

MR. CAUDLE HAS REMAINED DOWN-STAIRS TILL PAST ONE, WITH A FRIEND.

"PRETTY time of night to come to bed, Mr. Caudle. Ugh! As cold, too, as ice. Enough to give any woman her death, I'm sure. What! *I shouldn't have locked up the coals!* If I hadn't I've no doubt the fellow would have stayed all night. It's all very well for you, Mr. Caudle, to bring people home,—but I wish you'd think first what's for supper. That beautiful leg of pork would have served for our dinner to-morrow,—and now it's gone. I can't keep the house upon the money, and I won't pretend to do it, if you bring a mob of people every night to clear out the cupboard.

"I wonder who'll be so ready to give you

a supper when you want one; for want one you will unless you change your plans. Don't tell me! I know I'm right. You'll first be eaten up, and then you'll be laughed at. I know the world. No, indeed, Mr. Caudle, I don't think ill of everybody; don't say that. But I can't see a leg of pork eaten up in that way, without asking myself what's it all to end in if such things go on? And then he must have pickles, too! Couldn't be content with my cabbage—no, Mr. Caudle, I won't let you go to sleep. It's very well for you to say let you go to sleep, after you've kept me awake till this time. *Why did I keep awake?* How do you suppose I could go to sleep, when I knew that man was below drinking up your substance in brandy-and-water? for he couldn't be content upon decent, wholesome gin. Upon my word, you ought to be a rich man, Mr. Caudle. You have such very fine friends. I wonder who gives you brandy when you go out!

"No, indeed, he couldn't be content with my pickled cabbage—and I should like to know who makes better—but he must have walnuts. And you, too, like a fool—now don't you think to stop me, Mr. Caudle; a poor woman may be trampled to death, and never say a word—you, too, like a fool—I wonder who'd do it for you—to insist upon the girl going out for pickled walnuts. And in such a night, too! With snow upon the ground. Yes; you're a man of fine feelings, you are, Mr. Caudle; but the world doesn't know you as I know you—fine feelings, indeed! to send the poor girl out, when I told you, and told your friend, too—a pretty brute he is, I'm sure—that the poor girl had got a cold and I dare say chilblains on her toes. But I know what will be the end of that; she'll be laid up, and we shall have a nice doctor's bill. And you'll pay it, I can tell you—for I won't.

"*You wish you were out of the world?* Oh, yes! that's all very easy. I'm sure I might wish it. Don't swear in that dreadful way! Ar'n't you afraid that the bed will open and swallow you? And don't swing about in that way. *That* will do no good. *That* won't bring back the leg of pork, and the brandy you've poured down both of your throats. Oh, I know it. I'm sure of it. I only recollected it when I'd got into bed,—and if it hadn't been so cold, you'd have seen me down-stairs again, I can tell you; I recollected it—and a pretty two hours I've passed—that I left the key in the cupboard

—and I know it—I could see by the manner of you, when you came into the room—I know you've got at the other bottle. However, there's one comfort: you told me to send for the best brandy—the very best—for your other friend, who called last Wednesday. Ha! ha! It was British—the cheapest British—and nice and ill I hope the pair of you will be to-morrow.

"There's only the bare bone of the leg of pork; but you'll get nothing else for dinner, I can tell you. It's a dreadful thing that the poor children should go without—but, if they have such a father, they, poor things, must suffer for it.

"Nearly a whole leg of pork and a pint of brandy! A pint of brandy and a leg of pork. A leg of—leg—leg—pint—"

"And mumbling the syllables," says Mr. Caudle's MS., "she went to sleep."

THE SIXTH LECTURE.

MR. CAUDLE HAS LENT AN ACQUAINTANCE A FAMILY UMBRELLA.

"THAT's the third umbrella gone since Christmas. *What were you to do?* Why, let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I'm very certain there was nothing about *him* that could spoil. Take cold, indeed! He doesn't look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, he'd have better taken cold than take our only umbrella. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear the rain? And as I'm alive, if it isn't St. Swithin's Day! Do you hear it against the windows? Nonsense; you don't impose upon me. You can't be asleep with such a shower as that! Do you hear it, I say? Oh, you *do* hear it! Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks; and no stirring all the time out of the house. Pooh! don't think me a fool, Mr. Caudle. Don't insult me. *He* return the umbrella. Anybody would think you were born yesterday. As if anybody ever *did* return an umbrella! There—do you hear it? Worse and worse! Cats and dogs, and for six weeks—always six weeks. And no umbrella!

"I should like to know how the children are to go to school to-morrow? They sha'n't go through such weather, I'm determined.

No: they shall stop at home and never learn anything—the blessed creatures!—sooner than go and get wet. And when they grow up, I wonder who they'll have to thank for knowing nothing, who, indeed, but their father? People who can't feel for their own children ought never to be fathers.

"But I know why you lent the umbrella. O, yes; I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow—you knew that; and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me; you hate me to go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle. No, sir; if it comes down in buckets-full, I'll go all the more. No: and I won't have a cab. Where do you think the money's to come from? You've got nice high notions at that club of yours. A cab, indeed! Cost me sixteen-pence at least—sixteen-pence! two-and-eightpence for there's back again. Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who's to pay for 'em; I can't pay for 'em, and I'm sure you can't, if you go on as you do; throwing away your property, and begging your children—buying umbrellas!

"Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear it? But I don't care—I'll go to mother's to-morrow: I will; and what's more, I'll walk every step of the way,—and you know that will give me my death. Don't call me a foolish woman; it's you that is the foolish man. You know that I can't wear clogs; and with no umbrella, the wet's sure to give me a cold, it always does. But what do you care for that? Nothing at all. I may be laid up for what you care, as I dare say I shall—and a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will! It will teach you to lend your umbrella again. I shouldn't wonder if I caught my death; yes: and that's what you lent the umbrella for. Of course!

"Nice clothes I shall get too, trapesing through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoilt quite. *Needn't I wear 'em, then?* Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I *shall* wear 'em. No, sir, I'm not going out a dowdy to please you or anybody else. Gracious knows! it isn't often that I step over the threshold; indeed, I might as well be a slave at once,—better, I should say. But when I do go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go like a lady. Oh! that rain—if it isn't enough to break in the windows.

"Ugh! I do look forward with dread for to-morrow! How I'm going to mother's I'm sure I can't tell. But if I die, I'll do it.

No, sir; I won't borrow an umbrella. No; and you shan't buy one. Now, Mr. Caudle, only listen to this: if you bring home another umbrella, I'll throw it in the street. I'll have my own umbrella, or none at all.

"Ha! and it was only last week I had a new nozzle put to that umbrella. I'm sure, if I'd have known as much as I do now, it might have gone without one for me. Paying for new nozzles, for other people to laugh at you. Oh, it's very well for you—you can go to sleep. You've no thought of your poor patient wife, and your own dear children. You think of nothing but lending umbrellas!

"Men, indeed!—call themselves lords of the creation!—pretty lords when they can't even take care of an umbrella!

"I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me. But that's what you want—then you may go to your club, and do as you like—and then, nicely my poor dear children will be used—but then, sir, then you'll be happy. Oh, don't tell me! I know you will. Else you'd never lent the umbrella!

"You have to go on Thursday about that summons; and, of course, you can't go. No, indeed, you *don't* go without the umbrella. You may lose the debt for what I care—it won't be so much as spoiling your clothes—better lose it: people deserve to lose debts who lend umbrellas!

"And I should like to know how I'm to go to mother's without the umbrella? Oh, don't tell me that I said I *would* go—that's nothing to do with it; nothing at all. She'll think I'm neglecting her, and the little money we were to have, we shan't have at all—because we've no umbrella.

"The children, too! Dear things! They'll be sopping wet: for they shan't stop at home—they shan't lose their learning: it's all their father will leave 'em, I'm sure. But they *shall* go to school. Don't tell me I said they shouldn't; you are so aggravating, Caudle; you'd spoil the temper of an angel. They *shall* go to school; mark that. And if they get their deaths of cold, it's not my fault—I didn't lend the umbrella."

"At length," writes Caudle, "I fell asleep; and dreamt that the sky was turned into green calico, with whalebone ribs; that, in fact, the whole world turned round under a tremendous umbrella!"

THE SEVENTH LECTURE.

MR. CAUDLE HAS VENTURED A REMONSTRANCE ON HIS DAY'S DINNER: COLD MUTTON AND NO PUDDING.—MRS. CAUDLE DEFENDS THE COLD SHOULDER.

"I'm sure! Well! I wonder what it will be next? There's nothing proper, now—nothing at all. Better get somebody else to keep the house, I think. I can't do it now, it seems; I'm only in the way here: I'd better take the children, and go.

"What am I grumbling about, now? It's very well for you to ask that! I'm sure I'd better be out of the world than—there now, Mr. Caudle; there you are again! I *shall* speak, sir. It isn't often I open my mouth, Heaven knows! But you like to hear nobody talk but yourself. You ought to have married a negro slave, and not any respectable woman.

"You're to go about the house looking like thunder all the day, and I'm not to say a word. Where do you think pudding's to come from every day? You show a nice example to your children, you do; complaining, and turning your nose up at a sweet piece of cold mutton, because there's no pudding! You go a nice way to make 'em extravagant—teach 'em nice lessons to begin the world with. Do you know what puddings cost; or do you think they fly in at the window?

"You hate cold mutton. The more shame for you, Mr. Caudle. I'm sure you've the stomach of a lord, you have. No, sir; I didn't choose to hash the mutton. It's very easy for you to say hash it; but I know what a joint loses in hashing: it's a day's dinner the less, if it's a bit. Yes, I dare say; other people may have puddings with cold mutton. No doubt of it; and other people become bankrupts. But if ever you get into the *Gazette*, it sha'n't be *my* fault—no; I'll do my duty as a wife to you, Mr. Caudle: you shall never have it to say that it was *my* housekeeping that brought you to beggary. No; you may sulk at the cold meat—ha! I hope you'll never live to want such a piece of cold mutton as we had to-day! and you may threaten to go to a tavern to dine; but, with our present means, not a crumb of pudding do you get from me. You shall have nothing but the cold joint—nothing, as I'm a Christian sinner.

"Yes; there you are, throwing those fowls in my face again! I know you once

brought home a pair of fowls; I know it; but you were mean enough to want to stop 'em out of my week's money! Oh, the selfishness—the shabbiness of men! They can go out and throw away pounds upon pounds with a pack of people who laugh at 'em afterwards; but if it's anything wanted for their own homes, their poor wives may hunt for it. I wonder you don't blush to name those fowls again! I wouldn't be so little for the world, Mr. Caudle!

"What are you going to do? *Going to get up?* Don't make yourself ridiculous, Mr. Caudle; I can't say a word to you like any other wife, but you must threaten to get up. *Do be ashamed of yourself.*

"Puddings, indeed! Do you think I'm made of puddings? Didn't you have some boiled rice three weeks ago? Besides, is this the time of the year for puddings? It's all very well if I had money enough allowed me like any other wife to keep the house with: then, indeed, I might have preserves like any other woman; now, it's impossible; and it's cruel—yes, Mr. Caudle, cruel—of you to expect it.

"*Apples ar'n't so dear, are they?* I know what apples are, Mr. Caudle, without your telling me. But I suppose you want something more than apples for dumplings? I suppose sugar costs something, doesn't it? And that's how it is. That's how one expense brings on another, and that's how people go to ruin.

"*Pancakes?* What's the use of your lying muttering there about pancakes? Don't you always have 'em once a year—every Shrove Tuesday? And what would any moderate, decent man want more?

"Pancakes, indeed! Pray, Mr. Caudle—no, it's no use your saying fine words to me to let you go to sleep; I sha'n't!—pray do you know the price of eggs just now? There's not an egg you can trust to under seven and eight a shilling; well, you've only just to reckon up how many eggs—don't lie swearing there at the eggs in that manner, Mr. Caudle; unless you expect the bed to let you fall through. You call yourself a respectable tradesman, I suppose? Ha! I only wish people knew you as well as I do! Swearing at eggs, indeed! But I'm tired of this usage, Mr. Caudle; quite tired of it; and I don't care how soon it's ended!

"I'm sure I do nothing but work and labor, and think how to make the most of everything; and this is how I'm rewarded.

I should like to see anybody whose joints go further than mine. But if I was to throw away your money into the street, or lay it out in fine feathers on myself, I should be better thought of. The woman who studies her husband and her family is always made a drudge of. It's your fine fal-ral wives who've the best time of it.

"What's the use of your lying groaning there in that manner? That won't make me hold my tongue, I can tell you. You think to have it all your own way—but you won't, Mr. Caudle! You can insult my dinner; look like a demon, I may say, at a wholesome piece of cold mutton—ah! the thousands of far better creatures than you are who'd been thankful for that mutton!—and I'm never to speak. But you're mistaken—I will! Your usage of me, Mr. Caudle, is infamous—unworthy of a man. I only wish people knew you for what you are; but I've told you again and again they shall some day.

"Puddings! And now I suppose I shall hear of nothing but puddings! Yes, and I know what it will end in. First, you'd have a pudding every day;—oh, I know your extravagance—then you'd go for fish—then I shouldn't wonder if you'd have soup; turtle, no doubt; then you'd go for a dessert; and—oh! I see it all as plain as the quilt before me—but no, not while I'm alive! What your second wife may do, I don't know; perhaps *she'll* be a fine lady; but you sha'n't be ruined by me, Mr. Caudle; that I'm determined. Puddings, indeed! Pu-dding-s! Pud——"

"Exhausted nature," says Mr. Caudle, "could hold out no longer. She went to sleep."

THE EIGHTH LECTURE.

MR. CAUDLE HAS BEEN MADE A MASON.—MRS. CAUDLE INDIGNANT AND CURIOUS.

"Now, Mr. Caudle,—Mr. Caudle, I say: oh! you can't be asleep already, I know—now what I mean to say is this; there's no use, none at all, in our having any disturbance about the matter; but at last my mind's made up, Mr. Caudle, I shall leave you. Either I know all you've been doing to-night, or to-morrow I quit the house. No, no; there's an end of the marriage-state, I think—an end of all confidence

between man and wife—if a husband's to have secrets and keep 'em all to himself. Pretty secrets they must be, when his own wife can't know 'em! Not fit for any decent person to know, I'm sure, if that's the case. Now, Caudle, Caudle, don't let us quarrel, there's a good soul, tell me what it's all about? A pack of nonsense, I dare say; still,—not that I care much about it,—still I *should* like to know. There's a dear. Eh? Oh, don't tell me there's nothing in it: I know better. I'm not a fool, Mr. Caudle; I know there's a good deal in it. Now, Caudle; just tell me a little bit of it. I'm sure I'd tell you anything. You know I would. Well?

"Caudle, you're enough to vex a saint! Now, don't you think you're going to sleep; because you're not. Do you suppose I'd ever suffer you to go and be made a mason, if I didn't suppose I was to know the secrets too? Not that it's anything to know, I dare say; and that's why I'm determined to know it.

"But I know what it is; oh yes, there can be no doubt. The secret is, to ill-use poor women; to tyrannize over 'em; to make 'em your slaves; especially your wives. It must be something of the sort, or you wouldn't be ashamed to have it known. What's right and proper never need be done in secret. It's an insult to a woman for a man to be a freemason, and let his wife know nothing of it. But, poor soul! she's sure to know it somehow—for nice husbands they all make. Yes, yes: a part of the secret is to think better of all the world than their own wives and families. I'm sure men have quite enough to care for—that is, if they act properly—to care for them they have at home. They can't have much care to spare for the world besides.

"And I suppose they call you *Brother* Caudle? A pretty brother, indeed! Going and dressing yourself up in an apron like a turnpike man—for that's what you look like. And I should like to know what the apron's for? There must be something in it not very respectable, I'm sure. Well, I only wish I was Queen for a day or two. I'd put an end to freemasonry, and all such trumpery, I know.

"Now, come, Caudle; don't let's quarrel. Eh! you're not in pain, dear? What's it all about? What are you lying laughing there at? But I'm a fool to trouble my head about you.

"And you're not going to let me know the secrets, eh? You mean to say—you're not? Now Caudle, you know it's a hard matter to put me in a passion—not that I care about the secret itself: I wouldn't give a button to know it, for it's all nonsense, I'm sure. It isn't the secret I care about: it's the slight, Mr. Caudle; it's the studied insult that a man pays to his wife, when he thinks of going through the world keeping something to himself which he won't let her know. Man and wife one, indeed! I should like to know how that can be when a man's a mason—when he keeps a secret that sets him and his wife apart? Ha, you men make the laws, and so you take good care to have the best of 'em to yourselves: otherwise a woman ought to be allowed a divorce when a man becomes a mason: when he's got a sort of corner-cupboard in his heart—a secret place in his mind—that his poor wife isn't allowed to rummage!

"Caudle, you sha'n't close your eyes for a week—no, you sha'n't—unless you tell me some of it. Come, there's a good creature; there's a love. I'm sure, Caudle, I wouldn't refuse you anything—and you know it, or ought to know it by this time. I only wish I had a secret! To whom should I think of confiding it but to my dear husband? I should be miserable to keep it to myself, and you know it. Now, Caudle?

"Was there ever such a man? A man, indeed! A brute!—yes, Mr. Caudle, an unfeeling, brutal creature, when you might oblige me, and you won't. I'm sure I don't object to your being a mason; not at all, Caudle; I dare say it's a very good thing; I dare say it is—it's only your making a secret of it that vexes me. But you'll tell me—you'll tell your own Margaret? you won't? You're a wretch, Mr. Caudle.

"But I know why: oh, yes, I can tell. The fact is, you're ashamed to let me know what a fool they've been making of you. That's it. You, at your time of life—the father of a family! I should be ashamed, of myself, Caudle.

"And I suppose you'll be going to what you call your Lodge every night, now? Lodge, indeed! Pretty place it must be, where they don't admit women. Nice goings on, I dare say. Then you call one another brethren. Brethren! I'm sure you'd relations enough; you didn't want any more.

"But I know what all this masonry's about. It's only an excuse to get away from

your wives and families, that you may feast and drink together: that's all. That's the secret. And to abuse women,—as if they were inferior animals, and not to be trusted. That's the secret, and nothing else.

"Now, Caudle, don't let us quarrel. Yes, I know you're in pain. Still, Caudle, my love; Caudle! Dearest, I say—Caudle!"

"I recollect nothing more," says Caudle, "for I had eaten a hearty supper, and somehow became oblivious."

THE NINTH LECTURE.

MR. CAUDLE HAS BEEN TO GREENWICH FAIR.

"So, Mr. Caudle: I hope you've enjoyed yourself at Greenwich. *How do I know you've been at Greenwich?* I know it very well, sir; know all about it: know more than you think I know. I thought there was something in the wind. Yes, I was sure of it, when you went out of the house to-day. I knew it by the looks of you, though I didn't say anything. Upon my word! And you call yourself a respectable man, and the father of a family! Going to a fair among all sorts of people,—at your time of life. Yes; and never think of taking your wife with you. Oh no! you can go and enjoy yourself out, with I don't know who: go out, and make yourself very pleasant, I dare say. Don't tell me; I hear what a nice companion Mr. Caudle is; what a good-tempered person. Ha! I only wish people could see you at home, that's all. But so it is with men. They can keep all their good temper for out-of-doors—their wives never see any of it. Oh dear! I'm sure I don't know who'd be a poor woman!

"Now, Caudle, I'm not in an ill temper; not at all. I know I used to be a fool when we were first married; I used to worry and fret myself to death when you went out; but I've got over that. I wouldn't put myself out of the way now for the best man that ever trod. For what thanks does a poor woman get? None at all. No; it's those who don't care for their families, who are the best thought of. I only wish I could bring myself not to care for mine.

"And why couldn't you say, like a man, you were going to Greenwich Fair when you went out? It's no use your saying that, Mr. Caudle; don't tell me that you didn't think

of going; you'd made your mind up to it, and you know it. Pretty games you've had, no doubt! I should like to have been behind you, that's all. A man at your time of life!

"And I, of course, I never want to go out. Oh no! I may stay at home with the cat. You couldn't think of taking your wife and children, like any other decent man, to a fair. Oh no; you never care to be seen with us. I'm sure, many people don't know you're married at all: how can they? Your wife's never seen with you. Oh no: anybody but those belonging to you!

"Greenwich Fair, indeed! Yes,—and of course you went up and down the hill, running and racing with nobody knows who. Don't tell me; I know what you are when you're out. You don't suppose, Mr. Caudle, I've forgotten that pink bonnet, do you? No: I won't hold my tongue, and I'm not a foolish woman. It's no matter, sir, if the pink bonnet was fifty years ago—it's all the same for that. No: and if I live for fifty years to come, I never will leave off talking of it. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mr. Caudle. Ha! few wives would have been what I've been to you. I only wish my time was to come over again, that's all; I wouldn't be the fool I have been.

"Going to a fair! and I suppose you had your fortune told by the gipsies? You needn't have wasted your money. I'm sure I can tell you your fortune if you go on as you do. Yes, the jail will be your fortune, Mr. Caudle. And it would be no matter—none at all—if your wife and children didn't suffer with you.

"And then you must go riding upon donkeys. *You didn't go riding upon donkeys?* Yes; it's very well for you to say so, but I dare say you did. I tell you, Caudle, I know what you are when you're out. I wouldn't trust any of you—you, especially, Caudle.

"Then you must go in the thick of the fair, and have the girls scratching your coat with rattles! *You couldn't help it, if they did scratch your coat?* Don't tell me; people don't scratch coats unless they're encouraged to do it. And you must go in a swing, too. *You didn't go in a swing?* Well, if you didn't it was no fault of yours: you wished to go, I've no doubt.

"And then you must go into the shows? There,—you don't deny that. You did go into a show. *What of it, Mr. Caudle?* A good deal of it, sir. Nice crowding and

squeezing in those shows, I know. Pretty places! And you a married man and the father of a family. No, I won't hold my tongue. It's very well for you to threaten to get up. You're to go to Greenwich Fair, and race up and down the hill, and play at kiss in the ring. Pah! it's disgusting, Mr. Caudle. Oh, I dare say you *did* play at it; if you didn't, you'd have liked, and that's just as bad,—and you can go into swings, and shows, and roundabouts. If I was you I should hide my head under the clothes, and be ashamed of myself.

"And what is most selfish—most mean of you, Caudle—you can go and enjoy yourself, and never so much as bring home for the poor children a gingerbread nut. Don't tell me that your pocket was picked of a pound of nuts! Nice company you must have been in to have your pocket picked.

"But I dare say I shall hear all about it to-morrow. I've no doubt, sir, you were dancing at the Crown-and-Anchor. I should like to have seen you. No; I'm not making myself ridiculous. It's you that's making yourself ridiculous, and everybody that knows you says so. Everybody knows what I have to put up with from you.

"Going to a fair, indeed! And at your time—"

"Here," says Caudle, "I dozed off, hearing confusedly the words—hill—gipsies—rattles—roundabouts—swings—pink bonnet—nuts."

THE TENTH LECTURE.

ON MR. CAUDLE'S SHIRT-BUTTONS.

"Well, Mr. Caudle, I hope you're in a little better temper than you were in this morning? There—you needn't begin to whistle: people don't come to bed to whistle. But it's like you. I can't speak, that you don't try to insult me. Once, I used to say that you were the best creature living: now, you get quite a fiend. *Do let you rest?* No, I won't let you rest. It's the only time I have to talk to you, and you *shall* hear me. I'm put upon all day long: it's very hard if I can't speak a word at night: besides, it isn't often I open my mouth, goodness knows!

"Because *once* in your lifetime your shirt wanted a button you must almost swear the roof off the house! *You didn't swear?* Ha, Mr. Caudle! you don't know what you do

when you're in a passion. *You were not in a passion?* Wer'n't you? Well, then, I don't know what a passion is—and I think I ought by this time. I've lived long enough with you, Mr. Caudle, to know that.

"It's a pity that you haven't something worse to complain of than a button off your shirt. If you'd *some* wives, I know you would. I'm sure I'm never without a needle-and-thread in my hand. What with you and the children, I'm made a perfect slave of. And what's my thanks? Why, if once in your life a button's off your shirt—what do you cry '*oh*' at?—I say once, Mr. Caudle; or twice, or three times, at most. I'm sure, Mr. Caudle, no man's buttons in the world are better looked after than yours. I only wish I had kept the shirts you had when you were first married! I should like to know where were your buttons then?"

"Yes, it is worth talking of! But that's how you always try to put me down. You fly into a rage, and then if I only try to speak you won't hear me. That's how you men always will have all the talk to yourselves: a poor woman isn't allowed to get a word in.

"A nice notion you have of a wife to suppose she's nothing to think of but her husband's buttons. A pretty notion, indeed, you have of marriage. Ha! if poor women only knew what they had to go through! What with buttons, and one thing and another! They'd never tie themselves up—no, not to the best man in the world, I'm sure. *What would they do, Mr. Caudle?* Why, do much better without you, I'm certain.

"And it's my belief, after all, that the button wasn't off the shirt; it's my belief that you pulled it off, that you might have something to talk about. Oh, you're aggravating enough, when you like, for anything! All I know is, it's very odd that the button should be off the shirt! for I'm sure no woman's a greater slave to her husband's buttons than I am. I only say, it's very odd.

"However, there's one comfort; it can't last long. I'm worn to death with your temper, and sha'n't trouble you a great while. Ha, you may laugh! And I dare say you would laugh! I've no doubt of it! That's your love—that's your feeling! I know that I'm sinking every day, though I say nothing about it. And when I'm gone, we shall see how your second wife will look after your buttons. You'll find out the dif-

ference, then. Yes, Caudle, you'll think of me then: for then, I hope, you'll never have a blessed button to your back.

"No, I'm not a vindictive woman, Mr. Caudle: nobody ever called me that, but you. What do you say? *Nobody ever knew so much of me?* That's nothing at all to do with it. Ha! I wouldn't have your aggravating temper, Mr. Caudle, for mines of gold. It's a good thing I'm not as worrying as you are—or a nice house there'd be between us. I only wish you'd had a wife that *would* have talked to you! Then you'd have known the difference. But you impose upon me, because, like a poor fool, I say nothing. I should be ashamed of myself, Caudle.

"And a pretty example you set as a father! You'll make your boys as bad as yourself. Talking as you did all breakfast-time about your buttons! And of a Sunday morning too! And you call yourself a Christian! I should like to know what your boys will say when they grow up? All about a paltry button off one of your wristbands! A decent man wouldn't have mentioned it. *Why won't I hold my tongue?* Because I *won't* hold my tongue. I'm to have my peace of mind destroyed—I'm to be worried into my grave for a miserable shirt-button, and I'm to hold my tongue! Oh! but that's just like you men!

"But I know what I'll do for the future. Every button you have may drop off, and I won't so much as put a thread to 'em. And I should like to know what you'll do then? Oh, you must get somebody else to sew 'em, must you? That's a pretty threat for a husband to hold out to a wife! And to such a wife as I've been, too; such a negro-slave to your buttons, as I may say! Somebody else to sew 'em, eh? No, Caudle, no: not while I'm alive! When I'm dead—and with what I have to bear there's no knowing how soon that may be—when I'm dead, I say—oh! what a brute you must be to snore so!

You're not snoring? Ha! that's what you always say; but that's nothing to do with it. You must get somebody else to sew 'em, must you? Ha! I shouldn't wonder. Oh, no! I should be surprised at nothing, now! Nothing at all! It's what people have always told me it would come to,—and now the buttons have opened my eyes! But the whole world shall know of your cruelty, Mr. Caudle. After the wife I've been to you. Somebody else, indeed, to sew your buttons! I'm no longer to be

mistress in my own house! Ha, Caudle! I wouldn't have upon my conscience what you have, for the world! I wouldn't treat anybody as you treat—no, I'm not mad! It's you, Mr. Caudle, who are mad, or bad—and that's worse! I can't even so much as speak of a shirt-button, but that I'm threatened to be made nobody of in my own house! Mr. Caudle, you've a heart like a hearth-stone, you have! To threaten me, and only because a button—a button——"

"I was conscious of no more than this," says Caudle; "for here Nature relieved me with a sweet, deep sleep."

THE ELEVENTH LECTURE.

MRS. CAUDLE SUGGESTS THAT HER DEAR MOTHER SHOULD "COME AND LIVE WITH THEM."

"Is your cold better to-night, Caudle? Yes; I thought it was. 'Twill be quite well to-morrow, I dare say. There's a love! You don't take care enough of yourself, Caudle, you don't. And you ought, I'm sure; if only for my sake. For whatever I should do, if anything was to happen to you—but I won't think of it; no, I can't bear to think of *that*. Still, you ought to take care of yourself; for you know you're not strong, Caudle; you know you're not."

"Wasn't dear mother so happy with us, to-night? Now, you needn't go to sleep, so suddenly. I say, wasn't she so happy? *You don't know?* How can you say you don't know? You must have seen it. But she always is happier here than anywhere else. Ha! what a temper that dear soul has! I call it a temper of satin; it is so smooth, so easy, and so soft. Nothing puts her out of the way. And then, if you only knew how she takes your part, Caudle! I'm sure, if you had been her own son ten times over, she couldn't be fonder of you. Don't you think so, Caudle? Eh, love? Now, do answer. *How can you tell?* Nonsense, Caudle; you must have seen it. I'm sure, nothing delights the dear soul so much as when she's thinking how to please you."

"Don't you remember Thursday night, the stewed oysters when you came home? That was all dear mother's doings! 'Margaret,' says she to me, 'it's a cold night; and don't you think dear Mr. Caudle would

like something nice before he goes to bed?' And that, Caudle, is how the oysters came about. Now, don't sleep, Caudle: do listen to me for five minutes; 't isn't often I speak, goodness knows."

"And then, what a fuss she makes when you're out, if your slippers ar'n't put to the fire for you. *She's very good!* Yes—I know she is, Caudle. And hasn't she been six months—though I promised her not to tell you—six months working a watch-pocket for you! And with *her* eyes, dear soul—and at *her* time of life!

"And then what a cook she is! I'm sure the dishes she'll make out of next to nothing! I try hard enough to follow her: but, I'm not ashamed to own it, Caudle, she quite beats me. Ha! the many nice little things she'd simmer up for you—and I can't do it; the children, you know it, Caudle, take so much of my time. I can't do it, love; and I often reproach myself that I can't. Now you sha'n't go to sleep, Caudle; at least, not for five minutes. You must hear me."

"I've been thinking, dearest—ha! that nasty cough, love!—I've been thinking, darling, if we could only persuade dear mother to come and live with us. Now, Caudle, you can't be asleep; it's impossible—you were coughing this minute—yes, to live with us. What a treasure we should have in her! Then, Caudle, you never need go to bed without something hot. And you want it, Caudle. *You don't want it?* Nonsense, you do; for you're not strong, Mr. Caudle; you know you're not."

"I'm sure, the money she'd save us in housekeeping. Ha! what an eye she has for a joint! The butcher doesn't walk that could deceive dear mother. And then, again, for poultry! What a finger and thumb she has for a chicken! I never could market like her: it's a gift—quite a gift."

"And then you recollect her marrow-puddings? *You don't recollect 'em?* Oh, fie! Caudle, how often have you flung her marrow-puddings in my face, wanting to know why I couldn't make 'em? And I wouldn't pretend to do it after dear mother. I should think it presumption. Now, love, if she was only living with us—come, you're not asleep, Caudle—if she was only living with us, you could have marrow-puddings every day. Now, don't fling yourself about and begin to swear at marrow-puddings; you know you like 'em, dear."

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Cautle's Return.

"What a hand, too, dear mother has for a pie-crust! But it's born with some people. What do you say? *Why wasn't it born with me?* Now, Caudle, that's cruel—unfeeling of you; I wouldn't have uttered such a reproach to you for the whole world. Consider, dear; people can't be born as they like.

"How often, too, have you wanted to brew at home! And I never could learn anything about brewing. But, ha! what ale dear mother makes! *You never tasted it?* No, I know that. But I recollect the ale we used to have at home; and father never would drink wine after it. The best sherry was nothing like it. *You dare say not?* No; it wasn't, indeed, Caudle. Then, if dear mother was only with us what money we should save in beer! And then you might always have your nice, pure, good, wholesome ale, Caudle: and what good it would do you! For you're not strong, Caudle.

"And then, dear mother's jams and preserves, love! I own it, Caudle; it has often gone to my heart that with cold meat you haven't always had a pudding. Now, if mother was with us, in the matter of fruit puddings, she'd make it summer all the year round. But I never could preserve—now mother does it, and for next to no money whatever. What nice dogs-in-a-blanket she'd make for the children! *What's dogs-in-a-blanket?* They're delicious—as dear mother makes 'em.

"Now you *have* tasted her Irish stew, Caudle? You remember that? Come, you're not asleep—you remember that? And how fond you are of it! And I know I never have it made to please you! Well, what a relief to me it would be if dear mother was always at hand that you might have a stew when you liked. What a load it would be off my mind.

"Again, for pickles! Not at all like anybody else's pickles. Her red cabbage—why, it's as crisp as a biscuit! And then her walnuts—and her all-sorts! Eh, Caudle? You know how you love pickles; and how we sometimes tiff about 'em? Now if dear mother was only here, a word would never pass between us. And I'm sure nothing would make me happier, for—you're not asleep, Caudle?—for I can't bear to quarrel, can I, love?

"The children, too, are so fond of her! And she'd be such a help to me with 'em! I'm sure, with dear mother in the house, I

shouldn't care a fig for measles, or anything of the sort. As a nurse, she's such a treasure!

"And at her time of life, what a needlewoman! And the darning and mending for the children, it really gets quite beyond me now, Caudle. Now with mother at my hand, there wouldn't be a stitch wanted in the house.

"And then, when you're out late, Caudle—for I know you must be out late, sometimes; I can't expect you, of course, to be always at home—why, then dear mother could sit up for you, and nothing would delight the dear soul half so much.

"And so, Caudle, love, I think dear mother had better come, don't you? Eh, Caudle? Now, you're not asleep, darling; don't you think she'd better come? You say *No*? You say *No* again? *You won't have her*, you say; *you won't,—that's flat?* Caudle—Cau-Cau-dle—Cau-dle—"

"Here Mrs. Caudle," says her husband, "suddenly went into tears; and I went to sleep."

THE TWELFTH LECTURE.

MR. CAUDLE HAVING COME HOME A LITTLE LATE, DECLARES THAT HENCEFORTH "HE WILL HAVE A KEY."

"UPON my word, Mr. Caudle, I think it a waste of time to come to bed at all now! The cocks will be crowing in a minute. *Why did I sit up, then?* Because I choose to sit up—but that's my thanks. No, it's no use your talking, Caudle; I never *will* let the girl sit up for you, and there's an end. What do you say? *Why does she sit up with me, then?* That's quite a different matter: you don't suppose I'm going to sit up alone, do you? What do you say? *What's the use of two sitting up?* That's my business. No, Caudle, it's no such a thing. I *don't* sit up because I may have the pleasure of talking about it; and you're an ungrateful, unfeeling creature, to say so. I sit up because I choose it; and if you don't come home all the night long—and 'twill come to that, I've no doubt—still, I'll never go to bed, so don't think it.

"Oh, yes! the time runs away very pleasantly with you men at your clubs—selfish creatures! You can laugh and sing, and tell stories, and never think of the

clock; never think there's such a person as a wife belonging to you. It's nothing to you that a poor woman's sitting up, and telling the minutes, and seeing all sorts of things in the fire—and sometimes thinking something dreadful has happened to you—more fool she to care a straw about you!—this is all nothing. Oh no! when a woman's once married she's a slave—worse than a slave—and must bear it all!

"And what you men can find to talk about I can't think! Instead of a man sitting every night at home with his wife, and going to bed at a Christian hour, — going to a club, to meet a set of people who don't care a button for him,—it's monstrous! What do you say? *You only go once a week?* That's nothing at all to do with it: you might as well go every night; and I dare say you will soon. But if you do, you may get in as you can: *I won't sit up for you, I can tell you.*

"My health's being destroyed night after night, and—oh, don't say it's only once a week; I tell you, that's nothing to do with it—if you had any eyes, you would see how ill I am; but you've no eyes for anybody belonging to you: oh no! your eyes are for people out of doors. It's very well for you to call me a foolish, aggravating woman! I should like to see the woman who'd sit up for you as I do. *You didn't want me to sit up?* Yes, yes; that's your thanks—that's your gratitude: I'm to ruin my health, and to be abused for it. Nice principles you've got at that club, Mr. Caudle!

"But there's one comfort—one great comfort; it can't last long: I'm sinking—I feel it, though I never say anything about it—but I know my own feelings, and I say it can't last long. And then I should like to know who will sit up for you! Then I should like to know how your second wife—what do you say? *You'll never be troubled with another?*—Troubled, indeed! I never troubled you, Caudle. No; it's you who've troubled me; and you know it; though, like a foolish woman, I've borne it all, and never said a word about it. But it *can't* last—that's one blessing!

"Oh, if a woman could only know what she'd have to suffer, before she was married—don't tell me you want to go to sleep! If you want to go to sleep, you should come home at proper hours! It's time to get up, for what I know, now. Shouldn't wonder if you hear the milk in five minutes—there's the sparrows up already; yes, I say the

sparrows; and, Mr. Caudle, you ought to blush to hear 'em. *You don't hear 'em?* Ha! you won't hear 'em, you mean: *I hear 'em.* No, Mr. Caudle; it *isn't* the wind whistling in the keyhole; I'm not quite foolish, though you may think so. I hope I know wind from a sparrow!

"Ha! when I think what a man you were before we were married! But you're now another person—quite an altered creature. But I suppose you're all alike—I dare say, every poor woman's troubled and put upon, though I should hope not so much as I am. Indeed, I should hope not! Going and staying out, and—

"What! *You'll have a key?* Will you? Not while I'm alive, Mr. Caudle. I'm not going to bed with the door upon the latch for you or the best man living. *You won't have a latch—you'll have a Chubb's lock?* Will you? I'll have no Chubb here, I can tell you. What do you say? *You'll have the lock put on to-morrow?* Well, try it; that's all I say, Caudle; try it. I won't let you put me in a passion; but all I say, is—try it.

"A respectable thing, that, for a married man to carry about with him,—a street-door key, that tells a tale, I think. A nice thing for the father of a family! A key! What, to let yourself in and out when you please? To come in, like a thief in the middle of the night, instead of knocking at the door like a decent person! Oh, don't tell me that you only want to prevent me sitting up,—if I choose to sit up, what's that to you? Some wives, indeed, would make a noise about sitting up, but *you're* no reason to complain,—goodness knows!

"Well, upon my word, I've lived to hear something. Carry the street-door key about with you! I've heard of such things with good-for-nothing bachelors, with nobody to care what became of 'em; but for a married man to leave his wife and children in a house with the door upon the latch—don't talk to me about Chubb, it's all the same—a great deal you must care for us. Yes, it's very well for you to say that you only want the key for peace and quietness—what's it to you, if I like to sit up? You've no business to complain; it can't distress you. Now, it's no use your talking; all I say is this, Caudle: if you send a man to put on any lock here, I'll call in a policeman: as I'm your married wife, I will!

"No, I think when a man comes to have the street-door key, the sooner he turns

bachelor altogether the better. I'm sure, Caudle, I don't want to be any clog upon you. Now, it's no use your telling me to hold my tongue, for I—What? *I give you the headache, do I?* No, I don't, Caudle; it's your club that gives you the headache: it's your smoke, and your—well! if ever I knew such a man in all my life! there's no saying a word to you! You go out, and treat yourself like an emperor—and come home at twelve at night, or any hour, for what I know,—and then you threaten to have a key, and—and—and—”

“I *did* get to sleep at last,” says Caudle, “amidst the falling sentences of ‘take children into a lodging’—‘separate maintenance’—‘won’t be made a slave of’—and so forth.”

THE THIRTEENTH LECTURE.

MRS. CAUDLE HAS BEEN TO SEE HER DEAR MOTHER.—CAUDLE ON THE “JOYFUL OCCASION,” HAS GIVEN A PARTY.

It is hard, I think, Mr. Caudle, that I can't leave home for a day or two, but the house must be turned into a tavern; a tavern?—a pot-house? Yes, I thought you were very anxious that I should go; I thought you wanted to get rid of me for something, or you would not have insisted on my staying at dear mother's all night. You were afraid I should get cold coming home, were you? Oh, yes, you can be very tender, you can, Mr. Caudle, when it suits your own purpose. Yes! and the world thinks what a good husband you are! I only wish the world knew you as well as I do, that's all; but it shall, some day, I'm determined.

“I'm sure the house will not be sweet for a month. All the curtains are poisoned with smoke; and, what's more, with the filthiest smoke I ever knew. *Take 'em down then?* Yes, it's all very well for you to say, take 'em down; but they were only cleaned and put up a month ago; but a careful wife's lost upon you, Mr. Caudle. You ought to have married somebody who'd have let your house go to wreck and ruin, as I will for the future. People who don't care for their families are better thought of than those who do; I've long found out *that*.

“And what a condition the carpet's in!

They've taken five pounds out of it, if a farthing, with their filthy boots, and I don't know what besides. And then the smoke in the hearth-rug, and a large cinder-hole burnt in it! I never saw such a house in *my* life! If you wanted to have a few friends, why couldn't you invite 'em when your wife's at home, like any other man? not have 'em sneaking in like a set of house-breakers, directly a woman turns her back. They must be pretty gentlemen, they must; mean fellows, that are afraid to face a woman! Ha! and you all call yourselves the lords of the creation! I should only like to see what would become of the creation, if you were left to yourselves! A very pretty pickle creation would be in very soon!

“You must all have been in a nice condition! What do you say? *You took nothing?* Took nothing, didn't you? I'm sure there's such a regiment of empty bottles, I haven't had the heart to count 'em. And punch, too! you must have punch! There's a hundred half-lemons in the kitchen, if there's one: for Susan, like a good girl, kept 'em to show 'em me. No, sir; Susan *sha'n't leave the house!* What do you say? *She has no right to tell tales, and you will be master of your own house?* Will you? If you don't alter, Mr. Caudle, you'll soon have no house to be master of. A whole loaf of sugar did I leave in the cupboard, and now there isn't as much as would fill a tea-cup. Do you suppose I'm to find sugar for punch for fifty men? What do you say? *There wasn't fifty?* That's no matter; the more shame for 'em, sir. I'm sure they drank enough for fifty. Do you suppose out of my housekeeping money I'm to find sugar for punch for all the world? *You don't ask me?* Don't you ask me? You do; you know you do: for if I only want a shilling extra, the house is in a blaze. And yet a whole loaf of sugar can you throw away upon— No, I *won't* be still; and I won't let you go to sleep. If you'd got to bed at a proper hour last night, you wouldn't have been so sleepy now. You can sit up half the night with a pack of people who don't care for you, and your poor wife can't get in a word!

“And there's that China image that I had when I was married—I wouldn't have taken any sum of money for it, and you know it—and how do I find it? With it's precious head knocked off! And what was more mean, more contemptible than all besides, it was put on again, as if nothing had

happened. *You know nothing about it?* Now, how can you lie there, in your Christian bed, Caudle, and say that? You know that that fellow, Prettyman, knocked off the head with the poker! You know that he did. And you hadn't the feeling,—yes, I will say it,—you hadn't the feeling to protect what you knew was precious to me. Oh, no, if the truth was known, you were glad to see it broken for that very reason.

"Every way, I've been insulted. I should like to know who it was who corked whiskers on my dear aunt's picture? Oh, you're laughing, are you? *You're not laughing?* Don't tell me that. I should like to know what shakes the bed, then, if you're not laughing? Yes, corked whiskers on her dear face—and she was a good soul to you, Caudle, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself to see her ill-used. Oh, you may laugh! It's very easy to laugh! I only wish you'd a little feeling, like other people, that's all.

"Then there's my China mug—the mug I had before I was married—when I was a happy creature. I should like to know who knocked the spout off that mug? Don't tell me it was cracked before—it's no such thing, Caudle; there wasn't a flaw in it—and now, I could have cried when I saw it. Don't tell me it wasn't worth twopence. How do you know? You never buy mugs. But that's like men; they think nothing in a house costs anything.

"There's four glasses broke, and nine cracked. At least, that's all I have found out at present; but I dare say I shall discover a dozen to-morrow.

"And I should like to know where the cotton umbrella's gone to—and I should like to know who broke the bell-pull—and perhaps you don't know there's a leg off a chair,—and perhaps——"

"I was resolved," says Caudle, "to know nothing, and so went to sleep in my ignorance."

THE FOURTEENTH LECTURE.

MRS. CAUDLE THINKS IT "HIGH TIME" THAT THE CHILDREN SHOULD HAVE SUMMER CLOTHING.

"If there's anything in the world I hate—and you know it, Caudle—it is asking you for money. I am sure, for myself, I'd rather go without a thing a thousand times,

and I do—the more shame of you to let me, but—there, now! there you fly out again! *What do I want now?* Why, you must know what's wanted, if you'd any eyes—or any pride for your children, like any other father. *What's the matter—and what am I driving at?* Oh, nonsense, Caudle! As if you didn't know! I'm sure if I'd any money of my own, I'd never ask you for a farthing; never; it's painful to me, goodness knows! What do you say? *If it's painful, why so often do it?* Ha! I suppose you call that a joke—one of your club jokes? I wish you'd think a little more of people's feelings, and less of your jokes. As I say, I only wish I'd money of my own. If there is anything that humbles a poor woman, it is coming to a man's pocket for every farthing. It's dreadful!

"Now, Caudle, if ever you kept awake, you shall keep awake to-night—yes, you shall hear me, for it isn't often I speak, and then you may go to sleep as soon as you like. Pray do you know what month this is? And did you see how the children looked at church to-day—like nobody else's children? *What was the matter with them?* O Caudle! How can you ask? Poor things! weren't they all in their thick merinos, and beaver bonnets? What do you say? *What of it?* What! you'll tell me that you didn't see how the Briggs's girls, in their new chips, turned their noses up at 'em? And you didn't see how the Browns looked at the Smiths, and then at our dear girls, as much as to say, 'Poor creatures! what figures for the month of May! *You didn't see it?* The more shame for you—you would, if you'd had the feelings of a parent—but I'm sorry to say, Caudle, you haven't. I'm sure those Briggs's girls—the little minxes!—put me into such a pucker, I could have pulled their ears for 'em over the pew. What do you say? *I ought to be ashamed of myself to own it?* No, Mr. Caudle: the shame lies with you, that don't let your children appear at church like other people's children; that make 'em uncomfortable at their devotions, poor things; for how can it be otherwise, when they see themselves dressed like nobody else?"

"Now, Caudle, it's no use talking; those children shall not cross the threshold next Sunday, if they haven't things for the summer. Now mind—they sha'n't; and there's an end of it. I won't have 'em exposed to the Briggses and the Browns again; no, they shall know they have a mother, if

they've no father to feel for 'em. What do you say, Caudle? *A good deal I must think of church, if I think so much of what we go in?* I only wish you thought as much as I do, you'd be a better man than you are, Mr. Caudle, I can tell you; but that's nothing to do with it. I'm talking about decent clothes for the children for the summer, and you want to put me off with something about the church; but that's so like you, Caudle!

"I'm always wanting money for clothes?" How can you lie in your bed and say that? I'm sure there's no children in the world that cost their father so little: but that's it; the less a poor woman does upon, the less she may. It's the wives who don't care where the money comes from who're best thought of. Oh, if my time was to come over again, would I mend and stitch, and make things go so far as I have done? No—that I wouldn't. Yes, it's very well for you to lie there and laugh; it's easy to laugh, Caudle—very easy to people who don't feel.

"Now, Caudle, dear! What a man you are! I know you'll give me the money, because, after all, I think you love your children, and like to see 'em well dressed. It's only natural that a father should. Eh, Caudle, eh! Now you sha'n't go to sleep till you've told me. How much money do I want? Why, let me see, love. There's Caroline, and Jane, and Susannah, and Mary Anne, and—what do you say? I needn't count 'em, you know how many there are? Ha! that's just as you take me up. Well, how much money will it take? Let me see; and don't go to sleep. I'll tell you in a minute. You always love to see the dear things like new pins, I know that, Caudle; and though I say it—bless their little hearts!—they do credit to you, Caudle. Any nobleman of the land might be proud of 'em. Now don't swear at noblemen of the land, and ask me what they have to do with your children; you know what I meant. But you are so hasty, Caudle."

"How much?" Now, don't be in a hurry! Well, I think, with good pinching—and you know, Caudle, there's never a wife who can pinch closer than I can—I think, with close pinching, I can do with twenty pounds. What did you say? *Twenty fiddlesticks?* What? *You won't give half the money?* Very well, Mr. Caudle: I don't care: let the children go in rags; let them stop from church, and grow up like heathens and cannibals, and then you'll save your money,

and, I suppose, be satisfied. *You gave me twenty pounds five months ago?* What's five months ago to do with now? Besides, what I have had is nothing to do with it.

"What do you say? Ten pounds are enough?" Yes: just like you men; you think things cost nothing for women; but you don't care how much you lay out upon yourselves. *They only want bonnets and frocks?* How do you know what they want? *How should a man know anything at all about it?* And you won't give me more than ten pounds? Very well. Then you may go shopping with it yourself, and see what you'll make of it. I'll have none of your ten pounds, I can tell you. No, sir,—no; you have no cause to say that. *I don't want to dress the children up like courtesans!* You often fling that in my teeth, you do: but you know it's false, Caudle, you know it. I only want to give 'em proper notions of themselves; and what, indeed, can the poor things think when they see the Briggses, and the Browns, and the Smiths—and their fathers don't make the money you do, Caudle—when they see them as fine as tulips? Why they must think themselves nobody; and to think yourself nobody,—depend upon it, Caudle,—isn't the way to make the world think anything of you.

"What do you say? Where did I pick up that?" Where do you think? I know a great deal more than you suppose—yes; though you don't give me credit for it. Husbands seldom do. However, the twenty pounds I will have, if I've any—or not a farthing.

"No, sir, no. I don't want to dress up the children like peacocks and parrots! I only want to make 'em respectable and—what do you say? You'll give fifteen pounds?" No, Caudle, no—not a penny will I take under twenty; if I did, it would seem as if I wanted to waste your money: and I'm sure, when I come to think of it, twenty pounds will hardly do. Still, if you give me twenty—no, it's no use your offering me fifteen, and wanting to go to sleep. You sha'n't close an eye until you promise the twenty. Come, Caudle, love!—twenty, and then you may go to sleep. Twenty—twenty—twenty

"My impression is," writes Mr. Caudle, *"that I fell asleep sticking firmly to the fifteen; but in the morning Mrs. Caudle assured me, as a woman of honor, that she*

wouldn't let me wink an eye, before I promised the twenty: and man is frail—and woman is strong—she had the money."

THE FIFTEENTH LECTURE.

MR. CAUDLE HAS AGAIN STAYED OUT LATE.—
MRS. CAUDLE, AT FIRST INJURED AND VIOLENT, MELTS.

"PERHAPS, Mr. Caudle, you'll tell me where this is to end? Though, goodness knows, I needn't ask *that*. The end is plain enough. Out—out—out! Every night—every night! I'm sure, men who can't come home at reasonable hours have no business with wives: they have no right to destroy other people, if they choose to go to destruction themselves. Ha, Lord! Oh, dear! I only hope none of my girls will ever marry—I hope they'll none of 'em ever be the slave their poor mother is: they sha'n't if I can help it. What do you say? *Nothing*? Well, I don't wonder at that, Mr. Caudle; you ought to be ashamed to speak; I don't wonder that you can't open your mouth. I'm only astonished that at such hours you have the confidence to knock at your own door. Though I'm your wife, I must say it, I do sometimes wonder at your impudence. What do you say? *Nothing*? Ha! you are an aggravating creature, Caudle; lying there like the mummy of a man, and never as much as opening your lips to one. Just as if your own wife wasn't worth answering! It isn't so when you're out, I'm sure. Oh, no! then you can talk fast enough; here, there's no getting a word from you—and you know it.

"Out—out every night! What? *You haven't been out this week before?* That's nothing at all to do with it. You might just as well be out all the week as once—just! And I should like to know what could keep you out till these hours? *Business?* Oh, yes—I dare say! Pretty business a married man and the father of a family must have out of doors at one in the morning. What! *I shall drive you mad?* Oh, no; you haven't feelings enough to go mad—you'd be a better man, Caudle, if you had. *Will I listen to you?* What's the use? Of course you've some story to put me off with—you can all do that, and laugh at us afterwards.

"No, Caudle, don't say that. I'm not always trying to find fault—not I. It's you. I never speak but when there's occasion;

and what in my time I've put up with, there isn't anybody in the world that knows. *Will I hear your story?* Oh, you may tell it if you please; go on: only mind, I sha'n't believe a word of it. I'm not such a fool as other women are, I can tell you. There, now—don't begin to swear—but go on—

"And that's your story, is it? That's your excuse for the hours you keep! That's your apology for undermining my health and ruining your family? What do you think your children will say of you when they grow up—going and throwing away your money upon a good-for-nothing, pot-house acquaintance? *He's not a pot-house acquaintance?* Who is he, then? Come, you haven't told me that; but I know—it's that Prettyman! Yes, to be sure it is! Upon my life! Well, if I've hardly patience to lie in the same bed! I've wanted a silver teapot these five years, and you must go and throw away as much money as—what! *You haven't thrown it away?* Haven't you! Then my name's not Margaret, that's all I know!

"A man gets arrested, and because he's taken from his wife and family, and locked up, you must go and trouble your head with it! And you must be mixing yourself up with nasty sheriff's officers—pah! I'm sure you're not fit to enter a decent house—and go running from lawyer to lawyer to get bail, and settle the business, as you call it! A pretty settlement you'll make of it—mark my words! Yes—and to mend the matter, to finish it quite, you must be one of the bail! That any man who isn't a born fool should do such a thing for another. Do you think anybody would do as much for you? *Yes?* You say yes? Well, I only wish—just to show that I'm right—I only wish you were in a condition to try 'em. I should only like to see you arrested. You'd find the difference, *that* you would.

"What's other people's affairs to you? If you were locked up, depend upon it, there's not a soul would come near you. No; it's all very fine now, when people think there isn't a chance of your being in trouble—but I should only like to see what they'd say to you if *you* were in a sponging house. Yes—I should enjoy *that*, just to show you that I'm always right. What do you say? *You think better of the world?* Ha! that would be all very well if you could afford it; but you're not in means, I know, to think so well of people as all that. And of course they only laugh at you. 'Caudle's

an easy fool,' they cry,—I know it as well as if I heard 'em,—'Caudle's an easy fool, anybody may lead him.' Yes; anybody but his own wife; and she—of course—is nobody.

"And now, everybody that's arrested will of course send to you. Yes, Mr. Caudle, you'll have your hands full now, no doubt of it. You'll soon know every sponging house and every sheriff's officer in London. Your business will have to take care of itself; you'll have enough to do to run from lawyer to lawyer after the business of other people. Now, it's no use calling me a dear soul—not a bit! No; and I sha'n't put it off till to-morrow. It isn't often I speak, but I *will* speak now.

"I wish that Prettyman had been at the bottom of the sea before—what? *It isn't Prettyman?* Ha! it is very well for you to say so; but I know it is; it's just like him. He looks like a man that's always in debt—that's always in a sponging house. Anybody might swear it. I knew it from the very first time you brought him here—from the very night he put his nasty, dirty, wet boots on my bright steel fender. Any woman could see what the fellow was in a minute. Prettyman! A pretty gentleman, truly, to be robbing your wife and family!

"Why couldn't you let him stop in the sponging— Now don't call upon Heaven in that way, and ask me to be quiet, for I won't. Why couldn't you let him stop there? He got himself in; he might have got himself out again. And you must keep me awake, ruin my sleep, my health, and, for what you care, my peace of mind. Ha! everybody but you can see how I'm breaking. You can do all this while you are talking with a set of low bailiffs? A great deal you must think of your children to go into a lawyer's office.

"And then you must be bail—you must be bound—for Mr. Prettyman! You may say, bound! Yes—you've your hands nicely tied, now. How he laughs at you—and serve you right! Why, in another week he'll be in the East Indies; of course he will! And you'll have to pay his debts; yes, your children may go in rags, so that Mr. Prettyman—what do you say? *It isn't Prettyman?* I know better. Well, if it isn't Prettyman that's kept you out,—if it isn't Prettyman you're bail for,—who is it then? I ask, who is it then? What! *My brother? Brother Tom?* O Caudle, dear Caudle—"

"It was too much for the poor soul," says Caudle, "she sobbed as if her heart would break, and I——" And here the MS. is blotted, as though Caudle himself had dropt tears as he wrote.

THE SIXTEENTH LECTURE.

BABY IS TO BE CHRISTENED; MRS. CAUDLE CANVASSES THE MERITS OF PROBABLE GODFATHERS.

"COME, now, love, about baby's name? The dear thing's three month's old, and has not a name to its back yet. There you go again! Talk of it to-morrow! No; we'll talk of it to-night. There's no having a word with you in the day-time—but here you can't leave me. Now don't say you wish you could, Caudle; that's unkind, and not treating a wife—especially the wife I am to you—as she deserves. It isn't often that I speak; but I *do* believe you'd like never to hear the sound of my voice. I might as well have been born dumb!

"I suppose the baby *must* have a godfather; and so, Caudle, who shall we have? Who do you think will be able to do the most for it? No, Caudle, no; I'm not a selfish woman—nothing of the sort—but I hope I've the feelings of a mother; and what's the use of a godfather, if he gives nothing else to a child but a name? A child might almost as well not be christened at all. And so who shall we have? What do you say? *Anybody?* Ar'n't you ashamed of yourself, Caudle? Don't you think something will happen to you, to talk in that way? I don't know where you pick up such principles. I'm thinking who there is among our acquaintance who can do the most for the blessed creature, and you say, '*Anybody!*' Caudle, you're quite a heathen.

"There's Wagstaff. No chance of his ever marrying, and he's very fond of babies. He's plenty of money, Caudle; and I think he might be got. Babies, I know it—babies are his weak side. Wouldn't it be a blessed thing to find our dear child in his will? Why don't you speak? I declare, Caudle, you seem to care no more for the child than if it was a stranger's. People who can't love children more than you do, ought never to have 'em. *You don't like Wagstaff?* No more do I much; but what's that to do with it? People who've their families to provide for mustn't think of their feelings.

I don't like him; but then I'm a mother, and love my baby! *You won't have Wagstaff, and that's flat?* Ha, Caudle, you're like nobody else—not fit for this world, you're not.

"What do you think of Pugsby? I can't bear his wife; but that's nothing to do with it. I know my duty to my babe: I wish other people did. What do you say? *Pugsby's a wicked fellow?* Ha! that's like you—always giving people a bad name. We mustn't always believe what the world says, Caudle; it doesn't become us as Christians to do it. I only know that he hasn't a chick or child; and, besides that, he's very strong interest in the Blue-coats; and so, if Pugsby— Now, don't fly out at the man in that manner. Caudle, you ought to be ashamed of yourself! You can't speak well of anybody. Where do you think to go to?"

"What do you say, then, to Sniggins? Now, don't bounce round in that way, letting the cold air into the bed! What's the matter with Sniggins? *You wouldn't ask him a favor for the world?* Well, it's a good thing the baby has somebody to care for it; I will. What do you say? *I sha'n't?* I will, I can tell you. Sniggins, besides being a warm man, has good interest in the Customs; and there's nice pickings there, if one only goes the right way to get 'em. It's no use, Caudle, your fidgeting about—not a bit. I'm not going to have baby lost—sacrificed, I may say, like its brothers and sisters. *What do I mean by sacrificed?* Oh, you know what I mean very well. What have any of 'em got by their godfathers beyond a half-pint mug, a knife and fork, and spoon—and a shabby coat, that I know was bought second-hand, for I could almost swear to the place? And then there was your fine friend Hartley's wife—what did she give to Caroline? Why a trumpery lace cap it made me blush to look at. What? *It was the best she could afford?* Then she'd no right to stand for the child. People who can't do better than that have no business to take the responsibility of godmother. They ought to know their duties better.

"Well, Caudle, you can't object to Goldman! *Yes, you do?* Was there ever such a man? What for? *He's a usurer and a hunk?* Well, I'm sure, you've no business in this world, Caudle; you have such high-flown notions. Why, isn't the man as rich as the bank? And as for his being a usu-

rer,—isn't it all the better for those who come after him? I'm sure it's well there's some people in the world who save money, seeing the stupid creatures who throw it away. But you are the strangest man! I really believe you think money a sin, instead of the greatest blessing; for I can't mention any of our acquaintance that's rich—and I'm sure we don't know too many such people—that you haven't something to say against 'em. It's only beggars that you like—people with not a shilling to bless themselves. Ha! though you're my husband, I must say it—you're a man of low notions, Caudle. I only hope none of the dear boys will take after their father!

"And I should like to know what's the objection to Goldman? The only thing against him is his name: I must confess it, I don't like the name of Lazarus: it's low, and doesn't sound genteel—not at all respectable. But, after he's gone and done what's proper for the child, the boy could easily slip Lazarus into Laurence. I'm told the thing's often done. No, Caudle, don't say that—I'm not a mean woman; certainly not; quite the reverse. I've only a parent's love for my children; and I must say it—I wish everybody felt as I did.

"I suppose, if the truth was known, you'd like your tobacco-pipe friend, your pot-companion, Prettyman, to stand for the child? *You'd have no objections?* I thought not! Yes; I knew what it was coming to. He's a beggar, he is; and a person who stays out half the night; yes, he does; and it's no use your denying it—a beggar and a tippler, and that's the man you'd make godfather to your own flesh and blood! Upon my word, Caudle, it's enough to make a woman get up and dress herself to hear you talk.

"Well I can hardly tell you, if you won't have Wagstaff, or Pugsby, or Sniggins, or Goldman, or somebody that's respectable, to do what's proper, the child sha'n't be christened at all. As for Prettyman, or any such raff—no, never! I'm sure there's a certain set of people that poverty's catching from, and that Prettyman's one of 'em. Now, Caudle, I won't have my dear child lost by any of your spittoon acquaintance, I can tell you.

"No; unless I can have my way, the child sha'n't be christened at all. What do you say? *It must have a name?* There's no 'must' at all in the case—none. No: it shall have no name; and then see what

the world will say. I'll call it Number Six—yes, that will do as well as anything else, unless I've the godfather I like. Number Six Caudle! ha! ha! I think that must make you ashamed of yourself if anything can. Number Six Caudle—a much better name than Mr. Prettyman could give; yes, Number Six. What do you say? *Anything but Number Seven?* Oh, Caudle, if ever—"

"At this moment," writes Caudle, "little Number Six began to cry; and, taking advantage of the happy accident, I somehow got to sleep."

THE SEVENTEENTH LECTURE.

CAUDLE IN THE COURSE OF THE DAY HAS VENTURED TO QUESTION THE ECONOMY OF "WASHING AT HOME."

"A PRETTY temper you come to bed in, Mr. Caudle, I can see! Oh, don't deny it—I think I ought to know by this time. But it's always the way; whenever I get up a few things, the house can hardly hold you! Nobody cries out more about clean linen than you do—and nobody leads a poor woman so miserable a life when she tries to make her husband comfortable. Yes, Mr. Caudle—comfortable! You needn't keep chewing the word, as if you couldn't swallow it. *Was there ever such a woman?* No, Caudle; I hope not: I should hope no other wife was ever put upon as I am. It's all very well for you. I can't have a little wash at home like anybody else, but you must go about the house swearing to yourself, and looking at your wife as if she was your bitterest enemy. But I suppose you'd rather we didn't wash at all. Yes; then you'd be happy! To be sure you would—you'd like to have all the children in their dirt, like potatoes: anything, so that it didn't disturb you. I wish you'd had a wife who'd never washed—*she'd* have suited you, she would. Yes: a fine lady who'd have let your children go that you might have scraped 'em. *She'd* have been much better cared for than I am. I only wish I could let all of you go without clean linen at all—yes, all of you. I wish I could! And if I wasn't a slave to my family, unlike anybody else, I should.

"No, Mr. Caudle; the house isn't tossed about in water as if it was Noah's Ark! And you ought to be ashamed of yourself to talk of Noah's Ark in that loose manner.

I am sure I don't know what I've done to be married to a man of such principles. No: and the whole house *doesn't* taste of soapuds either; and if it did, any other man but yourself would be above naming it. I suppose I don't like washing-day any more than yourself. What do you say? *Yes, I do?* Ha! you're wrong there, Mr. Caudle. No; I don't like it because it makes everybody else uncomfortable. No; and I ought not to have been born a mermaid, that I might always have been in water. A mermaid, indeed! What next will you call me? But no man, Mr. Caudle, says such things to his wife, as you. However, as I've said before, it can't last long, that's one comfort. What do you say? *You're glad of it?* You're a brute, Mr. Caudle! No, you *didn't* mean washing: I know what you meant. A pretty speech to a woman who's been the wife to you I have! You'll repent it when it's too late: yes, I wouldn't have your feelings when I'm gone, Caudle,—no, not for the Bank of England.

"And when we only wash once a fortnight! Ha! I only wish you had some wives: they'd wash once a week! Besides, if once a fortnight's too much for you, why don't you give me money that we may have things to go a month? Is it *my* fault, if we're short? What do you say? *My 'once a fortnight' lasts three days?* No, it doesn't; never; well, very seldom, and that's the same thing. Can I help it, if the blacks will fly, and the things must be rinsed again? Don't say that: I'm *not* made happy by the blacks, and they *don't* prolong my enjoyment: and, more than that, you're an unfeeling man to say so. You're enough to make a woman wish herself in her grave—you are, Caudle.

"And a pretty example you set to your sons! Because we'd a little wash to-day, and there wasn't a hot dinner—and who thinks of getting anything hot for washerwomen? because you hadn't everything as you always have it, you must swear at the cold mutton—and you don't know what that mutton cost a pound, I dare say—you must swear at a sweet, wholesome joint like a lord. What? *You didn't swear?* Yes; it's very well for you to say so; but I know when you're swearing; and you swear when you little think it; and I say you must go on swearing as you did, and seize your hat like a savage, and rush out of the house, and go and take your dinner at a tavern! A pretty wife people must think you have,

when they find you dining at a public-house. A nice home they must think you have, Mr. Caudle! What! *You'll do so every time I wash?* Very well, Mr Caudle—very well. We'll soon see who's tired of that, first; for I'll wash a stocking a day if that's all, sooner than you should have everything as you like. Ha! that's so like you; you'd trample everybody under foot, if you could—you know you would, Caudle, so don't deny it.

"Now, if you begin to shout in that manner, I'll leave the bed. It's very hard that I can't say a single word to you, but you must almost raise the place. *You didn't shout?* I don't know what you call shouting, then! I'm sure the people must hear you in the next house. No—it won't do to call me soft names, now, Caudle: I'm not the fool that I was when I was married—I know better now. You're to treat me the manner you have, all day; and then at night, the only time and place when I can get a word in, you want to go to sleep. How can you be so mean, Caudle?"

"What! *Why can't I put the washing out?* Now, you have asked that a thousand times, but it's no use, Caudle; so do not ask it again. I won't put it out. What do you say? *Mrs. Prettyman says it's quite as cheap?* Pray, what's Mrs. Prettyman to me? I should think, Mr Caudle, that I know very well how to take care of my family, without Mrs. Prettyman's advice. Mrs. Prettyman, indeed! I only wish she'd come here, that I might tell her so! Mrs. Prettyman! But, perhaps she'd better come and take care of your house for you! Oh, yes! I've no doubt she'd do it much better than I do—*much*. No, Caudle! *I won't hold my tongue*. I think I ought to be mistress of my own washing by this time—and after the wife I've been to you, it's cruel of you to go on as you do.

"Don't tell me about putting the washing out. I say it isn't so cheap—I don't care whether you wash by the dozen or not—it isn't so cheap; I've reduced everything, and I save at least a shilling a week. What do you say? *A trumpery shilling?* Ha! I only hope to goodness you'll not come to want, talking of shillings in the way you do. Now, don't begin about your comfort: don't go on aggravating me, and asking me if your comfort's not worth a shilling a week? That's nothing at all to do with it—nothing: but that's your way—when I talk of one thing, you talk of another; that's so like you men, and you know it. Allow me

to tell you, Mr. Caudle, that a shilling a week is two pound twelve a year; and take two pound twelve a year for, let us say, thirty years, and—well, you needn't groan, Mr. Caudle—I don't suppose it will be so long; oh, no! you'll have somebody else to look after your washing long before that—and if it wasn't for my dear children's sake I shouldn't care how soon. You know my mind—and so good night, Mr. Caudle."

"Thankful for her silence," writes Caudle, "I was fast dropping to sleep; when, jogging my elbow, my wife observed—*'Mind, there's the cold mutton to-morrow: nothing hot till that's gone. Remember, too, as it was a short wash to-day, we wash again on Wednesday.'*"

THE EIGHTEENTH LECTURE.

CAUDLE, WHILST WALKING WITH HIS WIFE, HAS BEEN BOWED TO BY A YOUNGER AND EVEN PRETTIER WOMAN THAN MRS. CAUDLE.

"If I'm not to leave the house without being insulted, Mr. Caudle, I had better stay in doors all my life.

"What! Don't tell me to let you have *one night's rest!* I wonder at your impudence! It's mighty fine, I never can go out with you, and—goodness knows!—it's seldom enough, without having my feelings torn to pieces by people of all sorts. A set of bold minxes! *What am I raving about?* Oh, you know very well—very well, indeed, Mr. Caudle. A pretty person she must be to nod to a man walking with his own wife? Don't tell me that it's Miss Prettyman—what's Miss Prettyman to me? Oh! *You've met her once or twice at her brother's house?* Yes, I dare say you have—no doubt of it. I always thought there was something very tempting about that house—and now I know it all. Now, it's no use, Mr. Caudle, your beginning to talk loud, and twist and toss your arms about as if you were as innocent as a born babe—I'm not to be deceived by any such tricks now. No; there was a time when I was a fool and believed anything; but—I thank my stars!—I've got over that.

"A bold minx! You suppose I didn't see her laugh, too, when she nodded to you! Oh, yes, I knew what she thought me; a poor miserable creature, of course. I could see that. No—don't say so, Caudle. *I don't*

always see more than anybody else—but I can't and won't be blind, however agreeable it might be to you; I must have the use of my senses. I'm sure if a woman wants attention and respect from a man, she'd better be anything than his wife. I've always thought so; and to-day's decided it.

"No, I'm not ashamed of myself to talk so—certainly not. *A good, amiable young creature, indeed!* Yes; I dare say; very amiable, no doubt. Of course, you think her so. You suppose I didn't see what sort of a bonnet she had on? Oh, a very good creature! And you think I didn't see the smudges of court-plaster about her face? *You didn't see 'em?* Very likely; but I did. Very amiable, to be sure! What do you say? *I made her blush at my ill-manners?* I should like to have seen her blush! 'Twould have been rather difficult, Mr. Caudle, for a blush to come through all that paint. No—I'm not a censorious woman, Mr. Caudle; quite the reverse. No; and you may threaten to get up, if you like—I will speak. I know what color is, and I say it *was* paint. I believe, Mr. Caudle, I once had a complexion; though, of course, you've quite forgotten that: I think I once had a color, before your conduct destroyed it. Before I knew you, people used to call me the Lily and Rose; but—what are you laughing at? I see nothing to laugh at. But, as I say, anybody before your own wife.

"And I can't walk out with you but you're bowed to by every woman you meet! *What do I mean by every woman, when it's only Miss Prettyman?* That's nothing at all to do with it. How do I know who bows to you when I'm not by? Everybody, of course. And if they don't look at you, why you look at them. Oh, I'm sure you do. You do it even when I'm out with you, and of course you do when I'm away. Now, don't tell me, Caudle—don't deny it. The fact is, it's become such a dreadful habit with you, that you don't know when you do it, and when you don't. But I do.

"Miss Prettyman, indeed! What do you say? *You won't lie still and hear me scandalize that excellent young woman?* Oh, of course you'll take her part! Though, to be sure, she may not be so much to blame after all. For how is she to know you're married? You're never seen out-of-doors with your own wife—no, never. Wherever you go, you go alone. Of course people think you're a bachelor. What do you say?

You well know you're not? That has nothing to do with it—I only ask what must people think, when I'm never seen with you? Other women go out with their husbands; but as I've often said, I'm not like any other woman. What are you sneering at, Mr. Caudle? *How do I know you're sneering?* Don't tell me: I know well enough by the movement of the pillow.

"No; you never take me out—and you know it. No; and it's not my fault. How can you lie there and say that? Oh, all a poor excuse! That's what you always say. You're tired of asking me, indeed, because I always start some objection? Of course I can't go out a figure. And when you ask me to go, you know very well that my bonnet isn't as it should be—or that my gown hasn't come home—or that I can't leave the children,—or that something keeps me indoors. You know all this, well enough, before you ask me. And that's your art. And when I do go out with you, I'm sure to suffer for it. Yes; you needn't repeat my words. *Suffer for it.* But you suppose I have no feelings; oh, no, nobody has feelings but yourself. Yes: I'd forgot; Miss Prettyman, perhaps,—yes, she may have feelings, of course.

"And as I've said, I dare say a pretty dupe people think me. To be sure a poor forlorn creature I must look in everybody's eyes. But I knew you couldn't be at Mr. Prettyman's house night after night till eleven o'clock—and a very great deal you thought of me sitting up for you—I knew you couldn't be there without some cause. And now I've found it out! Oh, I don't mind your swearing, Mr. Caudle! It's I, if I wasn't a woman, who ought to swear. But it's like you men. Lords of the creation, as you call yourselves! Lords, indeed! And pretty slaves you make of the poor creatures who're tied to you. But I'll be separated, Caudle; I will; and then I'll take care and let all the world know how you've used me. What do you say? *I may say my worst?* Ha! don't you tempt any women in that way—don't, Caudle; for I wouldn't answer for what I said.

"Miss Prettyman, indeed, and—oh, yes! now I see! Now the whole light breaks in upon me! And now I know why you wished me to ask her with Mr. and Mrs. Prettyman to tea! And I, like a poor blind fool, was nearly doing it. But now, as I say, my eyes are open! And you'd have brought her under my roof—now it's no use

your bouncing about in that fashion—you'd have brought her into the very house where——"

"Here," says Caudle, "I could endure it, no longer. So I jumped out of bed, and went and slept somehow with the children."

THE NINETEENTH LECTURE.

MRS. CAUDLE THINKS "IT WOULD LOOK WELL TO KEEP THEIR WEDDING-DAY."

"CAUDLE, love, do you know what next Sunday is? *No! you don't?* Well, was there ever such a strange man! Can't you guess, darling? Next Sunday, dear? Think, love, a minute—just think. *What! and you don't know now?* Ha! if I hadn't a better memory than you, I don't know how we should ever get on. Well, then, pet,—shall I tell you what next Sunday is? Why, then, it's our wedding-day. What are you groaning at, Mr Caudle? I don't see anything to groan at. If anybody should groan, I'm sure it isn't you. No: I rather think it's I who ought to groan!

"Oh, dear! That's fourteen years ago. You were a very different man, then, Mr. Caudle. What do you say? *And I was a very different woman?* Not at all—just the same. Oh, you needn't roll your head about on the pillow in that way: I say, just the same. Well, then, if I'm altered, whose fault is it? Not mine, I'm sure—certainly not. Don't tell me that I couldn't talk at all then—I could talk just as well then as I can now; only then I hadn't the same cause. It's you who've made me talk. What did you say? *You're very sorry for it?* Caudle, you do nothing but insult me.

"Ha! you were a good-tempered, nice creature fourteen years ago, and would have done anything for me. Yes, yes, if a woman would be always cared for, she should never marry. There's quite an end of the charm when she goes to church! We're all angels while you're courting us; but once married, how soon you pull our wings off! No, Mr. Caudle, I'm not talking nonsense; but the truth is, you like to hear nobody talk but yourself. Nobody ever tells me that I talk nonsense but you. Now it's no use your turning and turning about in that way; it's not a bit of—what do you say? *You'll get up?* No, you won't, Mr. Caudle; you'll not serve me that trick again; for I've locked the door and hid the key. There's

no getting hold of you all the daytime,—but here you can't leave me. You needn't groan again, Mr. Caudle.

"Now, Caudle, dear, do let us talk comfortably. After all, love, there's a good many folks, who, I dare say, don't get on half so well as we've done. We've both our little tempers, perhaps; but you *are* aggravating; you must own that, Caudle. Well, never mind; we won't talk of it; I won't scold you now. We'll talk of next Sunday, love. We never have kept our wedding-day, and I think it would be a nice day to have our friends. What do you say? *They'd think it hypocrisy?* No hypocrisy at all. I'm sure I try to be comfortable; and if ever a man was happy, you ought to be. No, Caudle, no; it isn't nonsense to keep wedding-days; it isn't a deception on the world; and if it is, how many people do it? I'm sure it's only a proper compliment that a man owes to his wife. Look at the Winkles—don't they give a dinner every year? Well, I know, and if they do fight a little in the course of the twelvemonth, that's nothing to do with it. They keep their wedding-day, and their acquaintance have nothing to do with anything else.

"As I say, Caudle, it's only a proper compliment that a man owes to his wife to keep his wedding-day. It's as much as to say to the whole world, 'There! if I had to marry again, my blessed wife's the only woman I'd choose!' Well! I see nothing to groan at, Mr. Caudle,—no, nor to sigh at either; but I know what you mean: I'm sure, what would have become of you, if you hadn't married as you have done—why, you'd have been a lost creature! I know it; I know your habits, Caudle; and—I don't like to say it—but you'd have been little better than a ragamuffin. Nice scrapes you'd have got into, I know, if you hadn't had me for a wife. The trouble I've had to keep you respectable—and what's my thanks? Ha! I only wish you had some women!

"But we won't quarrel, Caudle. No; you don't mean anything, I know. We'll have this little dinner, eh? Just a few friends? Now don't say you don't care—that isn't the way to speak to a wife; and especially the wife I've been to you, Caudle. Well, you agree to the dinner, eh? Now, don't grunt, Mr. Caudle, but speak out. You'll keep your wedding-day, darling? What? *If I'll let you go to sleep?* Ha, that's unmanly, Caudle; can't you say, 'Yes' without any—

thing else? I say—can't you say 'Yes?' There, bless you! I knew you would.

"And now, Caudle, what shall we have for dinner? No—we won't talk of it to-morrow; we'll talk of it now, and then it will be off my mind. I should like something particular—something out of the way—just to show that we thought the day something. I should like—Mr. Caudle, you're not asleep? *What do I want?* Why, you know I want to settle about the dinner. *Have what I like?* No: as it's your fancy to keep the day, it's only right that I should try to please you. We never had one, Caudle; so what do you think of a haunch of venison? What do you say? *Mutton will do?* Ha! that shows what you think of your wife; I dare say if it was with any of your club friends—any of your pot-house companions—you'd have no objection to venison. I say if—what do you mutter? *Let it be venison?* Very well. And now about the fish? What do you think of a nice turbot? No, Mr. Caudle, brill won't do—it shall be turbot, or there sha'n't be any fish at all. Oh, what a mean man you are, Caudle! Shall it be turbot? *It shall?* Very well. And now about the soup—now, Caudle, don't swear at the soup in that manner; you know there must be soup. Well, once in a way, and just to show our friends how happy we've been, we'll have some real turtle. *No, you won't; you'll have nothing but mock!* Then, Mr. Caudle, you may sit at the table by yourself. Mock-turtle on a wedding-day! Was there ever such an insult? What do you say? *Let it be real, then, for once?* Ha, Caudle! as I say, you were a very different person fourteen years ago.

"And, Caudle, you'll look after the venison? There's a place I know, somewhere in the City, where you get it beautiful! You'll look to it? *You will!* Very well!

"And now who shall we invite? *Who I like?* Now, you know, Caudle, that's nonsense; because I only like whom you like. I suppose the Prettymans must come? But understand, Caudle, I don't have Miss Prettyman: I'm not going to have my peace of mind destroyed under my own roof: if she comes, I don't appear at the table. What do you say? *Very well!* Very well be it, then.

"And now, Caudle, you'll not forget the venison? In the City, my dear? You'll not forget the venison? A haunch, you know: a nice haunch. And you'll not forget the venison——"

"Three times did I fall off to sleep," says Caudle, "and three times did my wife nudge me with her elbow, exclaiming, 'You'll not forget the venison?' At last I got into a sound slumber, and dreamt I was a pot of currant-jelly."

THE TWENTIETH LECTURE.

"BROTHER" CAUDLE HAS BEEN TO A MASONIC CHARITABLE DINNER.—MRS. CAUDLE HAS HIDDEN THE "BROTHER'S" CHECK-BOOK.

"ALL I say is this: I only wish I'd been born a man. What do you say? *You wish I had?* Mr. Caudle, I'll not lie quiet in my own bed to be insulted. Oh, yes, you *did* mean to insult me. I know what you mean. You mean if I *had* been born a man, you'd never have married me. That's a pretty sentiment, I think! and after the wife I've been to you. And now I suppose you'll be going to public dinners every day! it's no use your telling me you've only been to one before; that's nothing to do with it—nothing at all. Of course you'll be out every night now. I knew what it would come to when you were made a mason: when you were once made a 'brother,' as you call yourself, I knew where the husband and father would be;—I'm sure, Caudle, and though I'm your own wife, I grieve to say it—I'm sure you haven't so much heart, that you have any to spare for people out of doors. Indeed, I should like to see the man who has! No, no, Caudle; I'm by no means a selfish woman—quite the contrary; I love my fellow-creatures as a wife and mother of a family, who has only to look to her own husband and children, ought to love 'em.

"A 'brother,' indeed! What would you say, if I was to go and be made a 'sister?' Why, I know very well—the house wouldn't hold you.

"*Where's your watch?* How should I know where your watch is? You ought to know. But to be sure, people who go to public dinners never know where anything is when they come home. You've lost it, no doubt: and 'twill serve you quite right if you have. If it should be gone—and nothing more likely—I wonder if any of your 'brothers' will give you another? Catch 'em doing it.

"*You must find your watch? And you'll get up for it?* Nonsense—don't be foolish

—lie still. Your watch is on the mantel-piece. Ha! isn't it a good thing for you, you've somebody to take care of it?

"What do you say? *I'm a dear creature?* Very dear, indeed, you think me, I dare say. But the fact is, you don't know what you're talking about to-night. I'm a fool to open my lips to you—but I can't help it!

"*Where's your watch?* Haven't I told you—on the mantel-piece? *All right, indeed!* Pretty conduct you men call all right. There, now, hold your tongue, Mr. Caudle, and go to sleep: I'm sure 'tis the best thing you can do to-night. You'll be able to listen to reason to-morrow morning; now, it's thrown away upon you.

"*Where's your check-book?* Never mind your check-book. I took care of that. *What business had I to take it out of your pocket?* Every business. No, no. If you choose to go to public dinners, why—as I'm only your wife—I can't help it. But I know what fools men are made of there; and if I know it, you never take your check-book again with you. What! Didn't I see your name down last year for ten pounds? 'Job Caudle, Esq., 104.' It looked very well in the newspapers, of course: and you thought yourself a somebody, when they knocked the tavern tables; but I only wish I'd been there,—yes, I only wish I'd been in the gallery. If I wouldn't have told a piece of my mind, I'm not alive. Ten pounds, indeed! and the world thinks you a very fine person for it. I only wish I could bring the world here, and show 'em what's wanted at home. I think the world would alter their mind then; yes—a little.

What do you say? *A wife has no right to pick her husband's pocket?* A pretty husband you are, to talk in that way. Never mind: you can't prosecute her for it—or I've no doubt you would; none at all. Some men would do anything. What? *You've a bit of a headache?* I hope you have—and a good bit, too. You've been to the right place for it. No—I won't hold my tongue. It's all very well for you men to go to taverns—and talk—and toast—and hurra—and—I wonder you're not all ashamed of yourselves to drink the Queen's health with all the honors, I believe you call it—yes, pretty honors you pay to the sex—I say, I wonder you're not ashamed to drink the blessed creature's health, when you've only to think how you use your own wives at home. But the hypocrites that the men are—oh!

"*Where's your watch?* Haven't I told you? It's under your pillow—there, you needn't be feeling for it. I tell you it's under your pillow. *It's all right?* Yes; a great deal you know of what's right just now. Ha! was there ever any poor soul used as I am? *I'm a dear creature?* Pah! Mr. Caudle! I've only to say, I'm tired of your conduct—quite tired, and don't care how soon there's an end of it.

"*Why did I take your check-book?* I've told you—to save you from ruin, Mr. Caudle. *You're not going to be ruined?* Ha! you don't know anything when you're out? I know what they do at those public dinners—charities, they call 'em; pretty charities! True Charity, I believe, always dines at home. I know what they do; the whole system's a trick. No. *I'm not a stony-hearted creature:* and you ought to be ashamed to say so of your wife and the mother of your children,—but, you'll not make me cry to-night, I can tell you—I was going to say that—oh! you're such an aggravating man I don't know what I was going to say!

"*Thank Heaven?* What for? I don't see that there's anything to thank Heaven about! I was going to say, I know the trick of public dinners. They get a lord, or a duke, if they can catch him—anything to make people say they've dined with nobility, that's it—yes, they get one of these people, with a star perhaps in his coat, to take the chair—and to talk all sorts of sugar-plum things about charity—and to make foolish men, with wine in 'em, feel that they've no end of money; and then—shutting their eyes to their wives and families at home—all the while that their own faces are red and flushed like poppies, and they think to-morrow never will come—then they get 'em to put their hand to paper. Then they make 'em pull out their checks. But I took your book, Mr. Caudle—you couldn't do it a second time. What are you laughing at? *Nothing?* It's no matter: I shall see it in the paper to-morrow; for if you gave anything, you were too proud to hide it. I know your charity.

"*Where's your watch?* Haven't I told you fifty times where it is? In the pocket—over your head—of course. Can't you hear it tick? No: you can hear nothing to-night.

"And now, Mr. Caudle, I should like to know whose hat it is you've brought home? You went out with a beaver worth three—

and-twenty shillings—only the second time you've worn it—and you bring home a thing that no Jew in his senses would give me fivepence for. I couldn't even get a pot of primroses—and you know I always turn your old hats into roots—not a pot of primroses for it. I'm certain of it now,—I've often thought of it,—but now I'm sure that some people dine out only to change their hats.

"Where's your watch? Caudle, you're bringing me to an early grave!"

We hope that Caudle was penitent for his conduct: indeed, there is, we think, evidence that he was so: for to this lecture he has appended no comment. The man had not the face to do it.

THE TWENTY-FIRST LECTURE.

MR. CAUDLE HAS NOT ACTED "LIKE A HUSBAND" AT THE WEDDING DINNER.

"Ah me! It's no use wishing—none at all: but I do wish that yesterday fourteen years could come back again. Little did I think, Mr. Caudle, when you brought me home from church, your lawful wedded wife—little, I say, did I think that I should keep my wedding-dinner in the manner I have done to-day. Fourteen years ago! Yes, I see you now in your blue coat with bright buttons, and your white watered-satin waistcoat, and a moss rose-bud in your button-hole, which you said was like me. What? *You never talked such nonsense?* Ha! Mr. Caudle, you don't know what you talked that day—but I do. Yes; and you then sat at the table as if your face, as I may say, was buttered with happiness, and — What? No, Mr. Caudle, don't say that; I have not wiped the butter off—not I. If you, above all men are not happy, you ought to be, gracious knows!"

"Yes, I *will* talk of fourteen years ago. Ha! You sat beside me then, and picked out all sorts of nice things for me. You'd have given me pearls and diamonds to eat if I could have swallowed 'em. Yes, I say, you sat beside me, and — What do you talk about? *You couldn't sit beside me to-day?* That's nothing to do with it. But it's so like you. I can't speak but you fly off to something else. Ha! and when the health of the young couple was drunk, what a speech you made then! It was delicious!

How you made everybody cry, as if their hearts were breaking; and I recollect it as if it was yesterday, how the tears ran down dear father's nose, and how dear mother nearly went into a fit! Dear souls! They little thought with all your fine talk, how you'd use me! *How have you used me?* O Mr. Caudle, how can you ask that question? It's well for you I can't see you blush. *How have you used me!*

"Well, that the same tongue could make such a speech like that, and then talk as it did to-day! *How did you talk?* Why, shamefully! What did you say about your wedded happiness? Why, nothing. What did you say about your wife? Worse than nothing: just as if she were a bargain you were sorry for, but were obliged to make the best of. What do you say? *And bad's the best?* If you say that again, Caudle, I'll rise from my bed. *You didn't say it?* What, then, did you say? Something very like it, I know. Yes, a pretty speech of thanks for a husband! And everybody could see that you didn't care a pin for me; and that's why you had 'em here: that's why you invited 'em, to insult me to their faces. What? *I made you invite 'em?* O Caudle, what an aggravating man you are!

"I suppose you'll say next I made you invite Miss Prettyman? Oh, yes; don't tell me that her brother brought her without your knowing it. What? *Didn't I hear him say so?* Of course I did; but do you suppose I'm quite a fool? Do you think I don't know that that was all settled between you? And she must be a nice person to come unasked to a woman's house? But I know why she came. Oh, yes; she came to look about her. *What do I mean?* Oh, the meaning's plain enough. She came to see how she should like the rooms—how she should like my seat at the fire-place; how she—and if it isn't enough to break a mother's heart to be treated so—how she should like my dear children.

"Now, it's no use your bouncing about at—but of course that's it; I can't mention Miss Prettyman, but you fling about as if you were in a fit. Of course that shows there's something in it. Otherwise, why should you disturb yourself? Do you think I didn't see her looking at the cyphers on the spoons as if she already saw mine scratched out and her's there? No, I sha'n't drive you mad, Mr. Caudle; and if I do it's your own fault. No other man would treat the wife of his bosom in— What do you say?

You might as well have married a hedgehog? Well, now, it's come to something! But it's always the case! Whenever you've seen that Miss Prettyman, I'm sure to be abused. A hedgehog! A pretty thing for a woman to be called by her husband! Now you don't think I'll lie quietly in bed and be called a hedgehog—do you, Mr. Caudle?

"Well, I only hope Miss Prettyman had a good dinner, that's all. I had none! You know I had none—how was I to get any? You know that the only part of the turkey I care for is the merry-thought. And that, of course, went to Miss Prettyman. Oh, I saw you laugh when you put it on her plate! And you don't suppose, after such an insult as that, I'd taste another thing upon the table? No, I should hope I have more spirit than that. Yes; and you took wine with her four times. What do you say? *Only twice?* Oh, you were so lost—fascinated, Mr. Caudle; yes, fascinated—that you didn't know what you did. However, I do think while I'm alive I might be treated with respect at my own table. I say, while I'm alive; for I know I sha'n't last long, and then Miss Prettyman may come and take it all. I'm wasting daily, and no wonder. I never say anything about it, but every week my gowns are taken in.

"I've lived to learn something, to be sure! Miss Prettyman turned up her nose at my custards. It isn't sufficient that you're always finding fault yourself, but you must bring women home to sneer at me at my own table. What do you say? *She didn't turn up her nose?* I know she did; not but what it's needless—Providence has turned it up quite enough for her already. And she must give herself airs over my custards! Oh, I saw her mincing with the spoon as if she was chewing sand. What do you say? *She praised my plum pudding?* Who asked her to praise it. Like her impudence, I think!

"Yes, a pretty day I've passed. I shall not forget this wedding-day, I think! And as I say, a pretty speech you made in the way of thanks. No, Caudle, if I was to live a hundred years—you needn't groan, Mr. Caudle, I shall not trouble you half that time—if I was to live a hundred years, I should never forget it. Never! You didn't even so much as bring one of your children into your speech. And—dear creatures!—what have *they* done to offend you? No; I shall not drive you mad. It's you, Mr. Caudle, who'll drive me mad. Everybody says so.

"And you suppose I didn't see how it was managed, that you and *that* Miss Prettyman were always partners at whist? *How was it managed?* Why, plain enough. Of course you packed the cards, and could cut what you liked. You'd settled that between you. Yes; and when she took a trick, instead of leading off a trump—*she* play whist, indeed!—what did you say to her, when she found it was wrong? Oh—it was impossible that *her* heart should mistake! And this, Mr. Caudle, before people—with your own wife in the room!

"And Miss Prettyman—I won't hold my tongue. I *will* talk of Miss Prettyman; who's she, indeed, that I shouldn't talk of her? I suppose she thinks she sings? What do you say? *She sings like a mermaid?* Yes, very—very like a mermaid: for she never sings but she exposes herself. She might, I think, have chosen another song. '*I love somebody*,' indeed; as if I didn't know who was meant by that '*somebody*;' and all the room knew it, of course; and that is what it was done for,—nothing else.

"However, Mr. Caudle, as my mind's made up, I shall say no more about the matter to-night, but try to go to sleep."

"And to my astonishment and gratitude," writes Caudle, "she kept her word."

THE TWENTY-SECOND LECTURE.

CAUDLE COMES HOME IN THE EVENING, AS MRS. CAUDLE HAS "JUST STEPPED OUT, SHOPPING."—ON HER RETURN, AT TEN, CAUDLE REMONSTRATES.

"You ought to have had a slave—yes, a black slave and not a wife. I'm sure, I'd better been born a negro at once—much better. *What's the matter now?* Well, I like that. Upon my life, Mr. Caudle, that's very cool. I can't leave the house just to buy a yard of ribbon, but you storm enough to carry the roof off. *You didn't storm—you only spoke?* Spoke, indeed! No, sir: I've not such superfine feelings; and I don't cry out before I'm hurt. But you ought to have married a woman of stone, for you feel for nobody; that is, for nobody in your own house. I only wish you'd show some of your humanity at home, if ever so little—that's all.

"What do you say? *Where's my feelings, to go shopping at night?* When would you

have me go? In the broiling sun, making my face like a gypsy's? I don't see anything to laugh at, Mr. Caudle; but you think of anybody's face before your wife's. Oh, that's plain enough; and all the world can see it. I dare say, now, if it was Miss Prettyman's face—now, now, Mr. Caudle! What are you throwing yourself about for? I suppose Miss Prettyman isn't so wonderful a person that she isn't to be named? I suppose she's flesh and blood. What? *You don't know?* Ha! I don't know that.

"What, Mr. Caudle? *You'll have a separate room—you'll not be tormented in this manner?* No, you won't, sir—not while I'm alive. A separate room! And you call yourself a religious man, Mr. Caudle. I'd advise you to take down the Prayer Book, and read over the Marriage Service. A separate room, indeed! Caudle, you're getting quite a heathen. A separate room! Well, the servants would talk then! But no: no man—not the best that ever trod, Caudle—should ever make me look so contemptible.

"I *shan't* go to sleep; and you ought to know me better than to ask me to hold my tongue. Because you come home when I've just stepped out to do a little shopping, you're worse than a Fury. I should like to know how many hours I sit up for you? What do you say? *Nobody wants me to sit up?* Ha! that's like the gratitude of men—just like 'em! But a poor woman can't leave the house, that—what? *Why can't I go at reasonable hours?* Reasonable! What do you call eight o'clock? If I went out at eleven and twelve, as you come home, then you might talk; but seven or eight o'clock—why it's the cool of the evening; the nicest time to enjoy a walk, and, as I say, do a little bit of shopping. Oh, yes, Mr. Caudle, I do think of the people that are kept in the shops just as much as you; but that's nothing at all to do with it. I know what you'd have. You'd have all those young men let away early from the counter to improve what you please to call their minds. Pretty notions you pick up among a set of free-thinkers, and I don't know what! When I was a girl, people never talked of minds—intellect, I believe you call it. Nonsense! a new-fangled thing, just come up; and the sooner it goes out, the better.

"Don't tell me! What are shops for, if they've not to be open late and early too? And what are shopmen, if they're not to

attend upon their customers? People pay for what they have, I suppose; and arn't to be told when they shall come and lay their money out, and when they sha'n't. Thank goodness! if one shop shuts, another keeps open; and I always think it a duty I owe to myself to go to the shop that's open last: it's the only way to punish the shopkeepers that are idle, and give themselves airs about early hours.

"Besides, there's some things I like to buy best at candle-light. Oh, don't talk to me about humanity! Humanity, indeed, for a pack of tall, strapping young fellows—some of 'em big enough to be shown for giants! And what have they to do? Why, nothing, but to stand behind a counter, and talk civility. Yes, I know your notions; you say that everybody works too much: I know that. You'd have all the world do nothing half its time but twiddle its thumbs, or walk in the parks, or go to picture-galleries, and museums, and such nonsense. Very fine, indeed: but, thank goodness! the world isn't come to that pass yet.

"What do you say I am, Mr. Caudle? *A foolish woman that can't look beyond my own fireside?* Oh, yes I can: quite as far as you, and a great deal farther. But I can't go out shopping a little with my dear friend, Mrs. Wittles—what do you laugh at? Oh, don't they? Don't women know what friendship is? Upon my life you've a nice opinion of us! Oh, yes, we *can*—we can look outside of our own fenders, Mr. Caudle. And if we can't, it's all the better for our families. A blessed thing it would be for their wives and children if men couldn't, either. You wouldn't have lent that five pounds—and I dare say a good many other five pounds that I know nothing of—if you—a lord of the creation!—had half the sense that women have. You seldom catch us, I believe, lending five pounds. I should think not.

"No: we won't talk of it to-morrow morning. You're not going to wound my feelings when I come home, and think I'm to say nothing about it. You have called me an inhuman person; you have said I have no thought, no feeling for the health and comfort of my fellow creatures; I do not know what you haven't called me; and only for buying a—but I sha'n't tell you what; no, I won't satisfy you there—but you've abused me in this manner, and only for shopping up to ten o'clock. You've a great deal of fine compassion, you have!

I'm sure the young man that served me could have knocked down an ox; yes, strong enough to lift a house: but you can pity him—oh, yes, you can be all kindness for him, and for the world, as you call it. O Caudle, what a hypocrite you are! I only wish the world knew how you treated your poor wife.

"What do you say? *For the love of mercy let you sleep?* Mercy, indeed! I only wish you could show a little of it to other people. Oh, yes, I *do* know what mercy means; but that's no reason I should go shopping a bit earlier than I do—and I won't—No; you've preached this over to me again and again; you've made me go to meetings to hear all about it: but that's no reason women shouldn't shop just as late as they choose. It's all very fine, as I say, for you men to talk to us at meetings, where, of course, we smile, and all that—and sometimes shake our white pocket handkerchiefs—and where you say we have the power of early hours in our own hands. To be sure we have; and we mean to keep it. That is, I do. You'll never catch me shopping till the very last thing: and—as a matter of principle—I'll always go to the shop that keeps open latest. It does the young men good to keep 'em close to business. Improve their minds, indeed! Let 'em out at seven and they'd improve nothing but their billiards. Besides, if they want to improve themselves can't they get up, this fine weather, at three? Where there's a will, there's a way, Mr. Caudle."

"I thought," writes Mr. Caudle, "that she had gone to sleep. In this hope, I was dozing off when she jogged me, and thus declared herself:—You want night-caps; but see if I budge to buy 'em till nine at night."

THE TWENTY-THIRD LECTURE.

MRS. CAUDLE "WISHES TO KNOW IF THEY'RE GOING TO THE SEASIDE, OR NOT, THIS SUMMER—THAT'S ALL."

"Hot? yes, it is hot. I'm sure one might as well be in an oven as in town this hot weather. You seem to forget it's July, Mr. Caudle. I've been waiting quietly—have never spoken; yet, not a word have you said of the seaside yet. Not that I care for it myself—oh, no; my health isn't of the slightest consequence. And, indeed,

I was going to say—but I won't, that the sooner, perhaps, I'm out of this world, the better. Oh, yes; I dare say you think so—of course you do, else you wouldn't lie there saying nothing. You're enough to aggravate a saint, Caudle; but you sha'n't vex me. No; I've made up my mind, and never intend to let you vex me again. Why should I worry myself?

"But all I want to ask you is this: Do you intend to go to the seaside this summer? *Yes? you'll go to Gravesend?* Then you'll go alone, that's all I know. Gravesend! You might as well empty a salt-cellar in the New River, and call that the seaside. What? *It's handy for business?* There you are again! I can never speak of taking a little enjoyment, but you fling business in my teeth. I'm sure you never let business stand in the way of your own pleasure, Mr. Caudle—not you. It would be all the better for your family if you did.

"You know that Matilda wants sea-bathing; you know it, or ought to know it, by the looks of the child; and yet—I know you, Caudle—you'd have let the summer pass over, and never said a word about the matter. What do you say? *Margate's so expensive?* Not at all? I'm sure it will be cheaper for us in the end; for if we don't go, we shall all be ill—every one of us—in the winter. Not that my health is of any consequence: I know that well enough. It never was yet. You know Margate's the only place I can eat a breakfast at, and yet you talk of Gravesend! But what's my eating to you? You wouldn't care if I never eat at all. You never watch my appetite like any other husband, otherwise you'd have seen what it's come to.

"What do you say? *How much will it cost?* There you are, Mr. Caudle, with your meanness again. When you want to go yourself to Blackwall or to Greenwich, you never ask how much it will cost? What? *You never go to Blackwall?* Ha! I don't know that; and if you don't, that's nothing at all to do with it. *Yes,* you can give a guinea a plate for white bait for yourself. No, sir; I'm not a foolish woman; and I know very well what I'm talking about—nobody better. A guinea for white-bait for yourself, when you grudge a pint of shrimps for your poor family. Eh? *You don't grudge 'em anything?* Yes, it's very well for you to lie there and say so. *What will it cost?* It's no matter what it will cost, for we won't go at all now. No;

we'll stay at home. We shall all be ill in the winter—every one of us, all but you; and nothing ever makes you ill. I've no doubt we shall be laid up, and there'll be a doctor's bill as long as a railroad; but never mind that. It's better—much better—to pay for nasty physic than for fresh air and wholesome salt water. Do not call me 'woman,' and ask 'what it will cost.' I tell you, if you were to lay the money down before me on that quilt I wouldn't go now—certainly not. It's better we should all be sick; yes, then you'll be pleased.

"That's right, Mr. Caudle; go to sleep. It's like your unfeeling self! I'm talking of our all being laid up; and you, like any stone, turn round and begin to go to sleep. Well, I think that's a pretty insult. *How can you sleep with such a splinter in your flesh?* I suppose you mean to call me the splinter?—and after the wife I've been to you! But no, Mr. Caudle, you may call me what you please; you'll not make me cry now. No, no; I don't throw away my tears upon any such person now. What? *Don't?* Ha! that's your ingratitude! But none of you men deserve that any woman should love you. My poor heart!

"Everybody else can go out of town except us. Ha! If I'd only married Simmons. What! *Why didn't I?* Yes, that's all the thanks I get. *Who's Simmons?* Oh, you know very well who Simmons is. He'd have treated me a little better, I think. He *was* a gentleman. *You can't tell!* May be not: but I can. With such weather as this, to stay melting in London; and when the painters are coming in! *You won't have the painters in?* But you must; and if they once come in, I'm determined that none of us shall stir then. Painting in July, with a family in the house! We shall all of us be poisoned, of course; but what do you care for that?

Why can't I tell you what it will cost? How can I or any woman tell exactly what it will cost? Of course lodgings—and at Margate, too—are a little dearer than living at your own house. *Pooh! You know that?* Well, if you did, Mr. Caudle, I suppose there's no treason in my naming it. Still, if you take 'em for two months, they're cheaper than for one. No, Mr. Caudle, I shall not be quite tired of it in one month. No: and it isn't true that I no sooner get out than I want to get home again. To be sure I was tired of Margate three years ago, when you used to leave me to walk about

the beach by myself, to be stared at through all sorts of telescopes. But you don't do that again, Mr. Caudle, I can tell you.

"*What will I do at Margate?* Why, isn't there bathing, and picking up shells; and ar'n't there the packets, with the donkeys; and the last new novel—whatever it is to read?—for the only place where I really relish a book is at the seaside. No; it isn't that I like salt with my reading, Mr. Caudle! I suppose you call that a joke? You might keep your jokes for the daytime, I think. But, as I was saying—only you always will interrupt me—the ocean always seems to me to open the mind. I see nothing to laugh at; but you always laugh when I say anything. Sometimes at the seaside—especially when the tide's down—I feel so happy; quite as if I could cry.

"When shall I get the things ready? For next Sunday? *What will it cost?* Oh, there—don't talk of it. No: we won't go. I shall send for the painters tomorrow. What? *I can go and take the children, and you'll stay?* No, sir; you go with me, or I don't stir. I'm not going to be turned loose like a hen with her chickens, and nobody to protect me. So we'll go on Monday? Eh?

"*What will it cost?* What a man you are? Why, Caudle, I've been reckoning that, with buff slippers and all, we can't well do it under seventy pounds. No; I won't take away the slippers, and say fifty: it's seventy pounds and no less. Of course, what's over will be so much saved. Caudle, what a man you are! Well, shall we go on Monday? What do you say? *You'll see?* There's a dear. Then Monday."

"Any thing for a chance of peace," writes Caudle. "I consented to the trip, for I thought I might sleep better in a change of bed."

THE TWENTY-FOURTH LECTURE.

MRS. CAUDLE DWELLS ON CAUDLE'S "CRUEL NEGLECT" OF HER ON BOARD THE "RED ROVER."—MRS. CAUDLE SO "ILL WITH THE SEA" THAT THEY PUT UP AT THE DOLPHIN, HERNE-BAY.

"CAUDLE, have you looked under the bed? *What for?* Bless the man! Why for thieves, to be sure. Do you suppose I'd sleep in a strange bed, without? Don't tell

me it's nonsense! I shouldn't sleep a wink all night. Not that you'd care for that: not that you'd—hush! I'm sure I hear somebody. No; it's not a bit like a mouse. Yes; that's like you—laugh. It would be no laughing matter if—— I'm sure there is somebody! I'm sure there is!

"Yes, Mr. Caudle; now I *am* satisfied. Any other man would have got up and looked himself; especially after my sufferings on board that nasty ship. But catch you stirring! Oh, no! You'd let me lie here and be robbed and killed, for what you'd care. Why, you're not going to sleep! What do you say? *It's the strange air—and you're always sleepy in a strange air?* That shows the feelings you have after what I've gone through. And yawning, too, in that brutal manner! Caudle, you've no more heart than that wooden figure in a white petticoat at the front of the ship.

"No;—*couldn't* leave my temper at home. I dare say! Because for once in your life you've brought me out—yes, I say once, or two or three times, it isn't more; because, as I say, you once bring me out, I'm to be a slave and say nothing. Pleasure, indeed! A great deal of pleasure I'm to have, if I'm to hold my tongue. A nice way that of pleasing a woman.

"Dear me! if the bed doesn't spin round and dance about! I've got all that filthy ship in my head! No; I sha'n't be well in the morning. But nothing ever ails anybody but yourself. You needn't groan in that way, Mr. Caudle, disturbing the people, perhaps, in the next room. It's a mercy I'm alive, I'm sure. If once I wouldn't have given all the world for anybody to have thrown me overboard! What are you smacking your lips at, Mr. Caudle? But I know what you mean—of course, you'd never have stirred to stop 'em; not you. And then you might have known that the wind would have blown to-day; but that's why you came.

"Whatever I should have done if it hadn't been for that good soul—that blessed Captain Large! I'm sure all the women who go to Margate ought to pray for him; so attentive in sea-sickness, and so much of a gentleman! How I should have got down-stairs without him when I first began to turn, I don't know. Don't tell me I never complained to you—you might have seen I was ill. And when everybody was looking like a bad wax-candle, you could walk about, and make what you call jokes upon the

little buoy that was never sick at the Nore, and such unfeeling trash.

"Yes, Caudle; we've now been married many years, but if we were to live together for a thousand years to come—what are you clasping your hands at?—a thousand years to come, I say, I shall never forget your conduct this day. You could go to the other end of the ship and smoke a cigar, when you knew I should be ill—oh, you knew it; for I always am. The brutal way, too, in which you took that cold brandy-and-water—you thought I didn't see you; but ill as I was, hardly able to hold my head up, I was watching you all the time. Three glasses of cold brandy-and-water; and you sipped 'em, and drank the health of the people you didn't care a pin about; whilst the health of your own lawful wife was nothing. Three glasses of brandy-and-water; and I left—as I may say—alone! You didn't hear 'em, but everybody was crying shame of you.

"What do you say? *A good deal my own fault? I took too much dinner?* Well, you are a man! If I took more than the breast and leg of that young goose—a thing, I may say, just out of the shell—with the slightest bit of stuffing, I'm a wicked woman. What do you say? *Lobster salad?* La!—how can you speak of it? A month-old baby would have eaten more. What? *Gooseberry pie?* Well, if you'll name that, you'll name anything. Ate too much, indeed! Do you think I was going to pay for a dinner, and eat nothing? No, Mr. Caudle; it's a good thing for you that I know a little more of the value of money than that.

"But of course, you were better engaged than in attending to me. Mr. Prettyman came on board at Gravesend. A planned thing, of course. You think I didn't see him give you a letter. *It wasn't a letter; it was a newspaper?* I dare say; ill as I was, I had my eyes. It was the smallest newspaper I ever saw, that's all. But of course, a letter from Miss Prettyman—Now, Caudle, if you begin to cry out in that manner, I'll get up. Do not forget that you're not at your own house? making that noise! Disturbing everybody! Why, we shall have the landlord up! And you could smoke and drink 'forward' as you called it. What? *You couldn't smoke anywhere else?* That's nothing to do with it. Yes; forward. What a pity that Miss Prettyman wasn't with you. I'm sure nothing

could be too forward for her. No, I won't hold my tongue; and I ought not to be ashamed of myself. It isn't treason, is it, to speak of Miss Prettyman?

"After all I've suffered to-day, and I'm not to open my lips! Yes; I'm to be brought away from my own home, dragged down here to the seaside, and made ill; and I'm not to speak. I should like to know what next.

"It's a mercy that some of the dear children were not drowned; not that their father would have cared, so long as he could have had his brandy and cigars. Peter was as near through one of the holes as—*It's no such thing?* It's very well for you to say so, but you know what an inquisitive boy he is, and how he likes to wander among steam-engines. No, I won't let you go to sleep. What a man you are! What? *I've said that before?* That's no matter; I'll say it again. Go to sleep, indeed! as if one could never have a little rational conversation. No, I sha'n't be too late for the Margate boat in the morning; I can wake up at what hour I like, and you ought to know that by this time.

"A miserable creature they must have thought me in the ladies' cabin, with nobody coming down to see how I was. *You came a dozen times?* No, Caudle, that won't do. I know better. You never came at all. Oh, no! cigars and brandy took all your attention. And when I was so ill, that I didn't know a single thing that was going on about me, and you never came. Every other woman's husband was there—ha! twenty times. And what must have been my feelings to hear 'em tapping at the door, and making all sorts of kind inquiries—something like husbands!—and I was left to be ill alone? Yes; and you want to get me into an argument. You want to know, if I was so ill that I knew nothing, how could I know that you didn't come to the cabin-door? That's just like your aggravating way; but I'm not to be caught in that manner, Caudle. No."

"It is very possible," writes Caudle, "that she talked two hours more: but, happily, the wind got suddenly up—the waves bellowed—and, soothed by the sweet lullaby (to say nothing of the Dolphin's brandy-and-water), I somehow sank to repose."

THE TWENTY-FIFTH LECTURE.

MRS. CAUDLE, WEARIED OF MARGATE, HAS
"A GREAT DESIRE TO SEE FRANCE."

"AR'N'T you tired, Caudle?

"No? Well, was there ever such a man? But nothing ever tires you. Of course, it's all very well for you: yes, you can read your newspaper and—What? *So can I?* And I wonder what would become of the children if I did? No; it's enough for their father to lose his precious time, talking about politics, and bishops, and lords, and a pack of people who wouldn't care a pin if we hadn't a roof to cover us—it's well enough for—no, Caudle, no: I'm not going to worry you; I never worried you yet, and it isn't likely I should begin now. But that's always the way with you—always. I'm sure we should be the happiest couple alive, only you do so like to have all the talk to yourself. We're out upon pleasure, and therefore let's be comfortable. Still, I must say it: when you like, you're an aggravating man, Caudle, and you know it.

"*What have you done now?* There now; we won't talk of it. No; let's go to sleep: otherwise we shall quarrel—I know we shall. What have you done now, indeed! That I can't leave my home for a few days, but I must be insulted! Everybody upon the pier saw it. *Saw what?* How can you lie there in the bed and ask me? Saw what, indeed! Of course, it was a planned thing!—regularly settled before you left London. Oh, yes; I like your innocence, Mr. Caudle; not knowing what I'm talking about. It's a heart-breaking thing for a woman to say of her own husband; but you've been a wicked man to me. Yes; and all your tossing and tumbling about in the bed won't make it any better.

"Oh, it's easy enough to call a woman 'a dear soul.' I must be very dear, indeed, to you, when you bring down Miss Prettyman to—there now; you needn't shout like a wild savage. Do you know that you're not in your own house—that we're in lodgings? What do you suppose the people will think of us? You needn't call out in that manner, for they can hear every word that's said. What do you say? *Why don't I hold my tongue, then?* To be sure; anything for an excuse with you. Anything to stop my mouth. Miss Prettyman's to follow you here, and I'm to say nothing. I know she *has* followed you; and if you were to go before

a magistrate, and take a shilling oath to the contrary, I wouldn't believe you. No, Caudle; I wouldn't.

"*Very well, then?* Ha! what a heart you must have to say 'very well;' and after the wife I've been to you. I'm to be brought from my home—dragged down here to the seaside—to be laughed at before the world—don't tell me! Do you think I didn't see how she looked at you—how she puckered up her farthing mouth—and—what? *Why did I kiss her, then?* What's that to do with it? Appearances are one thing, Mr. Caudle; and feelings are another. As if women can't kiss one another without meaning anything by it! And you—I could see you—looked as cold and formal at her as—well, Caudle! I wouldn't be the hypocrite you are for the world!

"There, now; I've heard all that story. I dare say she did come down to join her brother. How very lucky, though, that you should be here! Ha! ha! how very lucky that—ugh! ugh! ugh! and with the cough I've got upon me—oh, you've a heart like a seaside flint! Yes, that's right. That's just like your humanity. I can't catch a cold, but it must be my own fault—it must be my thin shoes. I dare say you'd like to see me in plowman's boots; 'twould be no matter to you how I disfigured myself. Miss Prettyman's foot, now, would be another thing—no doubt.

"I thought when you would make me leave home—I thought we were coming here on pleasure; but it's always the way you embitter my life. The sooner that I'm out of the world, the better. What do you say? *Nothing?* But I know what you mean, better than if you talked an hour. I only hope you'll get a better wife, that's all, Mr. Caudle. What? *You'd not try?* Wouldn't you? But I know you. In six months you'd fill up my place; yes, and dreadfully my dear children would suffer for it.

"Caudle, if you roar in that way, the people will give us warning to-morrow. *Can't I be quiet, then?* Yes—that's like your artfulness; anything to make me hold my tongue. But we won't quarrel. I'm sure if it depended upon me, we might be as happy as doves. I mean it—and you needn't groan when I say it. Good-night, Caudle. What do you say? *Bless me!* Well, you are a dear soul, Caudle; and if it wasn't for that Miss Prettyman—no, I'm not torturing you. I know very well what

I'm doing, and I wouldn't torture you for the world; but you don't know what the feelings of a wife are, Caudle; you don't.

"Caudle—I say, Caudle. Just a word, dear. *Well?* Now, why should you snap me up in that way. *You want to go to sleep?* So do I: but that's no reason you should speak to me in that manner. You know, dear, you once promised to take me to France. *You don't recollect it?* Yes—that's like you; you don't recollect many things you've promised me; but I do. There's a boat goes on Wednesday to Boulogne, and comes back the day afterwards. *What of it?* For that time we could leave the children with the girls, and go nicely. *Nonsense?* Of course; if I want anything it's always nonsense. Other men can take their wives half over the world; but you think it quite enough to bring me down here to this hole of a place, where I know every pebble on the beach like an old acquaintance—where there's nothing to be seen but the same machines—the same jetty—the same donkeys—the same everything. But then I'd forgot; Margate has an attraction for you—Miss Prettyman's here. No; I'm not censorious, and I wouldn't backbite an angel; but the way in which that young woman walks the sands at all hours—there! there!—I've done: I can't open my lips about that creature but you always storm.

"You know that I always wanted to go to France; and you bring me down here only on purpose that I should see the cliffs just to tantalize me, and for nothing else. If I'd remained at home—and it was against my will I ever came here—I should never have thought of France; but, to have it staring in one's face all day, and not be able to go, it's worse than cruel, Mr. Caudle—it's brutal. Other people can take their wives to Paris; but you always keep me moped up at home. And what for? Why, that I may know nothing—yes; just on purpose to make me look little and for nothing else.

"*Heaven bless the woman?* Ha! you've good reason to say that, Caudle; for I'm sure she's little blessed by you. She's been kept a prisoner all her life—has never gone anywhere—oh yes! that's your old excuse—talking of the children. I want to go to France, and I should like to know what the children have to do with it? They're not babies *now*, are they? But you've always thrown the children in my

face. If Miss Prettyman—there now; do you hear what you've done, shouting in that manner? The other lodgers are knocking overhead: who do you think will have the face to look at 'em to-morrow morning? *I sha'n't—breaking people's rest in that way.*

"Well, Caudle—I declare it's getting daylight, and what an obstinate man you are!—tell me, shall I go to France?"

"I forget," says Caudle, "my precise answer; but I think I gave her a very wide permission to go somewhere, whereupon, though not without remonstrance as to the place—she went to sleep."

THE TWENTY-SIXTH LECTURE.

MRS. CAUDLE'S FIRST NIGHT IN FRANCE.—
"SHAMEFUL INDIFFERENCE" OF CAUDLE
AT THE BOULOGNE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

"I suppose, Mr. Caudle, you call yourself a man? I'm sure, such men should never have wives. If I could have thought it possible you'd have behaved as you have done—and I might, if I hadn't been a forgiving creature, for you've never been like anybody else—if I could only have thought it, you'd never have dragged me to foreign parts. Never! Well, I *did* say to myself, if he goes to France, perhaps he may catch a little politeness—but no: you began as Caudle, and as Caudle you'll end. I'm to be neglected through life, now. Oh yes! I've quite given up all thoughts of anything but wretchedness—I've made up my mind to misery, now, *You're glad of it?* Well, you must have a heart to say that. I declare to you, Caudle, as true as I'm an ill-used woman, if it wasn't for the dear children far away in blessed England—if it wasn't for them I'd never go back with you. No; I'd leave you in this very place. Yes; I'd go into a convent; for a lady on board told me there was plenty of 'em here. I'd go and be a nun for the rest of my days, and—I see nothing to laugh at, Mr. Caudle; that you should be shaking the bedthings up and down in that way. But you always laugh at people's feelings; I wish you'd only some yourself. I'd be a nun or a Sister of Charity. *Impossible?* Ha! Mr. Caudle, you don't know even now what I can be when my blood's up. You've trod upon the worm long enough; some day won't you be sorry for it?"

"Now none of your profane cryings out! You needn't talk about Heaven in that profane way; I'm sure you're the last person who ought. What I say is this,—your conduct at the Custom-House was shameful—cruel! And in a foreign land, too! But you brought me here that I might be insulted; you'd no other reason for dragging me from England. Ha! let me once get home, Mr. Caudle, and you may wear your tongue out before you get me into outlandish places again. *What have you done?* There now; that's where you're so aggravating. You behave worse than any Turk to me,—what? *You wish you were a Turk?* Well, I think that's a pretty wish before your lawful wife! Yes—a nice Turk you'd make, wouldn't you? Don't think it.

"*What have you done?* Well, it's a good thing I can't see you, for I'm sure you must blush. Done, indeed! Why, when the brutes searched my basket at the Custom-House! *A regular thing, is it?* Then, if you knew that, why did you bring me here? No man who respected his wife would. And you could stand by, and see that fellow with the mustachios rummage my basket; and pull out my night-cap and rumple the borders, and—well, if you'd had the proper feelings of a husband, your blood would have boiled again. But no! There you stood looking as mild as butter at the man, and never said a word; not when he crumpled my night-cap—it went to my heart like a stab—crumpled it as if it was any duster. I dare say if it had been Miss Prettyman's night-cap—oh, I don't care about your groaning—if it had been her night-cap, her hair-brush, her curl-papers, you'd have said something then. Oh anybody with the spirit of a man would have spoken out if the fellow had had a thousand swords at his side. Well, all I know is this: if I'd have married somebody I could name, he wouldn't have suffered me to be treated in that way—not he!

"Now, don't hope to go to sleep, Mr. Caudle, and think to silence me in that manner. I know your art, but it won't do. It wasn't enough that my basket was turned topay-turvy, but before I knew it, they spun me into another room, and—*How could you help that?* You never tried to help it. No; although it was a foreign land, and I don't speak French—not but what I know a good deal more of it than some people who give themselves airs about it—though I don't speak their nasty gibberish, still you let

them take me away, and never cared how I was ever to find you again. In a strange country, too! But I've no doubt that that's what you wished: yes, you'd have been glad enough to have got rid of me in that cowardly manner. If I could only know your secret thoughts, Caudle, that's what you brought me here for, to lose me. And after the wife I've been to you!

"What are you crying out? *For mercy's sake?* Yes: a great deal you know about mercy! Else you'd never have suffered me to be twisted into that room. To be searched, indeed! As if I'd anything smuggled about me. Well, I will say it; after the way in which I've been used, if you'd the proper feelings of a man, you wouldn't sleep again for six months. Well, I know there was nobody but women there: but that's nothing to do with it. I'm sure, if I'd been taken up for picking pockets, they couldn't have used me worse. To be treated so—and 'specially by one's own sex!—it's *that* that aggravates me.

"And that's all that you can say? *What could you do?* Why, break open the door; I'm sure you must have heard my voice: you shall never make me believe that you couldn't hear that. Whenever I shall sew the strings on again, I can't tell. If they didn't turn me out like a ship in a storm, I'm a sinner! You laughed! *You didn't laugh?* Don't tell me, you laugh when you don't know anything about it; but I do.

"And a pretty place you have brought me to. A most respectable place I must say! Where the women walk about without any bonnets to their heads, and the fish girls with their bare legs—well, you don't catch me eating any fish while I'm here. *Why not?* Why not—do you suppose I'd encourage people of that sort?

"What do you say? *Good-night?* It's no use your saying that—I can't go to sleep so soon as you can. Especially with a door that has such a lock as that to it. How do we know who may come in? What? *All the locks are bad in France?* The more shame for you to bring me to such a place, then. It only shows how you value me.

"Well, I dare say you are tired. *I am!* But then, see what I've gone through. Well, we won't quarrel in a barbarous country. We won't do that. Caudle, dear,—what's the French for lace! I know it, only I forget it. The French for lace, love? What? *Dentelle?* Now, you're not deceiving me? *You never deceived me yet?* Oh!

don't say that. There isn't a married man in this blessed world can put his hand upon his heart in bed, and say that. French for lace, dear? Say it again. *Dentelle?* Ha! *Dentelle!* Good-night, dear. *Dentelle!* *Dentelle!*"

"I afterwards," writes Caudle, "found out to my cost wherefore she inquired about lace. For she went out in the morning with the landlady to buy a veil, giving only four pounds for what she could have bought in England for forty shillings!"

THE TWENTY-SEVENTH LECTURE.

MRS. CAUDLE RETURNS TO HER NATIVE LAND.

—"UNMANLY CRUELTY" OF CAUDLE, WHO HAS REFUSED TO "SMUGGLE A FEW THINGS" FOR HER.

"There, it isn't often that I ask you to do anything for me, Mr. Caudle, goodness knows! and when I do, I'm always refused—of course. Oh, yes! anybody but your own lawful wife. Every other husband aboard the boat could behave like a husband—but I was left to shift for myself. To be sure, that's nothing new; I always am. Every other man, worthy to be called a man, could smuggle a few things for his wife—but I might as well be alone in the world. Not one poor half-dozen of silk stockings could you put in your hat for me; and everybody else was rolled in lace, and I don't know what. Eh? What, Mr. Caudle? *What do I want with silk stockings?* Well,—it's come to something now! There was a time, I believe, when I had a foot—yes, and an ankle, too: but when a woman's once married, she has nothing of the sort; of course. No: I'm *not* a cherub, Mr. Caudle; don't say that. I know very well what I am.

"I dare say now, you'd have been delighted to smuggle for Miss Prettyman? Silk stockings become her! *You wish Miss Prettyman was in the moon?* Not you, Mr. Caudle; that's only your art—your hypocrisy. A nice person too she'd be for the moon: it would be none the brighter for her being in it, I know. And when you saw the Custom-house officers look at me, as though they were piercing me through, what was your conduct? Shameful. You twittered about, and fidgeted, and flushed up as if I really was a smuggler. *So I was?* What had that to do with it? It wasn't the part of a husband I think, to fidget in that way,

and show it. *You couldn't help it!* Humph! And you call yourself a person of strong mind, I believe? One of the lords of the creation! Ha! ha! couldn't help it!

"But I may do all I can to save the money, and this is always my reward. Yes, Mr. Caudle, I shall save a great deal. *How much?* I sha'n't tell you: I know your meanness—you'd want to stop it out of the house allowance. No: it's nothing to you where I got the money from to buy so many things. The money was my own. Well, and if it was yours first, that's nothing to do with it. No; I haven't saved it out of the puddings. But it's always the woman who saves who's despised. It's only your fine-lady wives who're properly thought of. If I was to ruin you, Caudle, then you'd think something of me.

"I sha'n't go to sleep. It's very well for you who're no sooner in bed, than you're fast as a church; but I can't sleep in that way. It's my mind keeps me awake. And after all, I do feel so happy to-night, it's very hard I can't enjoy my thoughts. *No: I can't think in silence!* There's much enjoyment in that to be sure! I've no doubt now you could listen to Miss Prettyman—oh, I don't care, I will speak. It was a little more than odd, I think, that she should be on the jetty when the boat came in. Ha! she'd been looking for you all the morning with a telescope, I've no doubt—she's bold enough for anything. And then how she sneered and giggled when she saw me,—and said 'how fat I'd got;' like her impudence, I think. What! *Well she might?* But I know what she wanted; yes—she'd have liked to have had me searched. She laughed on purpose.

"I only wish I'd taken two of the dear girls with me. What things I could have stitched about 'em! No—I'm not ashamed of myself to make my innocent children smugglers: the more innocent they looked, the better; but there you are with what you call your principles again; as if it wasn't given to everybody by nature to smuggle. I'm sure of it—it's born with us. And nicely I've cheated 'em this day. Lace, and velvet, and silk stockings, and other things,—to say nothing of the tumblers and decanters. No: I didn't look as if I wanted a direction, for fear somebody should break me. That's another of what you call your jokes; but you should keep 'em, for all those who like 'em. I don't.

What have I made after all? I've told

you—you shall never, never know. Yes, I know you'd been fined a hundred pounds if they'd searched me; but I never meant that they should. I dare say you wouldn't smuggle—oh no! you don't think it worth your while. You're quite a conjurer, you are, Caudle. Ha! ha! ha! *What am I laughing at?* Oh, you little know—such a clever creature! Ha! ha! Well, now, I'll tell you. I knew what an unaccommodating animal you were, so I made you smuggle whether or not. *How?* Why, when you were out at the *café*, I got your great rough coat, and if I didn't stitch ten yards of the best black velvet under the lining, I'm a sinful woman! And to see how innocent you looked when the officers walked round and round you! It was a happy moment, Caudle, to see you.

"What do you call it? *A shameful trick—unworthy of a wife? I couldn't care much for you?* As if I didn't prove that, by trusting you with ten yards of velvet. But I don't care what you say: I've saved everything—all but that beautiful English novel, that I've forgot the name of. And if they didn't take it out of my hand, and chopped it to bits like so much dog-meat. *Served me right?* And when I so seldom buy a book! No: I don't see how it served me right. If you can buy the same book in France for four shillings that people here have the impudence to ask more than a guinea for—well, if they do steal it, that's their affair, not ours. As if there was anything in a book to steal!

"And now, Caudle, when are you going home? What? *Our time isn't up?* That's nothing to do with it. If we even lose a week's lodging—and we mayn't do that—we shall save it again in living. But you are such a man! Your home's the last place with you. I'm sure I don't get a wink of a night, thinking what may happen. Three fires last week; and any one might as well have been at our house as not. *No—they mightn't!* Well, you know what I mean—but you're such a man!

"I'm sure, too, we've had quite enough of this place. But there's no keeping you out of the libraries, Caudle. You're getting quite a gambler. And I don't think it's a nice example to set your children, raffling as you do for French clocks and I don't know what. But that's not the worst; you never win anything. Oh, I forgot. Yes; a needle-case, that under my nose you gave

to Miss Prettyman. A nice thing for a married man to make presents: and to such a creature as that, too. A needle-case! I wonder whenever she has a needle in *her* hand!

"I know I shall feel ill with anxiety if I stop here. Nobody left in the house but that Mrs. Closepeg. And she is such a stupid woman. It was only last night that I dreamt I saw our cat quite a skeleton, and the canary stiff on its back at the bottom of the cage. You know, Caudle I'm never happy when I'm away from home: and yet you will stay here. No, home's my comfort; I never want to stir over the threshold, and you know it. If thieves were to break in, what could that Mrs. Closepeg do against 'em? And so, Caudle, you'll go home on Saturday? Our dear—dear home! On Saturday, Caudle?"

"What I answered," says Caudle, "I forget; but I know that on the Saturday, we were once again shipped on board the 'Red Rover.'"

THE TWENTY-EIGHTH LECTURE.

MRS. CAUDLE HAS RETURNED HOME.—THE HOUSE (OF COURSE) "NOT FIT TO BE SEEN."—MR. CAUDLE, IN SELF-DEFENSE, TAKES A BOOK.

AFTER all, Caudle, it is something to get into one's own bed again. I *shall* sleep to-night. What! *You're glad of it?* That's like your sneering; I know what you mean. Of course; I never can think of making myself comfortable, but you wound my feelings. If you cared for your own bed like any other man, you'd not have staid out till this hour. Don't say that I drove you out of the house as soon as we came in it. I only just spoke about the dirt and the dust,—but the fact is, you'd be happy in a pigsty! I thought I could have trusted that Mrs. Closepeg with untold gold; and did you only see the hearthrug? When we left home there was a tiger in it: I should like to know who could make out the tiger now? Oh, it's very well for you to swear at the tiger, but swearing won't revive the rug again. Else you might swear.

"You could go out and make yourself comfortable at your club. You little know how many windows are broken. How many do you think? No: I sha'n't tell you to-morrow—you shall know now. I am sure.

Talking about getting health at Margate; all my health went away directly I went into the kitchen. There's dear mother's China bowl cracked in two places. I could have sat down and cried when I saw it: a bowl I can recollect when I was a child. Eh? *I should have locked it up then?* Yes; that's your feeling for anything of mine. I only wish it had been your punch-bowl; but, thank goodness! I think that's chipped.

"Well, you haven't answered about the windows—you can't guess how many? *You don't care?* Well, if nobody caught cold but you, it would be little matter. Six windows clean out, and three cracked! *You can't help it?* I should like to know where the money's to come from to mend 'em! They sha'n't be mended, that's all. Then you'll see how respectable the house will look. But I know very well what you think. Yes; you're glad of it. You think this will keep me at home—but I'll never stir out again. Then you can go to the seaside by yourself; then, perhaps, you can be happy with Miss Prettyman? Now, Caudle, if you knock the pillow with your fist in that way, I'll get up. It's very odd that I can't mention that person's name, but you begin to fight the bolster, and do I don't know what. There must be something in it, or you wouldn't kick about so. A guilty conscience needs no—but you know what I mean.

"She wasn't coming to town for a week; and then, of a sudden, she'd had a letter. I dare say she had. And then she said, it would be company for her to come with us. No doubt. She thought I should be ill again, and down in the cabin; but with all her art, she does not know the depth of me—quite. Not but what I was ill; though, like a brute you wouldn't see it.

"What do you say? *Good night, love?*

Yes: you can be very tender, I dare say—like all of your sex—to suit your own ends: but I can't go to sleep with my head full of the house. The fender in the parlor will never come to itself again. I haven't counted the knives yet, but I've made up my mind that half of 'em are lost. No: I don't always think the worst; no, and I don't make myself unhappy before the time; but of course, that's my thanks for caring about your property. If there are not spiders in the curtains as big as nutmegs, I'm a wicked creature. Not a broom has the whole place seen since I've been away. But as soon as I get up, won't I rummage the house out, that's all. I hadn't

the heart to look at my pickles; but for all I left the door locked, I'm sure the jars have been moved. Yes; you can swear at the pickles when you're in bed; but nobody makes more noise about 'em when you want 'em.

"I only hope they've been to the wine-cellar: then you may know what my feelings are. That poor cat, too—What do you say? *You hate cats?* Yes, poor thing! because she's my favorite—that's it. If that cat could only speak—What? *It isn't necessary?* I don't know what you mean, Mr. Caudle; but if that cat could only speak, she'd tell me how she's been cheated. Poor thing! I know where the money's gone to that I left for her milk—I know. Why, what have you got there, Caudle? A book? What! *If you ar'n't allowed to sleep, you'll read?* Well, now it is coming to something! If that isn't insulting a wife to bring a book to bed, I don't know what wedlock is. But you sha'n't read, Caudle; no, you sha'n't; not while I've strength to get up and put out a candle.

"And that's like your feelings! You can think a great deal of trumpery books; yes, you can't think too much of the stuff that's put into print; but for what's real and true about you, why you've the heart of a stone. I should like to know what that book's about? What? *Milton's 'Paradise Lost?'* I thought some rubbish of the sort—something to insult me. A nice book, I think, to read in bed; and a very respectable person he was who wrote it. *What do I know of him?* Much more than you think. A very pretty fellow, indeed, with his six wives. What? *He hadn't six—he'd only three?* That's nothing to do with it; but of course you'll take his part. Poor women! A nice time they had with him, I dare say! And I've no doubt, Mr. Caudle, you'd like to follow Mr. Milton's example; else you wouldn't read the stuff he wrote. But you don't use me as he treated the poor souls who married him! Poets, indeed! I'd make a law against any of 'em having wives except upon paper; for goodness help the dear creatures tied to them! Like innocent moths lured by a candle! Talking of candles, you don't know that the lamp in the passage is split to bits! I say you don't—do you hear me, Mr. Caudle? Won't you answer? Do you know where you are? What? *In the Garden of Eden?* Are you? Then you've no business there at this time of night."

"And saying this," writes Caudle, "she scrambled from the bed, and put out the light."

THE TWENTY-NINTH LECTURE.

MRS. CAUDLE THINKS "THE TIME HAS COME TO HAVE A COTTAGE OUT OF TOWN."

"CAUDLE, you ought to have had something nice to-night; for you're not well, love—I know you're not. Ha! that's like you men,—so headstrong! You will have it that nothing ails you; but I can tell, Caudle. The eye of a wife—and such a wife as I've been to you—can at once see whether a husband's well or not. You've been turning like tallow all the week; and what's more you eat nothing, now. It makes me melancholy to see you at a joint. I don't say anything at dinner before the children; but I don't feel the less. No, no; you're not very well; and you're not as strong as a horse. Don't deceive yourself—nothing of the sort. No, and you don't eat as much as ever; if you do, you don't eat with a relish, I am sure of that. You can't deceive me there.

"I know what's killing you. It's the confinement; it's the bad air you breathe; it's the smoke of London. Oh yes, I know your old excuse: you never found the air bad before. Perhaps not. But as people grow older, and get on in trade—and, after all, we've nothing to complain of, Caudle—London air always disagrees with 'em. Delicate health comes with money: I'm sure of it. What a color you had once, when you'd hardly a sixpence; and now, look at you!

"I would add thirty years to your life—and think what a blessing that would be to me; not that I shall live a tenth part of the time—thirty years, if you'd take a nice little house somewhere at Brixton. *You hate Brixton?* I must say it, Mr. Caudle, that's so like you: any place that's really genteel you can't abide. Now Brixton and Baalam Hill I think delightful. So select! There, nobody visits nobody, unless they're somebody. To say nothing of the delightful pews that make the churches so respectable!

"However, do as you like. If you won't go to Brixton, what do you say to Clapham Common? Oh, that's a very fine story! Never tell me! No; you wouldn't be left alone a Robinson Crusoe with wife and children, because you're in the retail way. What! *The retired wholesales never visit*

the retired retails at Clapham? Ha! that's only your old sneering at the world, Mr. Caudle; but I don't believe it. And after all, people should keep to their station, or what was this life made for. Suppose a tallow-merchant does keep himself above a tallow-chandler,—I call it a proper pride. What? *You call it the aristocracy of fat?* I don't know what you mean by aristocracy; but I suppose it's only another of your dictionary words, that's hardly worth the finding out.

"What do you say to Hornsey or Muswell Hill? Eh? *Too high?* What a man you are! Well then—Battersea? *Too low?* You're an aggravating creature, Caudle, you must own that! Hampstead, then? *Too cold?* Nonsense; it would brace you up like a drum, Caudle; and that's what you want. But you don't deserve anybody to think of your health, or your comforts either. Now, Mr. Caudle, I won't have you say a word against Fulham. That must be a sweet place: dry and healthy, and every comfort about it—else is it likely that a bishop would live there? Now, Caudle, none of your heathen principles—I won't hear 'em. I think what satisfies a bishop ought to content you; but the politics you learn at that club are dreadful. To hear you talk of bishops—well, I only hope nothing will happen to you for the sake of the dear children!

"A nice little house and a garden! I know it—I was born for a garden! There's something about it makes one feel so innocent. My heart somehow always opens and shuts at roses. And then what nice currant wine we could make! And again, get 'em as fresh as you will, there's no radishes like your own radishes! They're ten times as sweet! What? *And twenty times as dear?* Yes; there you go! Anything that I fancy, you always bring up the expense.

"No, Mr. Caudle, I should not be tired of it in a month. I tell you I was made for the country. But here you've kept me—and much you've cared about my health—here you've kept me in this filthy London, so that I hardly know what grass is made of. Much you care for your wife and your family to keep 'em here to be all smoked like bacon. I can see it—it's stopping the children's growth; they'll be dwarfs, and have their father to thank for it. If you'd the heart of a parent, you couldn't bear to look at their white faces. Dear little Dick! he makes no breakfast. What? *He ate six*

slices this morning? A pretty father you must be to count 'em. But that's nothing to what the dear child could do, if like other children, he'd a fair chance.

Ha! and when we could be so comfortable! But it's always the case, you never will be comfortable with me. How nice and fresh you'd come up to business every morning; and what pleasure 'twould be for me to put a tulip or a pink in your button-hole, just, as I may say, to ticket you from the country.

"But then, Caudle, you never were like any other man! But I know why you won't leave London. Yes, I know. Then, you think, you couldn't go to your filthy club—that's it. Then you'd be obliged to be at home, like any other decent man. Whereas, you might, if you liked, enjoy yourself under your own apple-tree, and I'm sure I should never say anything about your tobacco out of doors. My only wish is to make you happy, Caudle, and you won't let me do it.

"You don't speak, love. Shall I look about a house to-morrow? It will be a broken day with me, for I'm going out to have little pet's ears bored. What? *You won't have her ears bored?* And why not, I should like to know? *It's a barbarous, savage custom?* O Mr. Caudle, the sooner you go away from the world, and live in a cave, the better. You're getting not fit for Christian society. What next? My ears were bored and—What? *And so are yours?* I know what you mean—but that's nothing to do with it. My ears, I say, were bored, and so were dear mother's, and grandmother's before her; and I suppose there were no more savages in our family than in your's Mr. Caudle? Besides,—why should little pet's ears go naked any more than any of her sisters? They wear ear-rings: you never objected before. What? *You've learned better now?* Yes, that's all with your filthy politics again. You'd shake all the world up in a dice-box, if you'd your way: not that you care a pin about the world, only you'd like to get a better throw for yourself,—that's all. But little pet *shall* be bored, and don't think to prevent it.

"I suppose she's to be married some day, as well as her sisters? And who'd look at a girl without ear-rings, I should like to know? If you knew anything of the world, you'd know what a nice diamond ear-ring will sometimes do—when one can get it—before this. But I know why you can't abide ear-rings now; Miss Prettyman doesn't

wear 'em. She would—I've no doubt—if she could only get 'em. Yes,—it's Miss Prettyman who—

"There, Caudle, now be quiet, and I'll say no more about pet's ears at present. We'll talk when you're reasonable. I don't want to put you out of temper, goodness knows! And so, love, about the cottage? What? *'Twill be so far from business?* But it needn't be far, dearest. Quite a nice distance; so that on your late nights, you may always be at home, have your supper, get to bed, and all by eleven. Eh,—sweet one.

"I don't know what I answered," says Caudle, "but I know this; in less than a fortnight I found myself in a sort of a green bird-cage of a house, which my wife—gentle satirist—insisted upon calling 'The Turtle-Dovey.'"

THE THIRTIETH LECTURE.

MRS. CAUDLE COMPLAINS OF THE "TURTLE-DOVEY."—DISCOVERS BLACK BEETLES.—THINKS IT "NOTHING BUT RIGHT" THAT CAUDLE SHOULD SET UP A CHAISE.

"You'n never have got me into this wilderness of a place, Mr. Caudle, if I'd only have thought what it was. Yes, that's all right: throw it in my teeth that it was my choice—that's manly, isn't it? When I saw the place the sun was out, and it looked beautiful—now, it's quite another thing. No, Mr. Caudle; I don't expect you to command the sun,—and if you talk about Joshua in that infidel way, I'll leave the bed. No, sir; I don't expect the sun to be in your power, but that's nothing to do with it. I talk about one thing, and you always start another. But that's your art.

"I'm sure a woman might as well be buried alive as live here. In fact, I'm buried alive; I feel it. I stood at the window three hours this blessed day, and saw nothing but the postman. No: it isn't a pity that I hadn't something better to do; I had plenty: but that's *my* business, Mr. Caudle. I suppose I'm to be mistress of my own house? If not, I'd better leave it.

"And the very first night we were here, you know it, the black beetles came into the kitchen. If the place didn't seem spread all over with a black cloth, I'm a story teller. What are you coughing at, Mr. Caudle? I see nothing to cough at. But that's your way of sneering. Millions of large black

beetles! And as the clock strikes eight, out they march. What? *They're very punctual?* I know that. I only wish other people were half as punctual: 'twould save other people's money and other people's peace of mind. You know I hate a black beetle! No: I don't hate so many things. But I do hate black beetles, as I hate ill treatment, Mr. Caudle. And now I have enough of both, goodness knows!

"Last night they came into the parlor. Of course, in a night or too, they'll walk up into the bedroom. They'll be here—regiments of 'em—on the quilt. But what do you care? Nothing of the sort ever touches you: but you know how they come to me; and that's why you're so quiet. A pleasant thing to have black beetles in one's bed! *Why don't I poison 'em?* A pretty matter, indeed, to have poison in the house! Much you must think of the dear children. A nice place, too, to be called the Turtle-Dovey? *Didn't I christen it myself?* I know that,—but then I knew nothing of the black beetles. Besides, names of houses are for the world outside; not that anybody passes to see ours. Didn't Mrs. Digby insist on calling their new house 'Love-in-Idleness,' though everybody knew that the wretch Digby was always beating her? Still, when folks read 'Rose Cottage' on the wall, they seldom think of the lots of thorns that are inside. In this world, Mr. Caudle, names are sometimes quite as good as things.

"That cough again! You've got a cold, and you'll always be getting one—for you'll always be missing the omnibus as you did on Tuesday,—and always be getting wet. No constitution can stand it, Caudle. You don't know what I felt when I heard it rain on Tuesday, and thought you might be in it. What? *I'm very good?* Yes, I trust so: I try to be so, Caudle. And so, dear, I've been thinking that we'd better keep a chaise. *You can't afford it, and you won't?* Don't tell me: I know you'd save money by it. I've been reckoning what you lay out in omnibuses; and if you'd a chaise of your own—besides the gentility of the thing—you'd be money in pocket. And then again, how often I could go with you to town,—and how, again, I could call for you when you liked to be a little late at the club, dear? Now, you're obliged to be hurried away—I know it—when if you'd only have a carriage of your own, you could stay and enjoy yourself. And after your work you want some enjoyment. Of course, I can't expect

you always to run home directly to me : and I don't, Caudle, and you know it.

"A nice, neat, elegant little chaise. What? *You'll think of it!* There's a love! You are a good creature, Caudle, and 'twill make me so happy to think you don't depend upon an omnibus. A sweet little carriage, with our arms beautifully painted on the panels. What? *Arms are rubbish; and you don't know that you have any?* Nonsense: to be sure you have—and if not, of course they're to be had for money. I wonder where Chalkpit's, the milkman's, arms came from? I suppose you can buy 'em at the same place. He used to drive a green cart; but now he's got a close yellow carriage, with two large tortoise-shell cats, with their whiskers as if dipt in cream, standing on their hind legs upon each door, with a heap of Latin underneath. You may buy the carriage, if you please, Mr. Caudle; but unless your arms are there, you won't get me to enter it. Never! I'm not going to look less than Mrs. Chalkpit.

"Besides, if you haven't arms, I'm sure my family have, and a wife's arms are quite as good as a husband's. I'll write to-morrow to dear mother, to know what we took for our family arms. What do you say? What? *A mangle in a stone-kitchen proper?* Mr. Caudle, you're always insulting my family—always: but you shall not put me out of temper to-night. Still, if you don't like our arms, find your own. I dare say you could have found 'em fast enough, if you'd married Miss Prettyman. Well, I will be quiet: and I won't mention that lady's name. A nice lady she is! I wonder how much she spends in paint! Now, don't I tell you I won't say a word more, and yet you will kick about!

"Well, we'll have the carriage and the family arms? No, I don't want the family legs, too. Don't be vulgar, Mr. Caudle. You might, perhaps, talk in that way before you'd money in the Bank; but it does not become you now. The carriage and the family arms! We've a country-house as well as the Chalkpits; and though they praise their place for a little Paradise, I dare say they've quite as many black beetles as we have, and more, too. The place quite looks it.

"Our carriage and our arms! And you know, love, it won't cost much—next to nothing—to put a gold band about Sam's hat on a Sunday. No: I don't want a full-blown livery. At least, not just yet. I'm told the Chalkpits dress their boy on a Sun-

day like a dragon-fly; and I don't see why we shouldn't do what we like with our own Sam. Nevertheless, I'll be content with a gold band, and a bit of pepper-and-salt. No: I shall not cry out for plush next; certainly not. But I will have a gold band, and — *You won't; and I know it!* Oh, yes! that's another of your crotchets, Mr. Caudle; like nobody else—you don't love liveries. I suppose when people buy their sheets, or their table-cloths, or any other linen, they've a right to mark what they like upon it, haven't they? Well, then? You buy a servant, and you mark what you like upon him, and where's the difference? None, that I can see."

"Finally," writes Caudle, "I compromised for a gig; but Sam did not wear pepper-and-salt and a gold band."

THE THIRTY-FIRST LECTURE.

MRS. CAUDLE COMPLAINS VERY BITTERLY THAT MR. CAUDLE "HAS BROKEN HER CONFIDENCE."

"YOU'LL catch me, Mr. Caudle, telling you anything again. Now, I don't want to have any noise: I don't wish you to put yourself in a passion. All I say is this: never again do I open my lips to you about anybody. No: if man and wife can't be one, why there's an end of everything. Oh, you know very well what I mean, Mr. Caudle: you've broken my confidence in the most shameful and heartless way, and I repeat it—I can never be again to you as I have been. No: the little charm—it wasn't much—that remained about married life is gone forever. Yes; the bloom's quite wiped off the plum now.

"Don't be such a hypocrite, Caudle; don't ask me what I mean! Mrs. Badgerly has been here—more like a fiend, I'm sure, than a quiet woman. I haven't done trembling yet! You know the state of my nerves, too; you know—yes, sir, I *had* nerves when you married me; and I haven't just found 'em out. Well, you've something to answer for, I think. The Badgerlys are going to separate: she takes the girls, and he the boys, and all through you. How you can lay your head upon that pillow and think of going to sleep, I can't tell. *What have you done?* Well, you have a face to ask the question. Done? You've broken my confidence, Mr. Caudle: you've taken

advantage of my tenderness, my trust in you as a wife—the more fool I for my pains!—and you've separated a happy couple forever. No: I'm not talking in the clouds; I'm talking in your bed, the more my misfortune.

"Now, Caudle—yes, I shall sit up in the bed if I choose; I'm not going to sleep till I have this properly explained; for Mrs. Badgerly sha'n't lay her separation at my door. You won't deny that you were at the club last night? No, bad as you are, Caudle—and though you're my husband, I can't think you a good man; I try to do it, but I can't—bad as you are, you can't deny you were at the club. What? *You don't deny it?* That's what I say—you can't. And now, answer me this question. What did you say—before the whole world—of Mr. Badgerly's whiskers? There's nothing to laugh at, Caudle; if you'd have seen that poor woman, to-day, you'd have a heart of stone to laugh. What did you say of his whiskers? Didn't you tell everybody he dyed 'em? Didn't you hold the candle up to 'em, as you said, to show the purple? *To be sure you did!* Ha! people who break jokes never care about breaking hearts. Badgerly went home like a demon; called his wife a false woman: vowed he'd never enter a bed again with her, and to show he was in earnest, slept all night upon the sofa. He said it was the dearest secret of his life; said she had told me; and that I had told you; and that's how it had come out. What do you say? *Badgerly was right? I did tell you?* I know I did: but when dear Mrs. Badgerly mentioned the matter to me and a few friends, as we were all laughing at tea together, quite in a confidential way,—when she just spoke of her husband's whiskers, and how long he was over 'em every morning,—of course, poor soul! she never thought it was to be talked of in the world again. Eh? *Then I had no right to tell you of it?* And that's the way I'm thanked for my confidence. Because I don't keep a secret from you, but show you, I may say, my naked soul, Caudle, that's how I'm rewarded. Poor Mrs. Badgerly—for all her hard words—after she went away, I'm sure my heart quite bled for her. What do you say, Mr. Caudle? *Serves her right—she should hold her tongue!* Yes; that's like your tyranny, you'd never let a poor woman speak. Eh—what, what, Mr. Caudle?

"That's a very fine speech, I dare say; and wives are very much obliged to you,

only there's not a bit of truth in it. No, we women don't get together, and pick our husbands to pieces, just as sometimes mischievous little girls rip up their dolls. That's an old sentiment of yours, Mr. Caudle: but I'm sure you've no occasion to say it of me. I hear a good deal of other people's husbands, certainly; I can't shut my ears; I wish I could: but I never say anything about you—and I might, and you know it,—and there's somebody else that knows it, too. No: I sit still and say nothing; what I have in my own bosom about you, Caudle, will be buried with me. But I know what you think of wives. I heard you talking to Mr. Prettyman, when you little thought I was listening, and you didn't know much what you were saying—I heard you. 'My dear Prettyman,' says you, 'when some women get to talking, they club all their husbands' faults together, just as children club their cakes and apples, to make a common feast for the whole set.' Eh? *You don't remember it?* But I do: and I remember, too, what Brandy was left when Prettyman went. 'Twould be odd if you could remember much about it after that.

"And now you've gone and separated man and wife, and I'm to be blamed for it. You've not only carried misery into a family, but broken my confidence. You've proved to me that henceforth I'm not to trust you with anything, Mr. Caudle. No: I'll lock up whatever I know in my own breast,—for now I find nobody, not even one's own husband is to be relied upon. From this moment, I may look upon myself as a solitary woman. Now, it's no use your trying to go to sleep. What do you say? *You know that?* Very well. Now, I want to ask you one question more. Eh? *You want to ask me one?* Very well—go on—I'm not afraid to be catechized. I never dropt a syllable that as a wife I ought to have kept to myself—no, I'm not at all forgetting what I've said—and whatever you've got to ask me speak out at once. No—I don't want you to spare me; all I want of you is to speak. *You will speak?* Well then, do.

"What? *Who told people you'd a false front tooth?* And is that all? Well, I'm sure—as if the world couldn't see it. I know I did just mention it once, but then I thought everybody knew it—besides, I was aggravated to do it; yes, aggravated. I remember it was that very day, a. Mrs. Badgerly's, when husbands' whiskers were brought up. Well, after we'd done with

them, somebody said something about teeth. Whereupon, Miss Prettyman—a minx! she was born to destroy the peace of families—I know she was: she was there; and if I'd only known that such a creature was—no, I'm not rambling, not at all, and I'm coming to the tooth. To be sure, this is a great deal you've got against me—isn't it? Well, somebody spoke about teeth, when Miss Prettyman, with one of her insulting leers, said 'she thought Mr. Caudle had the whitest teeth she ever *had* beheld.' Of course, my blood was up—every wife's would be: and I believe I might have said, 'Yes, they were well enough; but when a young lady so very much praised a married man's teeth, she perhaps didn't know that one of the front ones was an elephant's.' Like her impudence—I set *her* down for the rest of the evening. But I can see the humor you're in to-night. You only came to bed to quarrel, and I'm not going to indulge you. All I say is this, after the shameful mischief you've made at the Badgerly's, you never break my confidence again. Never—and now you know it."

Caudle hereupon writes,—“And here she seemed inclined to sleep. Not for one moment did I think to prevent her.”

THE THIRTY-SECOND LECTURE.

MRS CAUDLE DISCOURSES OF MAIDS-OF-ALL-WORK AND MAIDS IN GENERAL.—MR. CAUDLE'S "INFAMOUS BEHAVIOR" TEN YEARS AGO.

“THERE now, it isn't my intention to say a word to-night, Mr. Caudle. No; I want to go to sleep, if I can; for after what I've gone through to-day, and with the headache I've got,—and if I haven't left my smelling-salts on the mantel-piece, on the right-hand corner just as you go into the room—nobody could miss it—I say, nobody could miss it—in a little green bottle, and—well, there you lie like a stone, and I might perish and you wouldn't move. Oh, my poor head! But it may open and shut, and what do you care?”

“Yes, that's like your feeling—just. I want my salts, and you tell me there's nothing like being still for a headache. Indeed? But I'm not going to be still, so don't you think it. That's just how a woman's put upon. But I know your aggra-

vation—I know your art. You think to keep me quiet about that minx Kitty,—your favorite, sir! Upon my life, I'm not to discharge my own servant without—but she shall go. If I had to do all the work myself, she shouldn't stop under my roof. I see how she looks down upon me. I can see a great deal, Mr. Caudle, that I never choose to open my lips about—but I can't shut my eyes. Perhaps it would have been better for my peace of mind if I always could. Don't say that. I'm not a foolish woman, and I know very well what I'm saying. I suppose you think that I forgot *that* Rebecca? I know it's ten years ago that she lived with us—but what's that to do with it? Things ar'n't the less true for being old, I suppose. No; and your conduct, Mr. Caudle, at that time—if it was a hundred years ago—I should never forget it. What? *I shall always be the same silly woman?* I hope I shall—I trust I shall always have my eyes about me in my own house. Now, don't think of going to sleep, Caudle; because, as you've brought this up about that Rebecca, you shall hear me out. Well, I do wonder that you can name her! Eh? *You didn't name her?* That's nothing at all to do with it; for I know just as well what you think, as if you did. I suppose you'll say you didn't drink a glass of wine to her? *Never?* So you said at the time, but I've thought of it for ten long years, and the more I've thought, the surer I am of it. And at that very time—if you please to recollect, little Jack was a baby. I shouldn't have so much cared but for that; but he was hardly running alone, when you nodded and drank a glass of wine to that creature. No; I'm not mad, and I'm not dreaming. I saw how you did it,—and the hypocrisy made it worse and worse. I saw you; when the creature was just behind my chair, you took up a glass of wine, and saying to me 'Margaret,' and then lifting up your eyes at the bold minx, and saying, 'My dear,' as if you wanted me to believe that you spoke only to me, when I could see you laugh at her behind me. And at that time little Jack wasn't on his feet. What do you say? *Heaven forgive me?* Ha! Mr. Caudle, it's you that ought to ask for that: I'm safe enough, I am: it's you who should ask to be forgiven.

“No, I wouldn't slander a saint—and I didn't take away the girl's character for nothing. I know she brought an action for what I said; and I know you had to pay damages for what you call my tongue—I

well remember all that. And serve you right; if you hadn't laughed at her, it wouldn't have happened. But if you will make free with such people, of course you're sure to suffer for it, 'Twould have served you right if the lawyer's bill had been double. Damages, indeed! Not that anybody's tongue could have damaged her!

"And now, Mr. Caudle, you're the same man you were ten years ago. What? *You hope so?* The more shame for you. At your time of life, with all your children growing up about you, to—*What am I talking of?* I know very well; and so would you if you had any conscience, which you haven't. When I say I shall discharge Kitty, you say she's a very good servant, and I sha'n't get a better. But I know why you think her good; you think her pretty, and that's enough for you; as if girls who work for their bread have any business to be pretty,—which she isn't. Pretty servants, indeed! going mincing about with their fal-lal faces, as if even the flies would spoil 'em. But I know what a bad man you are—now, it's no use your denying it; for didn't I overhear you talking to Mr. Prettyman, and didn't you say that you couldn't bear to have ugly servants about you? I ask you,—didn't you say that? *Perhaps you did?* You don't blush to confess it? If your principles, Mr. Caudle, ar'n't enough to make a woman's blood run cold!

"Oh yes! you've talked that stuff again and again; and once I might have believed it; but I know a little more of you now. You like to see pretty servants, just as you like to see pretty statues, and pretty pictures, and pretty flowers, and anything in Nature that's pretty, just, as you say, for the eye to feed upon. Yes; I know your eyes,—very well. I know what they were ten years ago; for shall I ever forget that glass of wine when little Jack was in arms? I don't care if it was a thousand years ago, it's as fresh as yesterday, and I never will cease to talk of it. When you know me, how can you ask it?

"And now you insist upon keeping Kitty, when there's no having a bit of crockery for her? That girl would break the Bank of England,—I know she would,—if she was to put her hand upon it. But what's a whole set of blue China to her beautiful blue eyes? I know that's what you mean, though you don't say it.

"Oh, you needn't lie groaning there, for don't you think I shall ever forget Rebecca.

Yes,—it's very well for you to swear at Rebecca now,—but you didn't swear at her then, Mr. Caudle, I know. 'Margaret, my dear!' Well, how can you have the face to look at me—*You don't look at me?* The more shame for you.

"I can only say, that either Kitty leaves the house or I do. Which is it to be, Mr. Caudle? Eh? *You don't care?* Both? But you're not going to get rid of me in that manner, I can tell you. But for that trollope—now you may swear and rave as you like—*You don't intend to say a word more?* Very well; it's no matter what you say—her quarter's up on Tuesday, and go she shall. A soup-plate and a basin went yesterday.

"A soup-plate and a basin, and when I've a headache as I have, Mr. Caudle, tearing me to pieces! But I shall never be well in this world—never. A soup-plate and a basin!"

"She slept," writes Caudle, "and poor Kitty left on Tuesday."

THE THIRTY-THIRD LECTURE.

MRS. CAUDLE HAS DISCOVERED THAT MR. CAUDLE IS A RAILWAY DIRECTOR.

"WHEN I took up the paper to-day, Caudle, you might have knocked me down with a feather! Now, don't be a hypocrite—you know what's the matter. And when you haven't a bed to lie upon, and are brought to sleep on coal sacks—and then I can tell you, Mr. Caudle, you may sleep by yourself—then you'll know what's the matter. Now, I've seen your name, and don't deny it. Yes,—the Eel-Pie Island Railway—and among the Directors, Job Caudle, Esq., of the Turtle-Dovery, and—no, I won't be quiet. It isn't often—goodness knows!—that I speak; but seeing what I do, I won't be silent. *What do I see?* Why, there, Mr. Caudle, at the foot of the bed, I see all the blessed children in tatters—I see you in a jail, and the carpets hung out at the windows.

"And now I know why you talk in your sleep about a broad and narrow gauge! I couldn't think what was on your mind,—but now it's out. Ha! Mr. Caudle, there is something about a broad and narrow way that I wish you'd remember—but you've turned quite a heathen: yes, you think of nothing but money now. *Don't I like money?*

To be sure I do; but then I like it when I'm certain of it; no risks for me. Yes, it's all very well to talk about fortunes made in no time: they're like shirts made in no time—it's ten to one if they hang long together.

"And now it's plain enough why you can't eat, or drink, or sleep, or do anything. All your mind's allotted into railways; for you sha'n't make me believe that Eel-Island's the only one. Oh no! I can see by the looks of you. Why, in a little time, if you haven't as many lines in your face as there are lines laid down! Every one of your features seem cut up,—and all seem traveling from one another. Six months ago, Caudle, you hadn't a wrinkle; yes, you'd a cheek as smooth as any china, and now your face is like a map of England.

"At your time of life, too! You, who were for always going small and sure! You to make heads-and-tails of your money in this way! It's that stock-broker's dog at Flam Cottage—he's bitten you, I'm sure of it. You're not fit to manage your own property now; and I should be only acting the part of a good wife, if I were to call in the mad-doctors.

"Well, I shall never know rest any more now. There won't be a soul knock at the door after this, that I sha'n't think it's the man coming to take possession. 'Twill be something for the Chalkpits to laugh at when we're sold up. I think I see 'em here, bidding for all our little articles of bigotry and virtue, and—what are you laughing at? *They're not bigotry and virtue; but bijouterie and vertu?* It's all the same; only you're never so happy as when you're taking me up.

"If I can tell what's to come to the world, I'm a sinner! Everybody's for turning their farthings into double sovereigns and cheating their neighbors of the balance. And you, too—you're beside yourself, Caudle—I'm sure of it. I've watched you when you thought me fast asleep. And then you've lain, and whispered and whispered, and then hugged yourself; and laughed at the bed-posts, as if you'd seen 'em turned to sovereign gold. I do believe that you sometimes think that the patch-work quilt is made of thousand pound bank-notes.

"Well, when we're brought to the Union, then you'll find out your mistake. But it will be a poor satisfaction for me every night to tell you of it. What, Mr. Caudle? *They won't let me tell you of it?* And you call that 'some comfort?' And after the

wife I've been to you! But now I recollect. I think I've heard you praise that Union before; though, like a fond fool as I've always been, I never once suspected the reason of it.

"And now, of course, day and night you'll never be at home? No, you'll live and sleep at Eel-Pie Island! I shall be left alone with nothing but my thoughts, thinking when the broker will come, and you'll be with your brother directors. I may slave and I may toil to save sixpences; and you'll be throwing away hundreds. And then the expensive tastes you've got. Nothing good enough for you now. I'm sure you sometimes think yourself King Solomon. But that comes of making money—if, indeed, you have made any—without earning it. No: I don't talk nonsense: people *can* make money without earning it. And when they do, why it's like taking a lot of spirits at one draught; it gets into their head, and they don't know what they're about. And you're in that state now, Mr. Caudle; I'm sure of it, by the way of you. There's a tipsiness of the pocket as well as of the stomach,—and you're in that condition at this very moment.

"Not that I should so much mind—that is, if you *have* made money—if you'd stop at the Eel-Pie line. But I know what these things are: they're like treacle to flies: when men are well in 'em, they can't get out of 'em: or if they do, it's often without a feather to fly with. No: if you've really made money by the Eel-Pie line, and will give it to me to take care of for the dear children, why, perhaps, love, I'll say no more of the matter. What! *Nonsense?* Yes, of course: I never ask you for money, but that's the word.

"And now, catch you stopping at the Eel-Pie line! Oh, no, I know your aggravating spirit. In a day or two I shall see another fine flourish in the paper, with a proposal for a branch from Eel-Pie Island to the Chelsea Bun-house. Give you a mile of rail, and—I know you men, you'll take a hundred. Well, if it didn't make me quiver to read that stuff in the paper,—and your name to it! But I suppose it was Mr. Prettyman's work; for his precious name's among 'em. How you tell people 'that eelpies are now become an essential element of civilization'—I learnt all the words by heart, that I might say 'em to you—'that the Eastern population of London are cut off from the blessings of such a necessary—

and that by means of the projected line eel-pies will be brought home to the business and bosoms of Ratcliff highway, and the adjacent dependencies.' Well, when you men—lords of the creation, as you call yourselves—do get together to make up a company, or anything of that sort,—is there any story-book can come up to you? And so you look solemnly in one another's faces, and never so much as moving the corners of your mouths, pick one another's pockets. No, I'm not using hard words, Mr. Caudle, but only the words that's proper.

"And this I *must* say. Whatever you've got, I'm none the better for it. You never give me any of your Eel-Pie shares. What do you say? *You will give me some?* Not I—I'll have nothing to do with any wickedness of the kind. If, like any other husband, you choose to throw a heap of money into my lap—what? *You'll think of it?* *When the Eel-Pies go up?* Then I know what they're worth—they'll never fetch a farthing."

"She was suddenly silent"—writes Caudle—"and I was sinking into sleep, when she elbowed me, and cried 'Caudle, do you think they will be up to-morrow?'"

THE THIRTY-FOURTH LECTURE.

MRS. CAUDLE, SUSPECTING THAT MR. CAUDLE HAS MADE HIS WILL, IS "ONLY ANXIOUS AS A WIFE" TO KNOW ITS PROVISIONS.

"I ALWAYS said you'd a strong mind when you liked, Caudle; and what you've just been doing proves it. Some people won't make a will, because they think they must die directly afterwards. Now, you're above that, love, ar'n't you? Nonsense; you know very well what I mean. I know your will's made, for Scratcherly told me so. What? *You don't believe it?* Well, I'm sure! That's a pretty thing for a man to say to his wife. I know he's too much a man of business to talk; but I suppose there's a way of telling things without speaking them. And when I put the question to him, lawyer as he is, he hadn't the face to deny it.

"To be sure, it can be of no consequence to me whether your will is made or not. I shall not be alive, Mr. Caudle, to want anything: I shall be provided for a long time before your will's of any use. No, Mr. Caudle; I sha'n't survive you: and—though a

woman's wrong to let her affections for a man be known, for then she's always taken advantage of—though I know it's foolish and weak to say so, still I don't want to survive you. How should I? No, no; don't say that: I'm not good for a hundred—I sha'n't see you out, and another husband too. What a gross idea, Caudle! To imagine I'd ever think of marrying again. No, no—never! What? *That's what we all say?* Not at all; quite the reverse. To me the very idea of such a thing is horrible, and always was. Yes, I know very well that some do marry again,—but what they're made of, I'm sure I can't tell. Ugh!

"There are men, who leave their property in such a way that their widows, to hold it, must keep widows. Now, if there is anything in the world that is mean and small, it is that. Don't you think so too, Caudle? Why don't you speak, love? That's so like you! I never want a little quiet, rational talk, but you want to go to sleep. But you never were like any other man! What? *How do I know?* There now,—that's so like your aggravating way. I never open my lips upon a subject, but you try to put me off. I've no doubt when Miss Prettyman speaks, you can answer *her* properly enough. There you are, again! Upon my life, it is odd; but I never can in the most innocent way mention that person's name that—*Why can't I leave her alone?* I'm sure—with all my heart! Who wants to talk about her? I don't: only you always will say something that's certain to bring up her name.

"What was I saying, Caudle? Oh, about the way some men bind their widows. To my mind, there is nothing so little. When a man forbids his wife marrying again without losing what he leaves—it's what I call selfishness after death, mean to a degree! It's like taking his wife into the grave with him. Eh? *You never want to do that?* No, I'm sure of that, love: you're not the man to tie a woman up in that mean manner. A man who'd do that, would have his widow burnt with him, if he could—just as those monsters, that call themselves men, do in the Indies.

"However, it's no matter to me how you've made your will; but it may be to your second wife. What? *I shall never give you a chance?* Ha! you don't know my constitution, after all, Caudle. I'm not at all the woman I was. I say nothing about 'em, but very often you don't know

my feelings. And as we're on the subject, dearest, I have only one favor to ask. When you marry again—now it's no use your saying that. After the comforts you've known of marriage—what are you sighing at, dear?—after the comforts you must marry again. Now don't forswear yourself in that violent way, taking an oath that you know you must break—you couldn't help it, I'm sure of it; and I know you better than you know yourself. Well, all I ask is, love, because it's only for your sake, and it would make no difference to me then—how should it?—but all I ask is, don't marry Miss Pret—There! there! I've done; I won't say another word about it; but all I ask is, don't. After the way you've been thought of, and after the comforts you've been used to, Caudle, she wouldn't be the wife for you. Of course, I could then have no interest in the matter—you might marry the Queen of England, for what it would be to me then—I'm only anxious about you. Mind, Caudle, I'm not saying anything against her; not at all; but there's a flightiness in her manner—I dare say, poor thing, she means no harm, and it may be, as the saying is, only her manner after all—still, there is a flightiness about her that, after what you've been used to, would make you very wretched. Now, if I may boast of anything, Caudle, it is my propriety of manner the whole of my life. I know that wives who're very particular, ar'n't thought as well of as those who're not—still, it's next to nothing to be virtuous, if people don't seem so. And virtue, Caudle—no, I'm not going to preach about virtue, for I never do. No; and I don't go about with my virtue, like a child with a drum, making all sorts of noises with it. But I know your principles. I shall never forget what I once heard you say to Prettyman: and it's no excuse that you'd taken so much wine you didn't know what you were saying at the time; for wine brings out men's wickedness, just as fire brings out spots of grease. *What did you say?* Why you said this:—'Virtue is a beautiful thing in women, when they don't make so much noise about it; but there's some women, who think virtue was given 'em, as claws were given to cats'—yes, cats was the word—'to do nothing but scratch with.' That's what you said. *You don't recollect a syllable of it?* No, that's it; when you're in that dreadful state, you recollect nothing: but it's a good thing I do.

"But we won't talk of that, love—that's all over: I dare say you meant nothing. But I'm glad you agree with me, that the man who'd tie up his widow, not to marry again, is a mean man. It makes me happy that you've that confidence in me to say that. *You never said it?* That's nothing to do with it—you've just as good as said it. No: when a man leaves all his property to his wife, without binding her hands for marrying again, he shows what a dependence he has upon her love. He proves to all the world what a wife she's been to him; and how, after his death, he knows she'll grieve for him. And then, of course, a second marriage never enters her head. But when she only keeps his money so long as she keeps a widow, why, she's aggravated to take another husband. I'm sure of it; many a poor woman has been driven into wedlock again, only because she was spited into it by her husband's will. It's only natural to suppose it. If I thought, Caudle, you could do such a thing, though it would break my heart to do it,—yet, though you were dead and gone, I'd show you I'd a spirit, and marry again directly. Not but what it's ridiculous my talking in such a way, as I shall go long before you; still, mark my words, and don't provoke me with any will of that sort, or I'd do it—as I'm a living woman in this bed to-night, I'd do it."

"I did not contradict her," says Caudle, "but suffered her to slumber in such assurance."

THE THIRTY-FIFTH LECTURE.

MRS. CAUDLE "HAS BEEN TOLD" THAT CAUDLE HAS "TAKEN TO PLAY" AT BILLIARDS.

You'RE late to-night, dear. *It's not late?* Well, then, it isn't, that's all. Of course, a woman can never tell when it's late. You were late on Tuesday, too: a little late on the Friday before; on the Wednesday before that—now, you needn't twist about in that manner; I'm not going to say anything—no; for I see it's now no use. Once, I own, it used to fret me when you staid out; but that's all over: you've now brought me to that state, Caudle—and it's your own fault, entirely—that I don't care whether you ever come home or not. I never thought that I could be brought to think so little of you; but you've done it:

you've been treading on the worm for these twenty years, and it's turned at last.

"Now, I'm not going to quarrel; that's all over: I don't feel enough for you to quarrel with you—I don't, Caudle, as true as I'm in bed. All I want of you is—any other man would speak to his wife, and not lie there like a log—all I want is this. Just tell me where you were on Tuesday? You were not at dear mother's, though you know she's not well, and you know she thinks of leaving the dear children her money; but you never had any feeling for anybody belonging to me. And you were not at your Club: no, I know that. And you were not at any theatre. *How do I know?* Ha, Mr. Caudle! I only wish I didn't know. No; you were not at any of these places; but I know well enough where you were. *Then why do I ask, if I know?* That's it: just to prove what a hypocrite you are: just to show you that you can't deceive me.

"So, Mr. Caudle—you've turned billiard-player, sir. *Only once?* That's quite enough: you might as well play a thousand times; for you're a lost man, Caudle. Only once, indeed. I wonder if I was to say 'only once,' what would you say to me? But, of course, a man can do no wrong in anything.

"And you're a lord of the creation, Mr. Caudle; and you can stay away from the comforts of your blessed fireside, and the society of your own wife and children—though, to be sure, you never thought anything of them—to push ivory balls about with a long stick upon a green table-cloth. What pleasure any man can take in such stuff must astonish any sensible woman. I pity you, Caudle!

"And you can go and do nothing but make 'cannons'—that's the gibberish they talk at billiards—when there's the manly and athletic game of cribbage, as my poor grandmother used to call it, at your own hearth. You can go into a billiard-room—you, a respectable tradesman, or as you set yourself up for one, for if the world knew all, there's but little respectability in you—you can go and play billiards with a set of creatures in mustachios, when you might take a nice, quiet hand with me at home. But no! anything but cribbage with your own wife!

"Caudle, it's all over now; you've gone to destruction. I never knew a man enter a billiard-room that he wasn't lost forever. There was my uncle Wardle; a better man

never broke the bread of life; he took to billiards, and he didn't live with aunt a month afterwards. *A lucky fellow?* And that's what you call a man who leaves his wife—a 'lucky fellow?' But, to be sure, what can I expect? We shall not be together long, now: it's been some time coming, but at last, we must separate: and the wife I've been to you!

"But I know who it is; it's that fiend, Prettyman. I *will* call him a fiend, and I'm by no means a foolish woman: you'd no more thought of billiards than a goose, if it hadn't been for him. Now, it's no use, Caudle, your telling me that you have only been once, and that you can't hit a ball anyhow—you'll soon get over all that; and then you'll never be home. You'll be a marked man, Caudle; yes, marked: there'll be something about you that'll be dreadful; for if I couldn't tell a billiard-player by his looks, I've no eyes, that's all. They all of them look as yellow as parchment, and wear mustachios—I suppose you'll let yours grow, now; though they'll be a good deal troubled to come, I know that. Yes, they've all a yellow and sly look; just for all as if they were first-cousins to people that picked pockets. And that will be your case, Caudle: in six months, the dear children won't know their own father.

"Well, if I know myself at all, I could have borne anything but billiards. The companions you'll find! The captains that will be always borrowing fifty pounds of you! I tell you, Caudle, a billiard-room's a place where ruin of all sorts is made easy, I may say, to the lowest understanding,—so you can't miss it. It's a chapel of ease for the devil to preach in—don't tell me not to be eloquent: I don't know what you mean, Mr. Caudle, and I shall be just as eloquent as I like. But I never can open my lips—and it isn't often, goodness knows!—that I'm not insulted.

"No, I won't be quiet on this matter; I won't, Caudle: on any other, I wouldn't say a word—and you know it—if you didn't like it; but on this matter I *will* speak. I know you can't play at billiards; and never could learn—I dare say not; but that makes it all the worse, for look at the money you'll lose; see the ruin you'll be brought to. It's no use your telling me you'll not play—now you can't help it. And nicely you'll be eaten up. Don't talk to me; dear aunt told me all about it. The lots of fellows that go every day into billiard-rooms to get their

dinners, just as a fox sneaks into a farm-yard to look about him for a fat goose—and they'll eat you up, Caudle: I know they will.

"Billiard-balls, indeed! Well, in my time I've been over Woolwich Arsenal—you were something like a man, then, for it was just before we were married—and then I saw all sorts of balls; mountains of 'em, to be shot away at churches, and into people's peaceable habitations, breaking the china, and nobody knows what—I say, I've seen all these balls—well, I know I've said that before; but I choose to say it again—and there's not one of 'em, iron as they are, that could do half the mischief of a billiard-ball. That's a ball, Caudle, that's gone through many a wife's heart, to say nothing of her children. And that's a ball, that night and day you'll be destroying your family with. Don't tell me you'll not play! When once a man's given to it—as my poor aunt used to say—the devil's always tempting him with a ball as he tempted Eve with an apple.

"I never shall think of being happy any more. No: that's quite out of the question. You'll be there every night—I know you will, better than you, so don't deny it—every night over that wicked green cloth. Green indeed! It's red, crimson red, Caudle, if you could only properly see it—crimson red, with the hearts those balls have broken. Don't tell me not to be pathetic—I shall: as pathetic as it suits me. I suppose I may speak. However, I've done. It's all settled now. You're a billiard player and I'm a wretched woman."

"I did not deny either position," writes Caudle, "and for this reason—I wanted to sleep."

THE LAST LECTURE.

MRS. CAUDLE HAS TAKEN COLD: THE TRAGEDY OF THIN SHOES.

"I'm not going to contradict you, Caudle; you may say what you like—but I think I ought to know my own feelings better than you. I don't wish to upbraid you, neither; I'm too ill for that; but it's not getting wet in thin shoes,—oh, no! it's my mind, Caudle, my mind, that's killing me. Oh, yes! gruel indeed—you think gruel will cure a woman of anything; and you know, too, how I hate it. Gruel can't reach what I suffer; but,

of course, nobody is ever ill but yourself. Well, I—I didn't mean to say that; but when you talk in that way about thin shoes, a woman says, of course, what she doesn't mean; she can't help it. You're always going on about my shoes, when I think I'm the fittest judge of what becomes me best. I dare say,—'twould be all the same to you if I put on plowman's boots; but I am not going to make a figure of my feet, I can tell you. I've never got cold with the shoes I've worn yet, and 'tisn't likely I should begin now.

"No, Caudle: I wouldn't wish to say anything to accuse you; no, goodness knows, I wouldn't make you uncomfortable for the world,—but the cold I've got I got ten years ago. I have never said anything about it—but it has never left me. Yes; ten years ago, the day before yesterday. *How can I recollect it?* Oh, very well: women remember things you never think of: poor souls! they've good cause to do so. Ten years ago, I was sitting up for you,—there now, I'm not going to say anything to vex you, only do let me speak: ten years ago, I was waiting for you, and I fell asleep, and the fire went out, and when I woke up I was sitting right in the draught of the keyhole. That was my death, Caudle, though don't let that make you uneasy love; for I don't think you meant to do it.

"Ha! it's all very well for you to call it nonsense; and to lay your ill-conduct upon my shoes. That's like a man, exactly. There never was a man yet that killed his wife, who couldn't give a good reason for it. No: I don't mean to say that you've killed me: quite the reverse: still, there's never been a day that I haven't felt that keyhole. What? *Why won't I have a doctor?* What's the use of a doctor? Why should I put you to expense? Besides, I dare say you'll do very well without me, Caudle: yes, after a little time, you won't miss me much—no man ever does.

"Peggy tells me, Miss Prettyman called to-day. *What of it?* Nothing, of course. Yes; I know she heard I was ill, and that's why she came. A little indecent, I think, Mr. Caudle; she might wait; I sha'n't be in her way long; she may soon have the key of the caddy, now.

"Ha! Mr. Caudle, what's the use of your calling me your dearest soul, now. Well, I do believe you. I dare say you do mean it: that is, I hope you do. Nevertheless, you can't expect I can lie quiet in this bed and

think of that young woman—not, indeed, that she's near so young as she gives herself out. I bear no malice toward her, Caudle—not the least. Still, I don't think I could lie at peace in my grave if—well, I won't say anything more about her; but you know what I mean.

"I think dear mother would keep house beautifully for you, when I'm gone. Well, love, I won't talk in that way, if you desire it. Still, I've a dreadful cold; though I won't allow it for a minute to be the shoes—certainly not. I never would wear 'em thick, and you know it, and they never gave me cold yet. No, dearest Caudle, it's ten years ago that did it; not that I'll say a syllable of the matter to hurt you. I'd die first.

"Mother, you see, knows all your little ways; and you wouldn't get another wife to study you and pet you up as I've done—a second wife never does; it isn't likely she should. And after all, we've been very happy. It hasn't been my fault, if we've had a word or two, for you couldn't help now and then being aggravating; nobody can help their tempers always,—especially men. Still we've been very happy—haven't we, Caudle?

"Good-night. Yes,—this cold does tear me to pieces; but for all that, it isn't the shoes. God bless you, Caudle; no,—it's not the shoes. I won't say it's the keyhole; but again I say, it's not the shoes. God bless you once more—but never say it's the shoes."

It can hardly, we think, be imagined that Mrs. Caudle, during her fatal illness, never mixed admonishment with soothing as before; but such fragmentary Lectures were, doubtless, considered by her disconsolate widower as having too touching, too solemn an import to be vulgarized by type. They were, however, printed on the heart of Caudle; for he never ceased to speak of the late partner of his bed but as either his "sainted creature," or "that angel now in heaven."

THE POSTSCRIPT.

OUR duty of editorship is closed. We hope we have honestly fulfilled the task of selection from a large mass of papers. We could have presented to the female world a Lecture for Every Night in the Year. Yes,—three hundred and sixty-five separate Lectures. We trust, however, that we have

done enough. And if we have armed weak woman with even one argument in her unequal contest with that imperious creature, man—if we have awarded to a sex, as Mrs. Caudle herself was wont to declare, "put upon from the beginning," the slightest means of defense—if we have supplied a solitary text to meet any one of the manifold wrongs with which woman, in her household life, is continually pressed by her tyrannic task-master, man,—we feel that we have only paid back one grain, hardly one, of that mountain of more than gold it is our felicity to owe her.

During the progress of these Lectures, it has very often pained us, and that excessively, to hear from unthinking, inexperienced men—bachelors of course—that every woman, no matter how divinely composed, has in her ichor-flowing veins one drop—"no bigger than a wren's eye"—of Caudle; that Eve herself may now and then have been guilty of a lecture, murmuring it balmily amongst the rose-leaves.

It may be so; still, be it our pride never to believe it.

THE END OF CAUDLE'S C. LECTURES.

THE BISHOP AND THE COLLIER.

THE *Birmingham Morning News* relates a good story, in which the Bishop of Lichfield is the prominent figure. It is to the effect that while walking in the Black country, a short time ago, his Lordship saw a number of miners seated on the ground, and went toward them with the object of saying a "word in season." He asked them what they were doing, and was told by one of the men that they had been "loynin." The Bishop evinced some astonishment, and asked for an explanation. "Why, you see," said one of the men, "one of us fun' (found) a kettle, and we been a trying who can tell the biggest lie to ha' it." His Lordship was shocked, and proceeded to read the men a lecture, telling them, among other things, that he had always been taught that lying was an awful offence, and that, in fact, so strongly had this been impressed upon him that he had never told a lie in the whole course of his life. His Lordship had barely finished when one of the men, who had previously remained silent, exclaimed: "Gi'e the governor the kettle; gi'e the governor the kettle."

THE QUAKER'S MEETING.

A TRAVELLER wended the wilds among,
 With a purse of gold and a silver tongue;
 His hat it was broad and all drab were his
 clothes,
 For he hated high colours—except on his
 nose;
 And he met with a lady, the story goes.
 Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

The damsel she cast him a beamy blink,
 And the traveller nothing was loth, I think.
 Her merry black eye beamed her bonnet be-
 neath,
 And the Quaker he grinned—for he'd very
 good teeth—
 And he asked, "Art thee going to ride on the
 heath?"
 Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

"I hope you'll protect me, kind sir," said
 the maid,
 "As to ride this heath over I'm sadly afraid;
 For robbers, they say, here in numbers
 abound,
 And I wouldn't 'for anything' I should be
 found,
 For—between you and me—I have five hun-
 dred pound."
 Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

"If that is thee own, dear," the Quaker he
 said,
 "I ne'er saw a maiden I sooner would wed;
 And I have another five hundred just now,
 In the padding that's under my saddle-bow,
 And I'll settle it all upon thee, I vow!"
 Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

The maiden she smiled, and her rein she drew,
 "Your offer I'll take—though I'll not take
 you."
 A pistol she held at the Quaker's head—
 "Now give me your gold—or I'll give you
 my lead—
 'Tis under the saddle I think you said."
 Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

The damsel she ripped up the saddle-bow,
 And the Quaker was never a Quaker till now,
 And he saw, by the fair one he wished for a
 bride,
 His purse borne away with a swaggering
 stride,
 And the eye that shamm'd tender, now only
 defied.
 Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

"The spirit doth move me, friend Broad-
 brim," quoth she,
 "To take all this filthy temptation from thee,
 For Mammon deceiveth—and beauty is fleet-
 ing.
 Accept from thy *maid'n* a right loving greet-
 ing,
 For much doth she profit by this Quaker's
 meeting."
 Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

"And hark! jolly Quaker, so rosy and sly,
 Have righteousness, more than a wench, in
 thine eye.
 Don't go again peeping girls' bonnets beneath,
 Remember the one that you met on the heath;
 Her name's *Jimmy* Barlow—I tell to your
 teeth!"
 Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

"Friend James," quoth the Quaker, "pray
 listen to me,
 For thou canst confer a great favor, d'ye see;
 The gold thou hast taken is not mine, my
 friend,
 But my master's—and truly on thee I depend
 To make it appear I my trust did defend."
 Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

"So fire a few shots through my clothes, here
 and there,
 To make it appear 'twas a desp'rate affair."
 So Jim he pop'd first through the skirt of
 his coat,
 And then through his collar—quite close to
 his throat;
 "Now one through my broadbrim," quoth
 Ephraim, "I vote."
 Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

"I have but a brace," said bold Jim, "and
 they're spent,
 And I won't load again for a make-believe
 rent."
 "Then," said Ephraim, producing his pistols,
 "just give
 My five hundred pounds back, or as sure as
 you live
 I'll make of your body a riddle or sieve."
 Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

Jim Barlow was diddled—and, though he was
 game,
 He saw Ephraim's pistol so deadly in aim,
 That he gave up the gold, and he took to his
 scrapers,
 And when the whole story got into the papers,
 They said that "*the thieves were no match for
 the Quakers.*"
 Heigho! *yea* thee and *nay* thee.

SAMUEL LOVER, 1787-1868.

SPEECH OF GEN. WM. H. MCCARTNEY

AT A COMPLIMENTARY BANQUET TENDERED TO COL. M. S. QUAY, CHAIRMAN OF THE REPUBLICAN STATE COMMITTEE, PA., PHILA., NOV. 23, 1878.

"THE 'Speakers in the Campaign' was the next toast, and Gen. William H. McCartney was called upon, amidst great applause, to respond. He said:

MR. CHAIRMAN, AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CLUB: I thank you for the privilege of participating in this expression of your appreciation of your distinguished guest. Some one—of a Keely Motor turn of mind—has declared that the true theory of politics is principles, not men. But you might as well say that the true theory of agriculture is land, not ploughs. Because, you can't elect Governors on principles alone—I refer particularly to Governors from Luzerne—without men to develop them, any more than potatoes dropped on the virgin hillsides, can be made to pan out heavily in the fall of the year. And the campaign we have just concluded, more than any other I have ever known, called for a master mind to direct the development of true principles and the combating of the heresies of political lunatics. I confess though, I had my doubts and my misgivings, when the Chairman of the State Central Committee informed me that I was to instruct the intelligent public as to the finances of the country. [Laughter.] Because, up to that time, as a financier, I had not been a positive success. I had always managed to live within hailing distance of the almshouse, and I had only succeeded in proving my financial superiority over an occasional tailor. [Laughter.]

And the method your distinguished guest adopted with me proves his ability to manage crude materials.

"Go to Rouseville," said he "open up on the Rousevillians, and let us see how they stand it." [Great laughter.]

Now, I am opposed to betting, on principle—unless I have three of a kind—but I am willing to wager \$100,000 in gold coin there is not a man in this room who ever heard of Rouseville prior to the nomination of Henry M. Hoyt. Why, I spent a week hunting for Rouseville, and

I finally got as far west as Pittsburg, where Russel Errett introduced me to a sheriff who had sold out Rouseville two years before. And he told me he did not realize enough on his writs to meet the costs. Rouseville is an aggregation of oil pumps—and if pumps could have voted, what a majority Rouseville would have rolled up for the sweet child of the circus—and each one of these pumps has a separate and distinct creak; for, while they are pumping for oil—and the motions of these pumps are well calculated to disturb the nerves of a man given to strong drink—they don't raise enough oil with which to grease their machinery. [Great laughter.]

The principal occupation of the Rousevillians is pulling each other out of holes in their sidewalks. [Applause and laughter.] Oh, it's a lively, cheerful town, Rouseville is. [Applause and laughter.] They postponed a funeral three days before I got there. They said they wanted to get up an entertainment for the speaker. [Roars of laughter and applause.] They told me—the Rousevillians did—that I was to treat in my remarks of the living issues of the day. And the living issue that agitated what the average Rousevillian was pleased to call his mind was a one-armed soldier, who had been turned out of the postoffice for reaching too far with his remaining arm. [Great laughter.] I told them that the logical connection between the one-armed patriot and hard money was not visible to the naked eye of the casual observer, and I suggested they might average up things by cutting off an arm of the man who got into the one-armed patriot's place, [Laughter], a proposition the present incumbent did not seem to regard with favor. I then invited the entire Republican party of Rouseville up to drink. It consisted of the Postmaster and a man who wants to be sealer of weights and measures under Gen. Hoyt. I might remark in this connection there seem to be two classes of people in this State, those who want to be sealers of weights and measures, and those who don't. The first class is rather the most numerous, and the second, well, the second is backing up the first. [Laughter and applause.] And then, following the example of my associates on the stump, I telegraphed to the papers that the speaker was an immense success.

[Laughter.] From Rouseville your distinguished guest sent me to Linesville. Well, going from Rouseville to Linesville is like going from one ward in hell to another ward. For the Spiritualists tell us that hell is cut up into wards, and most of them, they say, are strongly Democratic. At the station I was met by a Republican delegation, which thought he was doing me a favor by informing me that he kept a temperance house. [Laughter.] It only shows how a man's face will get him into difficulty. And he added that Linesville was principally inhabited by infidels. I was about to inform him that the character of his house had prepared me for that piece of intelligence, when it occurred to me that Linesville might pan out rich in votes for our candidate for Governor, in view of his alleged want of religious tendencies. [Laughter.] And I at once dropped the character of an Orange Irishman I had intended for that night, and told him, that I was a lineal descendant of Thomas Paine. [Cheers and laughter].

When we reached the village the entire Republican party of Linesville turned out to receive me, as the reporters would say, "en masse." That is to say, the Postmaster sent over his boy. He said the Civil Service rules did not permit him to come in person. He was a remarkably strong and healthy boy. [Laughter]. And by the stove of that temperance house I soon fell into sound and refreshing slumber. Later in the afternoon another Republican delegation called on me. It consisted of a venerable and one-eyed cooper, who informed me that in my address I was to treat of religion.

Now, Mr. Chairman, if I had my doubts and misgivings about my ability to treat of the finances of the country, just imagine the consternation that proposition created within me; because, I suppose, I know less about religion to the square inch than any man in North America. [Laughter.] However, I told them that Mr. Speer had done up his man in orange and shamrock—claiming that he was a religionist of some kind or another, just as the locality required—and if they proposed to vote against our man [laughter] whom even our enemies claimed to be an infidel, they weren't the kind of Tom Paine men I took them to

be; and I added, that as for myself, I had always fought shy of Sunday-schools, and that nothing gave me greater pleasure than to read in the daily prints that a Fijee chief had eaten another missionary. I also proved that Tom Paine was a hard money man, and suggested there might be something radically wrong in the system, which invariably guaranteed a rich man into heaven, and allowed so many poor devils to cast about for themselves for lodgings in eternity.

Now, Mr. Chairman I want to submit in explanation of what I have said, that the thoroughness of his campaign as evinced in sending me to these extreme limits of civilization was just what won us the victory. The average citizen is intelligent and patriotic; but while he reads much he digests little, and, in the peaceful contest of the ballot, he needs constant and frequent urgings to get him up to the ballot-box. [Cheers.]

"GONE FROM THE KEN OF UNGENTLE MEN."

By the wide lake's margin I marked her lie,—
The wide, wierd lake where the alders
sigh,—

A young fair thing, with a shy soft eye;
And I deemed that her thoughts had flown
To her home, and her brethren, and sisters
dear,
As she lay there watching the dark, deep
mere,
All motionless, all alone.

Then I heard a noise, as of men and boys,
And a boisterous troop drew nigh.
Whither now will retreat those fairy feet?
Where hide till the storm pass by?
One glance,—the wild glance of a hunted
thing,—
She cast behind her; she gave one spring;
And there followed a splash and a broadening
ring
On the lake where the alders sigh.

She was gone from the ken of ungentle men!
Yet scarce did I mourn for that;
For I knew she was safe in her own home
then,
And, the danger past, would appear again;
For she was a water-rat.

C. S. CALVERLY.

DOWNFALL OF A DUDE.

Adolphus wore his breeches tight ;—
 Of that he didn't think
 When he put on the roller skates
 To show off at the rink.
 His first adventure was his last ;
 He'll put on skates no more ;
 He tried to kick the roof all in,
 And sat down on the floor.

When Dolphy dropped, the girls all laughed,
 It was an awful fall—
 And when they had their backs all turned
 He backed up 'gainst the wall ;
 He called a friend, took off the skates,
 And, giving him a wink,
 Said : "Jim, lend me that long-tailed coat ;
 I want to leave this rink."

CLERICAL WIT.

A parson, who a missionary had been,
 And hardships and privations oft had seen,
 While wandering far on lone and desert
 strands,
 A weary traveller in benighted lands,
 Would often picture to his little flock
 The terrors of the gibbet and the block ;
 How martyrs suffer'd in the ancient times,
 And what men suffer now in other climes ;
 And though his words were eloquent and
 deep,
 His hearers oft indulged themselves in sleep.
 He marked with sorrow each unconscious
 nod,
 Within the portals of the house of God,
 And once this new expedient thought he'd
 take
 In his discourse, to keep the rogues awake—
 Said he, "While travelling in a distant
 state,
 I witness'd scenes which I will here relate :
 'Twas in a deep, uncultivated wild,
 Where noontide glory scarcely ever smiled ;
 Where wolves in hours of midnight darkness
 howl'd—
 Where bears frequented, and where panthers
 prowled ;
 And, on my word, *mosquitoes* there were
 found,
 Many of which, I think, would weigh a
 pound ;

More fierce and ravenous than the hungry
 shark—

They oft were known to climb the trees and
bark !"

The audience seem'd taken by surprise—
 All started up and rubb'd their wondering
 eyes ;

At such a tale they all were much amazed,
 Each drooping lid was in an instant raised,
 And we must say, in keeping heads erect,
 It had its destined and desired effect.
 But tales like this credulity appall'd ;
 Next day, the deacons on the pastor call'd,
 And begg'd to know how he could ever
 tell

The foolish falsehoods from his lips that
 fell.

"Why, sir," said one, "think what a mon-
 strous weight!

Were they as large as you were pleased to
 state ?

You said they'd weigh a pound ! It can't
 be true ;

We'll not believe it, though 'tis told by
 you !"

"Ah, but it is !" the parson quick replied ;

"In what I stated you may well confide ;

Many, I said, sir—and the story's good—
 Indeed I think that *many* of them would ?"

The deacon saw at once that he was caught,
 Yet deem'd himself relieved, on second
 thought.

"But then the *barking*—think of that, good
 man !

Such monstrous lies ! Explain it if you
 can !"

"Why, that my friend, I can explain with
 ease—

*They climbed the bark, sir, when they
 climbed the trees !*"

A CAPITAL story used to be told of
 David Roberts. An art critic, who was
 his personal friend, published a sharp at-
 tack upon certain pictures of his, just ex-
 hibited. "My dear Roberts," wrote the
 critic in a private letter, "you have seen
 my remarks on your pictures ; I hope
 they will make no difference in our friend-
 ship. Yours, etc., ———." "My dear
 ———," wrote the painter in reply, "the
 next time I meet you I shall pull your
 nose. I hope it will make no difference
 in our friendship. Yours, etc., D. Rob-
 erts."

HUMORS OF DUELLING.

SAINTE BEUVE once fought a duel. It began to rain slightly after he had taken his position, whereupon he coolly held his umbrella over his head with the left hand while holding the pistol in his right. The expostulations of his witnesses had no effect upon him. "It's all very well to be killed," said the famous essayist, "but I object to catching a cold in my head." There is a droll story about Perpignan, a literary Bohemian, having an encounter with Charles Maurice at five paces. The former having fired, and having contrived to miss, the other, taking deliberate aim, said to his antagonist: "Well, now, before I send you into the other world, tell me what you are thinking of." "I'm thinking that if I were in your place I would not fire," said Perpignan; and he owed his life to his presence of mind. There is a much quoted anecdote of an encounter between a dramatic author and his critic, the latter being a first rate shot. After the author had fired and missed, the journalist aimed accurately at his adversary's hat, and pierced it with the utmost precision; whereupon the dramatist flew into a violent passion, protested that it was unfair and exclaimed: "If you had told me what you were going to do I would have put on an old hat."

A HINT FOR BORES.

SOME time ago, there lived a gentleman of indolent habits, who made a business in the winter season of visiting his friends extensively. After wearing out his welcome in his own immediate vicinity last winter, he thought he would visit an old Quaker friend, some twenty miles distant, who had been an old school-fellow of his. On his arrival he was cordially received by the Quaker, he thinking his visitor had taken much pains to come so far to see him. He treated his friend with great attention and politeness for several days, but as he did not see any signs of his leaving, he became uneasy, but bore it with patience till the morning of the eighth day, when he said to him:

"My friend, I am afraid thee will never visit me again."

"Oh, yes, I shall," said the visitor; "I have enjoyed my visit very much; I shall certainly come again."

"Nay," said the Quaker, "I think thee will never visit me again."

"What makes you think I will not come again?" asked the visitor.

"If thee does never leave," said the Quaker, "how can thee come again?"

The visitor left.

A LOST DOG.

His name vas Bismarck, mit only vone eye, on account of a old plack cat, vot belongs to a serfant Irish gals mit red-headed hair. Also he has only drie legs, on account of a mocolotif-engines mitout any bull-ketcher. He vas a dog, Bismarck vas. He vas palt-headed all ofer himself, gonsquence of red hot vater, on account of fighting mit a old maids cat. On vone end of himself vas skituated his head—und his tail it vas py de oder endt. He only carries about vone half of his tail mit him, on account of a circular saw-mill. He looks a good deal more older as he is already, but he ain't qvite so oldt as dot until de next Christmas.

De vay vot you can know him is, if you calls him "Shack," he von't say notings, but makes answers to de name "Bismarck" by saying "Pow-vow-vow!" und, in de meantime, vagging half of his tail—dot oder half vos cut off, so he can't, of course, shake it. Also, if you t'row some stones on top of him, he vill run like de teufel, und holler "Ky-yi! ky-yi!" Dot's de vay you can told my dog.

He looks like a cross petween a bull-foundlandt und a cat-mit-nine-tails—but he ain't. He got not esen von whole tail, und he ain't cross not a pit.

I haf been eferywheres looking for dot tog. When I am in Canada de last veek, a pig loafermans comes up to me, und says:

"Do you know I know you?"

"No, you don't. Do I know you? If I know you, told me vonce who I vas."

"You vas Mr. Ross," says he, "und you vas looking for your leetle Sharley."

"No, sir; I vas Von Boyle," says I, "und I vas looking for my leetle Bismarck."

I vill pay eferyvone vot vill brought me dot tog or send him pack, fifteen cents C. O. D., by Adams' Express office, mit a money order und de prifilege of examining before taking, to see if it vas maype counterfeit.

Anoder vay vot you could told if it vas Bismarck is dot he vos almost a dwin. He would pe half of a bair of dwins dot time, only dere was dree of dem—a bair of dwins und a half.

Also he got scars on de top of his side, where he scratched himself mit a Thomas cat—but dot Thomas cat nefer recovered himself.

You can also tell Bismarck on accountd of his vunderful inshtinct. He can out-inshtinct any tog vot you nefer saw in my life. For inshtinct, if you pat him on top of his head mit your hand, he knows right avaydot you like him, but if you pat him on de head mit a pavement shtones or de shtick of a proom, den he vill suspect right off dot you care not fery much about him.

WILHELM VON BOYLE,
City Vashington.

A CLERGYMAN'S SIMPLICITY.

WITH all his grand shrewdness of character, Chalmers—especially in his earlier life—was easily imposed upon, as Dr. Charles Rogers illustrates in the following anecdote:—

One Saturday morning the minister of Kilmany (Chalmers) stepped in. "My dear sir," said he, "I have been detained at Anster all the week, and I am unprepared for to-morrow's duty; so allow me to take your place, and, like a kind man, you'll take mine at Kilmany." My father consented. "I don't know what my housekeeper may have for you in the way of eating," he proceeded, "but there is very fine whiskey; and this reminds me I have discovered a method of eliminating the harsher and more deleterious particles from all spirituous liquors. I leave my bottles uncorked, and place them in an open cupboard, so that atmospheric air entering the necks of the bottles may mollify the fluid." "All very good," said my father. On a bottle of Mr. Chalmers's

rectified aqua being produced next day after dinner, at Kilmany, he found that other agencies than those of the atmosphere had been reducing the strength. Three-fourths of the liquor had evidently been poured out, and the remainder proportionately diluted with *aqua* from the well. Whiskey of such extreme mildness might be drunk readily. In the evening, as my father was approaching the manse, Mr. Chalmers met and hailed him. "Got well through, I hope?" "Oh, yes." "And some home comforts, too?" "Yes, a very good dinner, and very mild whiskey." "Glad you liked it; knew you would. I've fallen on the true secret." "It was so very mild that I finished the bottle." "Nonsense, my dear sir," said Mr. Chalmers, who now began to suspect his friend's sincerity; "had you done so you would not have been here to tell the tale." "Oh, yes," persisted my father, "I finished the bottle. The fact is, Mr. Chalmers, you're a bachelor, as well as myself, and if you take the corks out of your whiskey-bottles, and throw open your cupboards, your whiskey will be mild enough. Yours was mostly water." Chalmers was a little crestfallen, but added after a little—"depend upon it, sir, *the air* does it."

DEFINITION OF WIT.

BY ALLAN RAMSAY.¹

My easy friends, since ye think fit,
This night to lucubrate on *wit*;
And since ye judge that I compose,
My thoughts in rhyme better than prose,
I'll give my judgment in a sang,
And here it comes, be't right or wrang.
But first of a' I'd tell a tale,
That with my case runs parallel.
There was a stammering lad in Fife,
Wha could na, for his very life,
Speak without stammering very lang,
Yet never stammered when he sang.
His father's kiln he once saw burning,
Which made the lad run breathless mourning;
Hameward, with cliver strides he lap,
To tell his daddy his mishap.

¹ Allan Ramsay being but an indifferent orator, his friends alleged that he was not so happy in prose as rhyme; and being at a club, when it was his turn to tell a story, he delivered this "Definition of Wit."

At distance, ere he reached the door,
He stood, and raised a hideous roar :
His father, when he heard his voice,
Stepped out, and said—"Why a' this noise?"
The lad gap'd, and glower'd about,
But no ae word could he lug out,
His dad cried, kenning his defect—
"Sing, sing, or I shall break your neck!"
Then soon he gratified his sire,
And sung aloud, "*Your kiln's a-fire!*"

Now ye'll allow there's *wit* in that,
To tell a tale so very pat.

Bright *wit* appears in mony a shape,
Which some invent, and others ape,
Some shaw their *wit* in wearing claiths,
And some in coining of new oaths;
There's crambo *wit* in making rhyme,
And dancing *wit* in beating time;
There's method *wit* in story-telling,
In writing grammar, and right spelling;
Wit shines in knowledge of politics,
And, wow! what *wits* among the critics.

So far, my mates, excuse me while I play,
In strains ironic, with that heavenly ray;
Rays which the human intellects refine,
And make the man with brilliant lustre
shine,

Making him sprung from origin divine;
Yet may a well-rigg'd ship be full of flaws,
So may loose *wits* regard no sacred laws;
That ship the waves will soon to pieces
shake;

So 'midst his vices sink the *witty* rake.
But when on first-rate virtue *wit* attends
It both itself and virtue recommends,
And challenges respect where'er its blaze
extends.

[RICHARD HENRY STODDARD, born Massachusetts, 1825; lost his father who was a sea captain, at an early age, and earned his living for several years in an iron foundry in New York; printed privately in 1849 a volume of poems entitled *Footprints*, and a larger collection of *Poems* in 1852. He then received an appointment in the New York custom house, which he retained till 1870, and he is at present (1884) the literary critic of the New York *Evening Mail*.]

WHY BIDDY AND PAT MARRIED.

"Oh! why did you marry him, Biddy?
Why did you take Pat for your spouse?
Sure, he's neither purty nor witty,
And his hair is as red as a cow's!
You might had your pick had you wited,
You'd done a dale better with Tim;

And Phelim O'Toole was expectin'—
You couldn't do better nor him.
You talk of us young people courtin'—
Pray tell how *your* courtin' began,
When you were a widdy woman,
And he was a widdy man."

"Tim and Pat, miss, you see, was acquainted
Before they came over the sea,
When Pat was a-courtin' Norah,
And Tim was a-courtin' me.
She did not know much, the poor Norah,
Nor, for that matter, neither did Pat;
He had not the instinct of *some one*,
But no one had then told him that;
But he soon found it out for himself,—
For life at best's but a span—
When I was a widdy woman,
And he was a widdy man.

"I helped him to take care of Norah,
And when he compared her with me,
He saw, as he whispered one evening,
What a woman *one* woman could be.
She went out like the snuff of a candle;
Then the sickness seized upon Tim,
And we watched by his bedside together—
It was such a comfort to him.
I was not alone in my weeping,
Our tears in the same channel ran—
For I was a widdy woman,
And he was a widdy man.

"We had both had our troubles, mavour-
neen,
Though neither, perhaps, was to blame;
And we both knew by this what we wanted,
And were willing to pay for the same.
We knew what it was to be married,
And before the long twelvemonth had
flown,
We had made up our minds it was better
Not to live any longer alone;
We wasted no time shilly-shally,
Like you, miss, and Master Dan—
For I was a widdy woman,
And he was a widdy man.

B. H. STODDARD.

ONE does not mean to be personal, but,
if the young man who sat in the chair
where a lady had left a dish of maple
sugar to cool at the festival the other even-
ing, will return the saucer, he will save
himself further trouble.

JOHN PHENIX ON MULE ARTILLERY.

Out in a certain western fort, some time ago, the major conceived the idea that artillery might be used effectively in fighting with the Indians by dispensing with gun-carriages and fastening the cannon upon backs of mules. So he explained his views to the commandant, and it was determined to try the experiment. A howitzer was selected and strapped upon an ambulance mule, with the muzzle pointed toward the tail. When they had secured the gun, and loaded it with ball-cartridge, they led that calm and steadfast mule out on the bluff, and set up a target in the middle of the river to practice at. The rear of the mule was turned toward the target, and he was backed gently up to the edge of the bluff. The officers stood around in a semi-circle, while the major went up and inserted a time-fuse in the touch-hole of the howitzer. When the fuse was ready, the major lit it and retired. In a minute or two, the hitherto unruffled mule heard the fizzing back there on his neck, and it made him uneasy. He reached his head around to ascertain what was going on, and, as he did so, his body turned, and the howitzer began to sweep around the horizon. The mule at last became excited and his curiosity became more and more intense, and in a second or two he was standing with his four legs in a bunch, making six revolutions a minute, and the howitzer, understanding, threatening sudden death to every man within half a mile. The commandant was observed to climb suddenly up a tree; the lieutenants were seen sliding over the bluff into the river, as if they didn't care at all about the price of uniforms; the adjutant made good time toward the fort; the sergeant began to throw up breast-works with his bayonet, and the major rolled over the ground and groaned. In two or three minutes there was a puff of smoke, a dull thud, and the mule,—oh! where was he? A solitary jackass might have been seen turning successive back somersaults over the bluff, only to rest at anchor, finally, with his howitzer at the bottom of the river, while the ball went off toward the fort, hit the chimney of the major's quarters, and rattled the adobe bricks down into the parlor, and frightened the major's wife into con-

vulsions. They do not allude to it now, and no report of the results of the experiment was ever sent to the War Department.
G. H. DERRY, 1823-1861.
(John Phoenix.)

THE SOCIETY UPON THE STANISLAUS.

I RESIDE at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James:
I am not up to small deceit or any sinful games;
And I'll tell in simple language what I know about the row
That broke up our Society upon the Stanislaw.

But first I would remark, that 't is not a proper plan
For any scientific gent to whale his fellow-man;
And, if a member don't agree with his peculiar whim,
To lay for that same member for to "put a head" on him.

Now, nothing could be finer, or more beautiful to see,
Than the first six months' proceedings of that same society!
Till Brown of Calaveras brought a lot of fossil bones
That he found within a tunnel near the tene-ment of Jones.

Then Brown he read a paper, and he reconstructed there,
From those same bones, an animal that was extremely rare;
And Jones then asked the Chair for a suspension of the rules,
Till he could prove that those same bones was one of his lost mules.

Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile, and said he was at fault;
It seemed he had been trespassing on Jones's family vault;
He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr. Brown,
And on several occasions he had cleaned out the town.

Now I hold it is not decent for a scientific gent
To say another is an ass,—at least, to all intent;
Nor should the individual who happens to be meant
Reply by heaving rocks at him to any great extent.

Then Abner Dean of Angel's raised a point of order, when
A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen;
And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and
curled up on the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

For in less time than I write it, every member did engage
In a warfare with the remnants of a palæozoic age;
And the way they heaved those fossils in their anger was a sin,
Till the skull of an old mammoth caved the head of Thompson in.

And this is all I have to say of these improper games,
For I live at Table Mountain and my name is Truthful James,
And I've told in simple language what I know about the row
That broke up our Society upon the Stanislow.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE, b. 1839.

THE STORY OF THE BOOK AGENT.

A Philadelphia book agent canvassed James Watson, a rich and close New York man living at Elizabeth, until he bought a book—the "Early Christian Martyrs." Mr. Watson didn't want the book, but he bought it to get rid of the agent; then taking it under his arm he started for the train which takes him to his New York office.

The canvasser took note that the family was interested in that class of literature and made a mental resolution to see Mrs. Watson during the day; Mr. W. having incautiously dropped the remark that his wife generally did the book buying of the family.

By and by the book agent called, went in and persuaded the wife to buy another copy she being ignorant of the fact that her husband had bought the same book in the morning. When Mr. Watson came back from New York at night, Mrs. Watson showed him the book. "I don't want to see it," said Mr. Watson, frowning terribly.

"Why? husband," asked the wife.

"Because that rascally book agent sold

me the same book this morning. Now we've got two copies of the same book—two copies of the 'Early Christian Martyrs,' and—"

"But, husband, we can—"

"No, we can't, either?" interrupted Mr. Watson. "The man is off on the train before this. Confound it! I could kill the fellow. I—"

"Why, there he goes to the depot now," said Mrs. Watson, pointing out of the window at the retreating form of the book agent, making for the train.

"But it's too late to catch him, and I'm not dressed. I've taken off my boots, and —"

Just then Mr. Stevens, a neighbor of Mr. Watson, drove by, when Watson pounded on the window-pane in a frantic manner, almost frightening the horse.

"Here, Stevens," he shouted, "you're hitched up; won't you run your horse down to the train and hold that book agent till I come? Run! Catch 'm now!"

"All right," said Mr. Stevens, whipping up his horse and tearing down the road.

Mr. Stevens reached the train just as the conductor shouted "All aboard!"

"Book agent!" he yelled, as the book agent stepped on to the train. "Book agent! hold on! Mr. Watson wants to see you."

"Watson? Watson wants to see me?" repeated the seemingly puzzled book agent.

"Oh, I know what he wants! he wants to buy one of my books; but I can't miss the train to sell it to him."

"If that is all he wants, I can pay for it and take it back to him. How much is it?"

"Two dollars for the 'Early Christian Martyrs,'" said the book agent, as he reached for the money and passed the book out through the car window.

Just then Mr. Watson arrived, puffing and blowing, in his shirt sleeves. As he saw the train pull out he was too full for utterance.

"Well, I got it for you," said Stevens; "just got it, and that's all."

"Got what?" yelled Watson.

"Why, I got the book—'Early Christian Martyrs,' and—"

"By—the—great—guns!" moaned Watson, as he placed his hand on his brow and staggered into the middle of the street.

COUNTRYMEN AND THE DUDES.

Two of the dandies of the period, who pride themselves upon being called "dudes," with hair "banged," arms bowed, and legs so thin that they were actually ashamed to cast shadows upon the pavement, were mincing down the street, the other day, rejoicing in their inimitable and indescribable splendor and in their sensation they were creating.

Two country "gawks," who were seeing the city and staring about them in open-mouthed wonderment, came suddenly upon these marvelous productions of the Nineteenth century and were instantly struck dumb with amazement.

Finally, one of them gasped out to the other—
"Gosh, Zeke! What things we meets when we haint got no gun!"

CONCERNING A POUND OF BUTTER.

ONE winter evening, a country storekeeper in the Green Mountain state, was about closing up for the night, and while standing in the snow outside putting up the window-shutters, saw, through the glass, a lounging, worthless fellow within, grab a pound of fresh butter from the shelf and conceal it in his hat.

The act was no sooner detected than the revenge was hit upon, and a very few minutes found the Green Mountain storekeeper at once enjoying his appetite for fun to the fullest extent, and paying off the thief with a facetious sort of torture, for which he would have gained a premium from the old Inquisition.

"I say, Seth," said the storekeeper, coming in and closing the door after him, slapping his hands over his shoulders and stamping the snow off his feet.

Seth had his hand on the door, his hat on his head, and the roll of butter in his hat, anxious to make his exit as soon as possible.

"I say, Seth, sit down; I reckon, now, on such a cold night as this, a little something warm would not hurt a fellow."

Seth felt very uncertain; he had the butter, and was exceedingly anxious to be off; but the temptation of something warm sadly interfered with his resolution to go. This hesitation, however, was soon settled by the right owner of the butter taking Seth by the shoulders and planting him in a seat close to the stove, where he was in such a manner cornered in by the boxes and barrels that, while the grocer stood before him, there was no possibility of getting out, and

right in this very place, sure enough, the storekeeper sat down.

"Seth, we'll have a little warm Santa Cruz," said the Green Mountain grocer; so he opened the stove door and stuffed in as many sticks as the place would admit: "without it, you'd freeze going home such a night as this."

Seth already felt the butter settling down closer to his hair, and he jumped up, declaring he must go.

"Not till you have something warm, Seth; Seth, come, I've got a story to tell you," and Seth was again rushed into his seat by his cunning tormentor.

"Oh! it's so hot here," said the petty thief, attempting to rise.

"Sit down; don't be in such a hurry," replied the grocer, pushing him back into the chair.

"But I've the cows to fodder, and the wood to split, and I must be going," said the persecuted chap.

"But you mustn't tear yourself away, Seth, in this manner. Sit down, let the cows take care of themselves, and keep yourself cool; you appear to be a little fidgety," said the roguish grocer, with a wicked leer.

The next thing was the production of two smoking glasses of hot toddy, the very sight of which, in Seth's present situation, would have made the hair stand erect upon his head, had it not been well oiled and kept down by the butter.

"Seth, I will give you a toast, now, and you can butter it yourself," said the grocer, with an air of such consummate simplicity that poor Seth believed himself unsuspected. "Seth, here's a Christmas goose, well roasted, eh? I tell you it's the greatest eating in creation. And Seth, don't you never use hog's fat, or common cooking butter, to baste it with; come, take your butter,—I mean, Seth, take your toddy."

Poor Seth now began to smoke as well as melt, and his mouth was hermetically sealed up as though he had been born dumb. Streak after streak of the butter came pouring from under his hat, and his handkerchief was already soaked with the greasy overflow. Talking away as if nothing was the matter, the fun-loving grocer kept stuffing wood into the stove, while poor Seth sat upright, with his back against the counter and his knees touching the red-hot furnace in front.

"Cold night, this," said the grocer.

"Why, Seth, you seem to perspire as if you were warm? Why don't you take your hat off? Here, let me put your hat away."

"No," exclaimed poor Seth at last. "No, I must go; let me out, I ain't well; let me go."

A greasy cataract was now pouring down the poor man's face and neck, and soaking into his clothes, and trickling down his body into his boots, so that he was literally in a perfect bath of oil.

"Well, good night, Seth," said the humorous Vermonter, "if you will go;" and adding, as the man darted out of the door, "I say, Seth, I reckon the fun I have had out of you is worth ninenpence, so I sha'n't charge you for that pound of butter in your hat."

THE BALD-HEADED MAN.

THE other day a lady, accompanied by her son, a very small boy, boarded a train at Little Rock. The woman had a careworn expression, and many of the rapid questions asked by the boy were answered by unconscious sighs.

"Ma," said the boy, "that man's like a baby, ain't he?" pointing to a bald-headed man sitting just in front of them.

"Hush!"

"Why must I hush?"

After a few moments silence: "Ma, what's the matter with that man's head?"

"Hush, I tell you. He's bald."

"What's bald?"

"His head hasn't got any hair on it."

"Did it come off?"

"I guess so."

"Will mine come off?"

"Some time, may be."

"Then I'll be bald, won't I?"

"Yes."

"Will you care?"

"Don't ask so many questions."

After another silence, the boy exclaimed: "Ma, look at that fly on that man's head."

"If you don't hush, I'll whip you when we get home."

"Look! There's another fly. Look at 'em fight; look at 'em!"

"Madam," said the man, putting aside a newspaper and looking around, "what's the matter with that young hyena?"

The woman blushed, stammered out something, and attempted to smooth back the boy's hair.

"One fly, two flies, three flies," said the boy, innocently, following with his eyes a basket of oranges carried by a newsboy.

"Here, you young hedgehog," said the bald-headed man, "if you don't hush, I'll have the conductor put you off the train."

The poor woman not knowing what else to do, boxed the boy's ears, and then gave him an orange to keep him from crying.

"Ma, have I got red marks on my head?"

"I'll whip you again, if you don't hush."

"Mister," said the boy, after a short silence, "does it hurt to be bald-headed?"

"Youngster," said the man, "If you'll keep quiet, I'll give you a quarter."

The boy promised, and the money was paid over.

The man took up his paper, and resumed his reading.

"This is my bald-headed money," said the boy. "When I get bald-headed, I'm goin' to give boys money. Mister, have all bald-headed men got money?"

The annoyed man threw down his paper, arose, and exclaimed: "Madam, hereafter when you travel, leave that young gorilla at home. Hitherto, I always thought that the old prophet was very cruel for calling the bears to kill the children for making sport of his head, but now I am forced to believe that he did a Christian act. If your boy had been in the crowd, he would have died first. If I can't find another seat on this train, I'll ride on the cow-catcher rather than remain here."

"The bald-headed man is gone," said the boy; and as the woman leaned back a tired sigh escaped from her lips.

SENTIMENTAL.

The rose that blushes like the morn
Bedecks the valleys low;
And so dost thou, sweet infant corn,
My Angelina's toe.

But on the rose there grows a thorn
That breeds disastrous woe;
And so dost thou, remorseless corn,
On Angelina's toe. COLERIDGE.

A MALICIOUS person says that cotton sheets and newspapers sheets are alike in the respect that a great many people lie in them.

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Father Time.

FATHER TOM AND THE POPE;

OR, A NIGHT AT THE VATICAN.

[Strange to say, the authorship of this famous and imitable satire is involved in doubt. Among the principal writers to whom it has been attributed are the Rev. Francis Mahony ("Father Prout"), and Dr. Wm. Maginn. Certainly it would have proceeded naturally enough from either of these learned wits, and would have done them honor; but the precise time at which it appeared, and some of the local allusions contained in it, are unfavorable to the idea that either of these genial and versatile writers was concerned in its production. Moreover, no claim to, or acknowledgment of, the authorship of the piece, is found either in the "Reliques of Father Prout," or in "Maginn's Miscellanies." If then, these two names be dropped out of the controversy, no better supported claimant appears for the honor in question than John Fisher Murray. The brochure had its origin in the disputes upon the Irish Education Scheme, and in a noted controversy between a Catholic rector (Rev. Thomas Maguire) in the county of Leitrim, and a Protestant clergyman of Cork, the Rev. T. P. Pope. Mr. Murray devoted much study to the points involved and showed his familiarity with every phase of the subject, both serious and droll, in a series of racy papers in *Blackwood's Magazine*. His local associations, and his peculiar fitness for the work, may perhaps warrant us in regarding him as the author of "Father Tom."—at least until some other author can set up a better claim.]

CHAPTER I.

HOW FATHER TOM WENT TO TAKE POT-LUCK AT THE VATICAN.

WHEN his Riv'rence was in Room, ov coorse the Pope axed him to take pot look wid him. More be token, it was on a Friday; but, for all that, there was plenty of mate; for the Pope gev himself an absolution from the fast on account of the great company that was in it—at laste so I'm tould. Howandiver, there's no fast on the dhrink, any how—glory be to God!—and so, as they wor sitting, afther dinner, taking their sup together, says the Pope, says he, "Thomaus," for the Pope, you know, spakes that away, all as one as one ov uz—"Thomaus *a lanna*," says he, "I'm tould you welt them English heretics out ov the face."

"You may say that," said his Riv'rence to him again. "Be my soul," says he, "if I put your Holiness under the table, you won't be the first Pope I floored."

Well, his Holiness laughed like to split;

for you know, Pope was the great Prodesan that Father Tom put down upon Purgathory; and ov coorse they knew all the ins and outs of the contravarsy at Room. "Faix, Thomaus," says he, smiling across the table at him mighty agreeable—"it's no lie what they tell me, that yourself is the pleasant man over the dhrup ov good liquor."

"Would you like to thry?" says his Riv'rance.

"Sure, amn't I thrying all I can?" says the Pope. "Sorra betther bottle ov wine's betuxt this and Salamancha, nor there's fornenst you on the table; it's real Lachrymalchrysal, every spudh ov it."

"It's mortal could," says Father Tom.

"Well, man alive," says the Pope, "sure and here's the best ov good claret in the cut decanther."

"Not maning to make little ov the claret, your holiness," says his Riv'rance, "I would prefir some hot wather and sugar, wid a glass ov spirits through it, if convanient."

"Hand me over the bottle of brandy," says the Pope to his head butler, "and fetch up the materi'ls," says he.

"Ah, then, your Holiness," says his Riv'rance, mighty eager, "maybe you'd have a dhrup ov the native in your cellar? Sure it's all one throuble," says he, "and, troth, I dunna how it is, but brandy always plays the puck wid my intrails."

"'Pon my conscience, then," says the Pope, "it's very sorry I am Misther Maguire," says he, "that it isn't in my power to plase you; for I'm sure and certaint that there's not as much whiskey in Room this blessed minit as 'ud blind the eye ov a midge."

"Well, in troth, your Holiness," says Father Tom, "I knewn there was no use in axing; only," says he, "I didn't know how else to exqueeze the liberty I tuck," says he, "of bringing a small taste," says he, "of the real stuff," says he, hauling out an imperi'l quart bottle out ov his coat-pocket; "that never seen the face ov a guager," says he, setting it down on the table fornenst the Pope; "and if you'll jist thry the full ov a thimble ov it, and it doesn't rise the cockles ov your Holiness's heart, why then, my name," says he, "isn't Tom Maguire!" and wid that he outs wid the cork.

Well, the Pope at first was going to get vexed at Father Tom for fetching dhrink thataway in his pocket, as if there wasn't lashins in the house: so says he, "Misther Maguire," says he, "I'd have you to comphind the differ betuxt an invitation to

dinner from the successor of Saint Pether, and from a common mayur or a Prodesan squireen that maybe hasn't liquor enough in his cupboard to wet more nor his own heretical whistle. That may be the way wid them that you wisit in Leithrim," says he, "and in Roscommon; and I'd let you know the differ in the prisint case," says he, "only that you're a champion ov the Church and entitled to laniency. So," says he, "as the liquor's come, let it stay. And in troth I'm curis myself," says he, getting mighty soft when he found the delightful smell ov the *putteen*, "in inwistigating the composition ov distilled liquors; it's a branch ov natural philosophy," says he, taking up the bottle and putting it to his blessed nose.

Ah! my dear, the very first snuff he got ov it, he cried out, the dear man, "Blessed Vargin, but it has the divine smell!" and crossed himself and the bottle half a dozen times running.

"Well, sure enough, it's the blessed liquor now," says his Riv'rence, "and so there can be no harm any way in mixing a dandy of punch; and," says he, stirring up the materi'ls wid his goolden muddlar—for every thing at the Pope's table, to the very shcrew for drawing the corks, was ov vergin goold—"if I might make bould," says he, "to spake on so deep a subjic afore your Holiness, I think it 'ud considherably whacilitate the inwestigation ov its chemisthry and phwarmacutics, if you'd jist thry the laste sup in life ov it inwardly."

"Well, then, suppose I do make the same expriment," says the Pope, in a much more condescinding way nor you'd have expected—and wid that he mixes himself a real stiff facer.

"Now, your Holiness," says Father Tom, "this bein' the first time you ever dispinsed them ehymicals," says he, "I'll jist make bould to lay down one rule ov orthography," says he, "for conwhounding them, *secundum mortem*."

"What's that?" says the Pope.

"Put in the sperits first," says his Riv'rence; "and then put in the sugar; and remember, every dhrop ov wather you put in after that, spoils the punch."

"Glory be to God!" says the Pope, not minding a word Father Tom was saying. "Glory be to God!" says he, smacking his lips. "I never knewn what dhrink was afore," says he. "It bates the Lachrymal-chrystal out ov the face!" says he—"its Necthar itself, it is, so it is!" says he, wip-

ing his epistological mouth wid the cuff ov his coat.

"'Pon my secret honour," says his Riv'rence, "I'm raally glad to see your Holiness set so much to your satiswhaction; especially," says he, "as, for fear ov accidents, I tuck the liberty of fetching the fellow ov that small vesshel," says he, "in my other coat-pocket. So devil a fear ov our running dhry till the but-end of the evening, anyhow," says he.

"Dhraw your stool in to the fire, Misther Maguire," says the Pope, "for faix," says he, "I'm bent on analizing the metaphwysics ov this phinomenon. Come, man alive, clear off," says he, "you're not dhrinking at all."

"Is it dhrink?" says his Riv'rence; "by Gorra, your Holiness," says he, "I'd dhrink wid you till the cows 'ud be coming home in the morning."

So wid that they tackled to, to the second fugee a-piece, and fell into a larned discourse.

But it's time for me now to be off to the lecthir at the Boord. Oh my sorra light upon you, Dochter Whately, wid your pilitical econimy and your hydherastatics! What the *dioul* use has a poor hedge-masther like me wid sich deep larning as is only fit for the likes ov them two I left over their second tumbler? Howandiver, wishing I was like them, in regard ov the sup ov dhrink, anyhow, I must brake off my norration for the prisint; but when I see you again, I'll tell you how Father Tom made a hare ov the Pope that evening, both in theology and the cube root.

CHAPTER II.

HOW FATHER TOM SACKED HIS HOLINESS IN THEOLOGY AND LOGIC.

WELL, the lecthir's over, and I'm kilt out and out. My bittther curse be upon the man that invinted the same Boord! I thought once I'd fadomed the say ov throuble; and that was when I got through fractions at ould Mat Kavanagh's school, in Firdramore—God be good to poor Mat's sowl, though he did deny the cause the day he suffered! but its fluxions itself we're set to bottom now, sink or shwim! May I never die if my head isn't as throughother as any thing wid their ordinals and cardinals—and, begob, it's all nothing to the econimy lecthir that I have to go to at two o'clock. Howandiver, I musn't forget that we left his

Riv'rence and his Holiness sitting fornenst one another in the parlor ov the Vatican, jist afther mixing their second tumbler.

When they had got well down into the same, they fell, as I was telling you, into larned discourse. For, you see, the Pope was curious to find out whether Father Tom was the great theologian all out that people said; and says he, "Mister Maguire," says he, "What answer do you make to the heretics when they quote them passidges agin thransubstantiation out ov the Fathers?" says he.

"Why," says his Riv'rence, "as there is no sich passidges I make myself mighty asy about them; but if you want to know how I dispose ov them," says he, "jist repate one ov them, and I'll show you how to catapomphericate it in two shakes."

"Why then," says the Pope, "myself disremembers the partilar passidges they alledge out ov them ould felleys," says he, "though sure enough they're more numerous nor edifying—so we'll jist suppose that a heretic was to find sich a saying as this in Austin, 'Every sensible man knows that thransubstantiation is a lie,'—or this out of Tertullian or Plutarch, 'the bishop ov Rome is a common imposther,'—now tell me, could you answer him?"

"As easy as kiss," says his Riv'rence. "In the first, we're to understand that the exprission, 'Every sinsible man,' signifies simply, 'every man that judges by his nath'ral sinse'; and we all know that nobody folleying them seven deludhers could ever find out the mysthery that's in it, if somebody didn't come in to his assistance wid an eighth sinse, which is the only sinse to be depended on, being the sinse ov the Church. So that, regarding the first quotation which your Holiness has supposed, it makes clane for us, and tee-totally agin the heretics."

"That's the explanation sure enough," says his Holiness; "and now what div you say to my being a common imposther?"

"Faix, I think," says his Riv'rence, "wid all submission to the betther judgment ov the learned father that your Holiness has quoted, he'd have been a thrifle nearer the thruth, if he had said that the bishop ov Rome is the grand imposther and top-sawyer in that line over us all."

"What do you mane?" says the Pope, getting quite red in the face.

"What would I mane," says his Riv'rence, "as composed as a docther ov physic, 'but that your Holiness is at the head ov all

them—troth I had a'most forgot I wasn't a bishop myself," says he ("the deludher was going to say, at the head of all us); that has the gift ov laying on hands. For sure," says he, "imposther and *impositthir* is all one, so you're only to undherstand *manuum*, and the job is done. Awouich!" says he, "if any heretic 'ud go for to cast up sich a passidge as that agin me, I'd soon give him a p'lite art ov cutting a stick to welt his own back wid."

"'Pon my apostolical word," says the Pope, "you've cleared up them two pints in a most satisfwhactery manner."

"You see," says his Riv'rence—by this time they wor mixing their third tumbler—"the writings of them Fathers is to be thrated wid great veneration; and it 'ud be the height ov presumption in any one to sit down to interpret them widout providing himself wid a genteel assortment ov the best figures of rhetoric, sich as mettonymy, hyperbol, cattychraysia, prolipsis, mettylipsis, superbaton, pollysyndreton, husteronprotheron, prosodypeia and the like, in order that he may never be at a loss for shuitable sintiments when he comes to their high-flown passidges. For unless we thrate them Fathers liberally to a handsome allowance of thropes and figures, they'd set up heresy at onc't, so they would."

"It's thrue for you," says the Pope; the figures ov spache is the pillars ov the Church."

"Bedad," says his Riv'rence, "I dunna what we'd do widout them at all."

"Which one do you prefir?" says the Pope; "that is," says he, "which figure of spache do you find most usefulest when you're hard set?"

"Metaphour's very good," says his Riv'rence, "and so's mettonymy—and I've known prosodypeia stand to me at a pinch mighty well—but for a constancy, superbaton's the figure for my money. Devil be in me," says he, "but I'd prove black white as fast as a horse 'ud throt wid only a good stock ov superbaton."

"Faix," says the Pope, wid a sly look, "you'd need to have it backed, I judge, wid a small taste of assurance."

"Well now, jist for that word," says his Riv'rence, "I'll prove it widout aither one or other. Black," says he, "is one thing and white is another thing. You don't contravene that? But everything is aither one thing or another thing; I defy the apostle Paul to get over that dilemma."

Well! If any thing be one thing, well and good; but if it be another thing, then it's plain it isn't both things, and so can't be two things—nobody can deny that. But what can't be two things must be one thing,—*Ergo*, whether it's one thing or another thing it's all one. But black is one thing and white is another thing,—*Ergo*, black and white is all one. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*"

"Stop a bit," says the Pope, "I can't altogether give in to your second minor—no—your second major," says he, and he stopped. "Faix, then," says he, getting confused, "I don't rightly remimber where it was exactly that I thought I seen the flaw in your premises. Howsomdiver, says he, "I don't deny that's it's a good conclusion, and one that 'ud be ov materi'l service to the Church if it was dhrwn wid a little more distinctiveness."

"I'll make it as plain as the nose on your Holiness's face, by superbaton," says his Riv'rence. My adversary says black is not another colour, that is, white? Now that's jist a parallel passidge wid the one out ov Tartullian that me and Hayes smashed the heretics on in Clarendon Sthreet." "This is my body," that is, the figure ov my body. That's a superbaton, and we showed that it oughtn't to be read that way at all, but this way, 'This figure of my body is my body.' Jist so wid my adversary's proposition; it mustn't be understood the way it reads, by no manner of manes; but it's to be taken this way,—'Black, that is, white, is not another colour,—green, if you like, or orange, by dad, for anything I care, for my case is proved. 'Black,' that is, 'white,' lave out the 'that,' by sinnalaphy, and you have the orthodox conclusion, 'Black is white,' or by conversion, 'White is black.'"

"It's as clear as mud," says the Pope.

"Bedad," says his Riv'rence, "I'm in great humour for disputin' to-night. I wisht your Holiness was a heretic jist for two minutes," says he, "till you'd see the flaking I'd give you!"

"Well then, for the fun of the thing, suppose me my namesake, if you like," says the Pope, laughing, "though, by Jayminy," says he, "he's not one that I'd take much pride out ov."

"Very good—devil a betther joke ever I had," says his Riv'rence. "Come, then, Mither Pope," says he, "hould up that purty face ov yours, and answer me this question. Which 'ud be the biggest lie if

I said I seen a turkey-cock lying on the broad ov his back, and picking the stars out ov the sky, or if I was to say that I seen a gandher in the same intherestin' posture, raycreating himself wid similar asthronomical experiments? Answer me that, you ould swaddler?" says he.

"How durst you call me a swaddler, sir?" says the Pope, forgetting, the dear man, the part that he was acting.

"Don't think for to bully me!" says his Riv'rence. "I always daar to spake the truth, and it's well known that you're nothing but a swaddling ould sinner ov a saint," says he, never letting on to persave that his Holiness had forgot what they were agreed on.

"By all that's good," says the Pope, "I often heard ov the imperance ov you Irish afore," says he, "but I never expected to be called a saint in my own house, either by Irishman or Hottentot. I'll tell you what, Mither Maguire," says he, "if you can't keep a civil tongue in your head, you had betther be walking off wid yourself; for I beg lave to give you to understand, that it won't be for the good ov your health if you call me by sich an outprobrious epithet again," says he.

"Oh, indeed! then things is come to a purty pass," says his Riv'rence (the dear funny soul that he ever was!) "when the likes ov you compares one ov the Maguires ov Tempo wid a wild Ingine! Why, man alive, the Maguires was kings ov Fermanagh three thousand years afore your grandfather, that was the first ov your breed that ever wore shoes and stockings" (I'm bound to say, in justice to the poor Prodesan, that this was all spoken by his Riv'rence by way of a figure ov spache), "was sint his Majesty's arrand to cultivate the friendship of Prince Lee Boo in Botteney Bay! Oh Bryan dear," says he, letting on to cry, "if you were alive to hear a *boddagh Sassenagh* like this casting up his counthry to one ov the name ov Maguire!"

"In the name ov God," says the Pope, very solemniously, "what is the maning ov all this at all at all?" says he.

"Sure," says his Riv'rence, whispering to him across the table, "sure you know we're acting a conthrawarsy, and you tuck the part ov the Prodesan champion. You wouldn't be angry wid me, I'm sure, for sarving out the heretic to the best of my ability."

"Oh begad, I had forgot," says the Pope, the good-natured ould crethur; "sure

enough you were only taking your part, as a good Milesian Catholic ought, agin the heretic Sassanagh. Well," says he, "fire away now, and I'll put up wid as many conthroversial compliments as you plase to pay me."

"Well, then, answer me my question, you santimonious ould dandy," says his Riv'ence.

"In troth, then," says the Pope, "I dunna which 'ud be the biggest lie; to my mind," says he, "the one appears to be about as big a bounce as the other."

"Why, then, you poor simpleton," says his Riv'ence, "don't you persave that, forbye the advantage the gandher 'ud have in the length ov his neck, it 'ud be next to onpossible for the turkey-cock lying thataway to see what he was about, by rason ov his djollars and other accouthrements hanging back over his eyes? The one about as big a bounce as the other! Oh, you misfortunate crethur! if you had ever learned your A B C in theology, you'd have known that there's a differ betuxt them two lies so great, that, begad, I wouldn't wondher if it 'ud make a balance ov five years in purgathory to the sowl that 'ud be in it. Ay, and if it wasn't that the Church is too liberal entirely, so she is, it 'ud cost his heirs and successors better nor ten pounds to have him out as soon as the other. Get along, man, and take half-a-year at dogmatical theology: go ard read your Dens, you poor dunce, you!"

"Raaly," says the Pope, "you're making the heretic's shoes too hot to hould me. I wundher how the Prodesans can stand afore you at all."

"Don't think to delude me," says his Riv'ence, "don't think to back out ov your challenge now," says he, "but come to the scratch like a man, if you are a man, and answer me my question. What's the rason, now, that Julius Cesar and the Vargin Mary was born upon the one day—answer me that if you wouldn't be hissed off the platform?"

Well, my dear, the Pope couldn't answer it, and he had to acknowledge himself sacked. Then he axed his Riv'ence to tell him the rason himself; and Father Tom communicated it to him in Latin. But as that is a very deep question, I never hard what the answer was, except that I'm tould it was so mysterious, it made the Pope's hair stand on end. But there's two o'clock, and I'll be late for the lecthir.

CHAPTER III.

HOW FATHER TOM MADE A HARE OF HIS HOLINESS IN LATIN.

OH, Docther Whately, Docther Whately, I'm sure I'll never die another death, if I don't die either ov consumption or production! I ever and always thought that asthronomy was the hardest science that was till now—and, it's no lie I'm telling you, the same asthronomy is a tough enough morsel to brake a man's fast upon—and geolidgy is middling hard too—and hydherastatics is no joke,—but ov all the books ov science that ever was opened and shut, that book upon Pilitical Econimy lifts the pins! Well, well, if they wait till they persuade me that taking a man's rints out ov the counthry, and spinding them in forrain parts isn't doing us out ov the same, they'll wait a long time in troth. But you're waiting, I see, to hear how his Riv'ence and his Holiness got on after finishing the disputation I was telling you of. Well, you see, my dear, when the Pope found he couldn't hould a candle to Father Tom in theology and logic, he thought he'd take the shine out ov him in Latin any how: so says he, "Misther Maguire," says he, "I quite agree wid you that it's not lucky for us to be spaking on them deep subjects in sich langidges as the evil spirits is acquainted wid; and," says he, "I think it 'ud be no harm for us to spake from this out in Latin," says he, "for fraid the devil 'ud undherstand what we are saying."

"Not a hair I care," says Father Tom, "whether he undherstands what we're saying or not, as long as we keep off that last pint we wor discussing, and one or two others. Listners never hear good ov themselves," says he, "and if Belzhebub takes any thing amiss that either you or me says in regard ov himself or his faction, let him stand forrid like a man, and never fear, I'll give him his answer. Howandiver, if it's for a taste ov classic conversation you are, jist to put us in mind ov ould Cordarius," says he, "here's at you;" and wid that he lets fly at his Holiness wid his health in Latin.

"Vesthræ Sanctitatis salutem volo," says he.

"Vesthræ Revirintæ salubritati bibo," says the Pope to him again (faith, it's no joke, I tell you, to remember sich a power ov larning). "Here's to you wid the same," says the Pope, in the raal Cicero-nian. "Nunc poculum alterhum imple," says he.

"Cum omni jucunditate in vita," says his Riv'rence. "Cum summâ concupiscentiâ et animositate," says he, as much as to say, "Wid all the veins ov my heart, I'll do that same;"—and so wid that they mixed their fourth gun a-piece.

"Aqua vitæ vestra sane est liquor admirabilis," says the Pope.

"Verum est pro te,—it's thrue for you," says his Riv'rence, forgetting the idiom ov the Latin phrasedology in a manner.

"Prava est tua Latinitas, domine," says the Pope, finding fault like wid his etymology.

"Parva culpa mihi," "small blame to me, that is," says his Riv'rence, "nam multum laboro in partibus interioribus," says he—the dear man! that never was at a loss for an excuse!

"Quid tibi incommodi?" says the Pope, axing him what ailed him.

"Habesne id quod Anglicè vocamus, a looking-glass," says his Riv'rence.

"Immo, habeo speculum splendidissimum subther operculum pyxididis hujus starnutatorie," says the Pope, pulling out a beautiful goold snuff-box, wid a looking-glass in undher the lid; "Subther operculum pyxididis hujus starnutatorii—no—starnutatoræ—quam dono accepi ab Arch-duce Austriaco siptuasigisma prætheritâ," says he—as much as to say that he got the box in a prisint from the Queen ov Spain last Lint, if I rightly remimber.

Well, Father Tom laughed like to burst. At last, says he, "Pater Sancte," says he, "sub errore jaces. 'Looking-glass' apud nos habet significationem quamdam peculiarem ex tempore diei dependentem,"—there was a sthring ov accusatives for yez! "nam mane speculum sonat," says he, "post prandium vero mat—mat—mat"—sorra be in me but I disremimber the classic appellivation ov the same article. How-andiver, his Riv'rence went on explaining himself in such a way as no scholar could mistake. "Vesica mea," says he, "ab illo ultimo eversore distenditur, donec similis est rumpere. Verbis apertis," says he, "Vesthræ Sanctitatis præsentia salvata, aquam facere valde desidhero."

"Ho, ho, ho!" says the Pope, grabbing up his box, "si inquinavisses meam pyxidem, excimnicari debuisses. Hillo, Anthony," says he to his head butler, "fetch Misther Maguire a—"

"You spoke first!" says his Riv'rence, jumping off his sate: "You spoke first

in the vernacular! I take Misther Anthony to witness," says he.

"What else would you have me to do?" says the Pope, quite dogged like to see himself bate thataway at his own waypons. "Sure," says he, Anthony wouldn't undherstand a B from a bull's foot, if I spoke to him any other way."

"Well, then," says his Riv'rence, "in considheration of the needcessity," says he, "I'll let you off for this time! but mind now, afther I say *præstho*, the first ov us that spakes a word ov English is the hare—*præstho*!"

Neither ov them spoke for near a minit, considhering wid themselves how they were to begin sich a great thrial of shkill. At last, says the Pope—the blessed man, only think how 'cute it was ov him!—"Domine Maguire," says he, "valde desidhero, certiozem fieri de significatione istius verb *eversor* quo jam jam usus es"—(well, surely I am the boy for the Latin!)

"*Eversor*, id est cyathus," says his Riv'rence, "nam apud nos *tumbleri* seu *eversores*, dicti sunt ab evertendo ceremoniam inter amicos; non, ut *Temperantia* Societatis frigidis fautoribus placet, ab evertendis ipsis potatoribus." (It's not every masher undher the Boord, I tell you, could carry sich a car load ov the dead langidges.) "In agro vero Louthiano et Midensi," says he, "nomine gaudent quodam secundum linguam Anglicanam significante bombardam seu tormentum; quia ex eis tanquam ex telis jaculatoris liquorem faucibus immittere solent. Etiam inter hæreticos illos melanostomos" (that was a touch of Greek). "Presbyterianos Septentrionales, qui sunt terribiles potatores, Cyathi dicti sunt *faceres*, et dimidium Cyathi *hæf-a-glessus*. Dimidium Cyathi vero apud Metropolitanos Hibernicos dicitur *dandy*."

"En verbum Anglicanum!" says the Pope, clapping his hands,—"*leporiem* te fecisti;" as much as to say that he had made a hare of himself.

"*Dandæus*, *dandæus* verbum erat," says his Riv'rence—oh, the dear man, but it's himself that was handy ever and always at getting out ov a hobble—"dandæus verbum erat," says he, "quod dicturus eram, cum me intherpillavisti."

"Ast ego dico," says the Pope very sharp, "quod verbum erat *dandy*."

"Per tibicinem qui coram Mose modulatus est," says his Riv'rence, "id flagellat mundum! *Dandæus* dixi, et tu dicis *dandy*;

ergo tu es lepus, non ego—Ah, ha! Saccavi vesthram Sanctitatem!"

"Mendacium est!" says the Pope, quite forgetting himself, he was so mad at being sacked before the sarvints.

"Well, if it hadn't been that his Holiness was in it, Father Tom 'ud have given him the contents of his tumbler betuxt the two eyes, for calling him a liar; and, in troth, it's very well it was in Latin the offence was conveyed, for, if it had been in the vernacular, there's no saying what 'ud ha' been the consequence. His Riv'ence was mighty angry anyhow.—"Tu senex lathro," says he, "quomodo audes me mendacem pradicare?"

"Et tu, sacrilege nebulo," says the Pope, "quomodo audacitatem habetas, me Dei in terris vicarium, lathronem conviciari?"

"Interroga circumcirca," says his Riv'ence.

"Abi ex aedibus meis," says the Pope.

"Abi tu in malem crucem," says his Riv'ence.

"Excumnicabo te," says the Pope.

"Diabolus curat," says his Riv'ence.

"Anathema sis," says the Pope.

"Oscula meum pod"—says his Riv'ence—but, my dear, afore he could finish what he was going to say, the Pope broke out into the vernacular, "Get out o' my house, you reprobate!" says he in sich a rage that he could contain himself widin the Latin no longer.

"Ha, ha, ha!—ho, ho, ho!" says his Riv'ence, "Who's the hare now, your Holiness? Oh, by this and by that, I've sacked you clane! Clane and clever I've done it, and no mistake! You see what a bit of desate will do wid the wisest, your Holiness—sure it was joking I was, on purpose to aggrawate you—all's fair, you know, in love, law, and contrharsary. In troth if I'd thought you'd have taken it so much to heart, I'd have put my head into the fire afore I'd have said a word to offend you," says he, for he seen that the Pope was very vexed. "Sure, God forbid that I'd say anything agin your Holiness, barring it was in fun: for amn't you the father of the faithful, and the thrue vicar ov God upon earth? And amn't I ready to go down on my two knees this blessed minit and beg your apostolical pardon for every word that I said to your displacement?"

"Are you in arnest that it is in fun you wor?" says the Pope.

"May I never die if I amn't," says his Riv'-

rence. "It was all to provoke your Holiness to commit a brache ov the Latin, that I tuck the small liberties I did," says he.

"I'd have you to take care," says the Pope, "how you take sich small liberties again, or may be you'll provoke me to commit a brache ov the pace."

"Well, and if I did," says his Riv'ence, "I know a sartan preparation ov chymicals that's very good for curing a brache either in Latinity or frindship."

"What's that?" says the Pope, quite mollified, and sitting down again at the table that he had ris from in the first pluff of his indignation. "What's that?" says he, "for 'pon my Epistolical 'davy, I think it 'udn't be asy to bate this miraculous mix-thir that we've been thrying to anilize this two hours back," says he, taking a mighty scientific swig out ov the bottom ov his tumbler.

"It's good for a beginning," says his Riv'ence; "it lays a very nate foundation for more sarious operation: but we've now arrived at a pariod ov the evening when it's time to proceed wid our shuperstruchture by compass and square, like free and excipected masons as we both are."

My time's up for the present; but I'll tell you the rest in the evening at home.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW FATHER TOM AND HIS HOLINESS DISPUTED AT METAPHYSICS AND ALGEBRA.

God be wid the time when I went to the classical seminary ov Firdramore! when I'd bring my sod o' tuff undher my arm, and sit down on my shnug boss o' straw, wid my back to the mather and my shins to the fire, and score my sum in Dives's denominations ov the double rule o' three, or play fox-and-geese wid purty Jane Cruise that sat next me, as plisantly as the day was long, widout any one so much as saying, "Mikey Heffernan, what's that you're about?"—for ever since I was in the one lodge wid poor ould Mat I had my own way in the school as free as ever I had in my mother's shebeen.

God be wid them days, I say again, for its althered times wid me, I judge, since I got undher Carlisle and Whately. Sich sthriictness! sich ordher! sich dhrilling, and lecthiring, and tuthoring as they do get on wid! I wisht to gracious the one half

ov their rules and regilations was sunk in the say. And they're getting so sthric too about having fair play for the heretic childer! We're to have no more schools in the chapels, nor masses in the schools. Oh, by this and by that it'll never do at all!

The ould plan was twenty times better, and, for my own part, if it wasn't that the clargy supports them in a manner, and the grant's a thing not easily done widout these hard times, I'd see if I couldn't get a sheltered spot nigh-hand the chapel, and set up again on the good ould principle: and faix, I think our metropolitan 'ud stand to me, for I know that his Grace's motto was ever and always, that "Ignorance is the thrue mother ov piety."

But I'm running away from my narrative entirely, so I am. "You'll please to ordher up the housekeeper, then," says Father Tom to the Pope, "wid a pint ov sweet milk in a skillet, and the bulk ov her fist ov butther, along wid a dust ov soft sugar in a saucer, and I'll show you the way of producing a decoction that, I'll be bound, will hunt the thirst out ov every nook and corner in your Holiness's blessed carcidge."

The Pope ordhered up all the ingredients, and they were brought in by the head butler.

"That'll not do at all," said his Riv'rence, "the ingredients won't combine in due proportion unless ye do as I bid yez. Send up the housekeeper," says he, "for a faymale hand is ondispensably necessary to produce the adaptation ov the particles and the concurrence of the corpuscles, widout which you might boil till morning and never fetch the cruds off ov it."

"Well, the Pope whispered to his head butler, and by and by up there comes an ould faggot ov a *Quillean*, that was enough to frighten a horse from his oats.

"Don't thry for to desave me," says his Riv'rence, "for it's no use I tell yez. Send up the housekeeper, I bid yez: I seen her presarving gooseberries in the panthry as I came up: she has eyes as black as a sloe," says he, "and cheeks like the rose in June; and sorra taste ov this celestial mixthir shall crass the lips of man or mortal this blessed night till she stirs the same up wid her own delicate little finger."

"Misther Maguire," says the Pope, "it's very unproper ov you to spake that way ov my housekeeper: I won't allow it, sir."

"Honor bright, your Holiness," says his Riv'rence, laying his hand on his heart.

"Oh, by this and by that, Misther

Maguire," says the Pope, "I'll have none of your insinivations; I don't care who sees my whole household," says he; "I don't care if all the faymales undher my roof was paraded down the High Street of Room," says he.

"Oh, it's plain to be seen how little you care who sees them," says his Riv'rence. "You're afeared, now, if I was to see your housekeeper, that I'd say she was too handsome."

"No, I'm not!" says the Pope, "I don't care who sees her," says he. "Anthony," says he to the head butler, "bid Eliza throw her apron over her head, and come up here." Wasn't that stout in the blessed man? Well, my dear, up she came, stepping like a three-year old, and blushing like the break o' day: for though her apron was thrown over her head as she came forrid, till you could barely see the tip ov her chin—more be token there was a lovely dimple in it, as I've been tould—yet she let it shlip a bit to one side, by chance like, jist as she got fornenst the fire, and if she wouldn't have given his Riv'rence a shot if he hadn't been a priest, it's no matter.

"Now, my dear," says he, "You must take that skillet and hould it over the fire till the milk comes to a blood hate; and the way you'll know that will be by stirring it onc't or twice wid the little finger ov your right hand, afore you put in the butther: not that I misdoubt," says he, "but the same finger's fairer nor the whitest milk that ever came from the tit."

"None of your deludhering talk to the young woman, sir," says the Pope, mighty stern. "Stir the posset as he bids you, Eliza, and then be off wid yourself," says he.

"I beg your Holiness's pardon ten thousand times," says his Riv'rence, "I'm sure I meant nothing onproper; I hope I'm incapable ov any sich dirilection of my duty," says he. "But, marcifal Saver!" he cried out, jumping up on a sudden, "look behind you, your Holiness—I'm blest but the room's on fire!"

Sure enough the candle fell down that minit, and was near setting fire to the windy-curtains, and there was some bustle, as you may suppose, getting things put to rights. And now I have to tell you ov a really onpleasant occurrence. If I was a Prodesan that was in it, I'd say that while the Pope's back was turned, Father Tom made free wid the two lips ov Miss Eliza; but, upon

my conscience, I believe it was a mere mistake that his Holiness fell into on account of his being an old man and not having either his eyesight or his hearing very perfect. At any rate it can't be denied but that he had a strong impression that such was the case; for he wheeled about as quick as thought, just as his Riv'ence was sitting down, and charged him with the offence plain and plump. "Is it kissing my housekeeper before my face you are, you villain?" says he. "Go down out o' this," says he, to Miss Eliza, "and do you be packing off with you," he says to Father Tom, "for it's not safe, so it isn't, to have the likes of you in a house where there's temptation in your way."

"Is it me?" says his Riv'ence; "why what would your Holiness be at, at all? Sure I wasn't doing no such thing."

"Would you have me doubt the evidence of my senses?" says the Pope; "would you have me doubt the testimony of my eyes and ears?" says he.

"Indeed I would so," says his Riv'ence, "if they pretend to have informed your Holiness of any such foolishness."

"Why," says the Pope, "I've seen you after kissing Eliza as plain as I see the nose on your face; I heard the smack you gave her as plain as ever I heard thunder."

"And how do you know whether you see the nose on my face or not?" says his Riv'ence, "and how do you know whether what you thought was thunder, was thunder at all? Them operations of the senses," says he, "comprises only particular corporal emotions, connected with certain confused perceptions called sensations, and isn't to be depended upon at all. If we were to follow them blind guides we might just as well turn heretics at once. 'Pon my secret word, your Holiness, it's neither charitable nor orthodox of you to set up the testimony of your eyes and ears against the character of a clergyman. And now, see how easy it is to explain all them phenomena that perplexed you. I rise and went over beside the young woman because the skillet was boiling over, to help her to save the drop of liquor that was in it; and as for the noise you heard, my dear man, it was neither more nor less nor myself drawing the cork out of this blessed bottle."

"Don't offer to thrape that upon me!" says the Pope; "here's the cork in the bottle still, as tight as a wedge."

"I beg your pardon," says his Riv'ence, "that's not the cork at all," says he, "I

dhrew the cork a good two minits ago, and it's very pertly spitted on the end of this blessed cork-screw at this present moment; howandever you can't see it, because it's only its real presence that's in it. But that appearance that you call a cork," says he, "is nothing but the outward species and external qualities of the cortical nature. Them's nothing but the accidents of the cork that you're looking at and handling; but, as I told you afore, the real cork's dhrew, and is here present on the end of this nate little instrument, and it was the noise I made in drawing it, and nothing else, that you mistook for the sound of the *pogue*."

You know there was no contravening what he said; and the Pope couldn't openly deny it. Howandiver he tried to pick a hole in it this way.

"Granting," says he, "that there is the differ you say betwixt the reality of the cork and them cortical accidents; and that it's quite possible, as you allidge, that the thrue cork is really present on the end of the screw, while the accidents keep the mouth of the bottle stopped—still," says he, "I can't understand, though willing to acquit you, how the drawing of the real cork, that's onpalpable and without accidents, could produce the accident of that sensible explosion I heard just now."

"All I can say," says his Riv'ence, "is that it was a rare accident, anyhow."

"Ay," says the Pope, "the kiss you gave Eliza, you mane."

"No," says his Riv'ence, "but the report I made."

"I don't doubt you," says the Pope.

"No cork could be dhrew with less noise," says his Riv'ence.

"It would be hard for anything to be less nor nothing, barring algebra," says the Pope.

"I can prove to the contrary," says his Riv'ence. "This glass of whiskey is less nor that tumbler of punch, and that tumbler of punch is nothing to this jug of *scalltheen*."

"Do you judge by superficial measure or by the liquid contents?" says the Pope.

"Don't stop me, betwixt my premises and my conclusion," says his Riv'ence: "*Ergo*, this glass of whiskey is less nor nothing; and for that reason I see no harm in life in adding it to the contents of the same jug, just by way of a frost-nail."

"Adding what's less nor nothing," says the Pope, "is subtraction according to

algebra; so here goes to make the rule good," says he, filling his tumbler wid the blessed stuff, and sitting down again at the table, for the anger didn't stay two minits on him, the good-hearted ould sowl.

"Two minuses make one plus," says his Riv'rence, as ready as you plase, "and that'll account for the increased daycrement I mane to take the liberty of producing in the same mixed quantity," says he, follying his Holiness's epistolical example.

"By all that's good," says the Pope, "that's the best stuff I ever tasted; you call it a mixed quantity, but I say it's prime."

"Since it's of the first ordher, then," says his Riv'rence, "we'll have the less deffequilty in reducing it to a simple equation."

"You'll have no fractions at my side, anyhow," says the Pope. "Faix, I'm afear'd," says he, "it's only too asy ov solution our sum is like to be."

"Never fear for that," says his Riv'rence, "I've a good stock ov surds here in the bottle; for I tell you it will take us a long time to extrahct the root ov it, at the rate we're going on."

"What makes you call the blessed quart an irrational quantity?" says the Pope.

"Because it's too much for one and too little for two," says his Riv'rence.

"Clear it ov its coefficient and we'll thry," says the Pope.

"Hand me cver the exponent then," says his Riv'rence.

"What's that?" says the Pope.

"The schrew, to be sure," says his Riv'rence.

"What for?" says the Pope.

"To dhraw the cork," says his Riv'rence.

"Sure the cork's dhrew," says the Pope.

"But the sperits can't get out on account of the accidents that's stuck in the neck ov the bottle," says his Riv'rence.

"Accident ought to be passable to sperit," says the Pope, "and that makes me suspect that the reality ov the cork's in it afther all."

"That's a barony-masia," says his Riv'rence, "and I'm not bound to answer it. But the fact is, that it's the accidents ov the sperits too that's in it, and the reality's passed out through the cortical species as you say; for, you may have observed, we've both been in good sperits ever since the cork was dhrawn, and where else would the real sperits come from if they wouldn't come out of the bottle?"

"Well, then," says the Pope, "since

we've got the reality, there's no use throubling ourselves wid the accidents."

"Oh, begad," says his Riv'rence, "the accidents is very essential too; for a man may be in the best ov good sperits, as far as his imunaterial part goes, and yet need the accidental qualities ov good liquor to hunt the sinsible thirst out ov him." So he dhraws the cork in earnest, and sets about brewing the other skillet of *scallheen*; but faix, he had to get up the ingradientis this time by the hands ov ould Molly; though devil a taste ov her little finger he'd let widin a yard ov the same decoction.

But, my dear, here's the *Freeman's Journal*, and we'll see what's the news afore we finish the residuary proceedings of their two Holinesses.

CHAPTER V.

THE REASON WHY FATHER TOM WAS NOT MADE A CARDINAL.

Hurroo, my darlings!—didn't I tell you it 'ud never do? Success to bould John Tuam and the ould siminary ov Firdramore! Oh, more power to your Grace every day you rise, 'tis you that has broken their Boord into shivers undher your feet! Sure, and isn't it a proud day for Ireland, this blessed feast ov the chair ov Saint Pether? Isn't Carlisle and Whately smashed to pieces, and their whole college of swaddling teachers knocked into smidhereens. John Tuam, your sowl, has tuck his pastoral staff in his hand and beathen them out o' Connaught as fast as ever Pathrick druve the sarpints into Clew Bay.

Poor ould Mat Kavanagh, if he was alive this day, 'tis he would be the happy man. "My curse upon their g'ographies and Bibles," he used to say; "where's the use ov perplex'ing the poor childer wid what we don't undherstand ourselves?" no use at all, in truth, and so I said from the first myself.

Well, thank God and his Grace, we'll have no more thrigonometry nor scripther in Connaught. We'll hould our lodges every Saturday night, as we used to do, wid our chairman behind the masher's desk, and we'll hear our mass every Saturday morning wid the blessed priest standing afore the same.

I wisht to goodness I hadn't parted wid my Seven Champions ov Christendom and

Freney the Robber: they're books that'll be in great request in Leithrim as soon as the pastoral gets wind. Glory be to God! I've done wid their lecthirs—they may all go and be d—d wid their consumption and production.

I'm off to Tallymactaggart before daylight in the morning, where I'll thry whether a sod or two o' turf can't consume a cart-load ov heresy, and whether a weekly meeting ov the lodge can't produce a new thavory ov rints.

But afore I take my lave ov you, I may as well finish my story about poor Father Tom that I hear is coming up to whale the heretics in Adam and Eve during the Lint.

The Pope—and indeed it ill becomes a good Catholic to say any thing agin him—no more would I, only that his Riv'rence was in it—but you see the fact ov it is, that the Pope was as envious as ever he could be, at seeing himself sacked right and left by Father Tom, and bate out o' the face, the way he was, on every science and subject that was started. So, not to be outdone altogether, he says to his Riv'rence "you're a man that's fond ov the brute crayation, I hear, Misther Maguire?"

"I don't deny it," says his Riv'rence, "I've dogs that I'm willing to run agin any man's, ay, or to match them agin any other dogs in the world for genteel edication and polite manners," says he.

"I'll hould you a pound," says the Pope, "that I've a quadhruped in my possession that's a wiser baste nor any dog in your kennel."

"Done," says his Riv'rence, and they staked the money.

"What can this larned quadhruped o' yours do?" says his Riv'rence.

"It's my mule," says the Pope, "and, if you were to offer her goolden oats and clover off the meadows o' Paradise, sorra taste ov aither she'd let pass her teeth till the first mass is over every Sunday or holiday in the year."

"Well, and what 'ud you say if I showed you a baste ov mine," says his Riv'rence, "that, instead ov fasting till first mass is over only, fasts out the whole four-and-twenty hours ov every Wednesday and Friday in the week as reg'lar as a Christian."

"Oh, be asy, Masther Maguire," says the Pope.

"You don't b'lieve me, don't you?" says his Riv'rence, "very well, I'll soon show you whether or no," and he put his knuckles

in his mouth, and gev a whistle that made the Pope stop his fingers in his ears. The aycho, my dear, was hardly done playing wid the cobwebs in the cornish, when the door flies open, and in jumps Spring. The Pope happened to be sitting next the door, betuxt him and his Riv'rence, and, may I never die, if he didn't clear him, thruple crown and all, at one spring. "God's presence be about us!" says the Pope, thinking it was an evil spirit come to fly away wid him for the lie that he had tould in regard ov his mule (for it was nothing more nor a thrick that consisted in grazing the brute's teeth): but, seeing it was only one ov the greatest beauties ov a greyhound that he'd ever laid his epistolical eyes on, he soon recovered ov his fright, and began to pat him, while Father Tom ris and went to the sideboard, where he cut a slice ov pork, a slice ov beef, a slice ov mutton, and a slice ov salmon, and put them all on a plate thegither. "Here, Spring, my man," says he, setting the plate down afore him on the hearthstone, "here's your supper for you this blessed Friday night." Not a word more he said nor what I tell you; and, you may believe it or not, but it's the blessed truth that the dog, afther jist tasting the salmon, and spitting it out again, lifted his nose out o' the plate, and stood wid his jaws wathering, and his tale wagging, looking up in his Riv'rence's face, as much as to say, "Give me your absolution, till I hide them temptations out o' my sight."

"There's a dog that knows his duty," says his Riv'rence; "there's a baste that knows how to conduct himself aither in the parlor or the field. You think him a good dog, looking at him here: but I wisht you seen him on the side ov Sleeve-an-Eirin! Be my soul, you'd say the hill was running away from undher him. Oh I wisht you had been wid me," says he, never letting on to see the dog stale, "one day, last Lent, that I was coming from mass. Spring was near a quarther ov a mile behin' me, for the childher was delaying him wid bread and butther at the chapel door; when a lump ov a hare jumped out ov the plantations ov Grouse Lodge and ran across the road; so I gev the whiloo, and knowing that she'd take the rise of the hill, I made over the ditch, and up through Mullaghcashel as hard as I could pelt, still keeping her in view, but afore I had gone a perch, Spring seen her, and away the two went like the wind, up Drumrewy, and down Clooneen,

and over the river, widout his being able onc't to turn her. Well, I run on till I come to the Diffagher, and through it I went, for the wather was low and I didn't mind being wet shod, and out on the other side, where I got up on a ditch, and seen sich a coorse, as I'll be bound to say was never seen afore or since. If Spring turned that hare onc't that day, he turned her fifty times, up and down, back and for'ard, throughout and about. At last he run her right into the big quarryhole in Mullagh-bawn, and when I went up to look for her fud, there I found him sthretched on his side, not able to stir a foot, and the hare lying about an inch afore his nose as dead as a door-nail, and divil a mark of a tooth upon her. Eh, Spring, isn't that thrue?" says he. Jist at that minit the clock sthruck twelve, and, before you could say thrapsticks, Spring had the plateful of mate consaled. "Now," says his Riv'rence, "hand me over my pound, for I've won my bate fairly."

"You'll excuse me," says the Pope, pocketing his money, "for we put the clock half-an-hour back, out ov compliment to your Riv'rence," says he, "and it was Sathurday morning afore he came up at all."

"Well, it's no matther," says his Riv'rence, putting back his pound-note in his pocket-book, "Only," says he, "it's hardly fair to expect a brute baste to be so well skilled in the science ov chronology."

In troth his Riv'rence was badly used in the same bet, for he won it clever; and, indeed, I'm afeared the shabby way he was thrated had some effect in putting it into his mind to do what he did. "Will your Holiness take a blast ov the pipe?" says he, dhrawing out his dhudeen.

"I never smoke," says the Pope, "but I haven't the least objection to the smell of the tobaccay."

"Oh, you had bether take a dhraw," says his Riv'rence, "it'll relish the dhrink, that 'ud be too luscious entirely, widout something to flavor it."

"I had thoughts," said the Pope, wid the laste sign ov a hiccup on him, "ov getting up a broiled bone for the same purpose."

"Well," says his Riv'rence, "a broiled bone 'ud do no manner ov harm at this present time; but a smoke," says he, "ud flavor both the devil and the dhrink."

"What sort o' tobaccay is it that's in it?" says the Pope.

"Raal nagur-head," says his Riv'rence,

"a very mild and salubrious species ov the philosophic weed."

"Then, I don't care if I do take a dhraw," says the Pope. Then Father Tom held the coal himself till his Holiness had the pipe lit; and they sat widout saying anything worth mentioning for about five minutes.

At last the Pope says to his Riv'rence, "I dunna' what gev me this plaguy hiccup," says he. "Dhrink about," says he—"Begorra," he says, "I think I'm getting merrier 'an's good for me. Sing us a song, your Riv'rence," says he.

Father Tom then sung him Monatagrenoge and the Bunch o' Rushes, and he was mighty well pleased wid both, keeping time wid his hands, and joining in in the choruses, when his hiccup 'ud let him. At last, my dear, he opens the lower buttons ov his waistcoat, and the top one ov his waistband, and calls to Masther Anthony to lift up one ov the windys. "I dunna what's wrong wid me, at all at all," says he, "I'm mortal sick."

"I thrust," says his Riv'rence, "the pasthry that you ate at dinner hasn't disagreed wid your Holiness's stomach."

"Oh my! oh!" says the Pope, "what's this at all?" gasping for breath, and as pale as a sheet, wid a could swate bursting out over his forehead, and the palms ov his hands spread out to catch the air. "Oh my! oh my!" says he, "fetch me a basin!—Don't spake to me. Oh!—oh!—blood alive!—Oh, my head, my head, hould my head!—oh!—ubh!—I'm poisoned!—ach!"

"It was them plaguy pasthries," says his Riv'rence. "Hould his head hard," says he, "and clap a wet cloth over his temples. If you could only thry another dhraw o' the pipe, your Holiness, it 'ud set you to rights in no time."

"Carry me to bed," says the Pope, "and never let me see that wild Irish priest again. I'm poisoned by his manes—ubplsch!—ach!—ach!—He dined wid Cardinal Wayld yestherday," says he, "and he's bribed him to take me off. Send for a confessor," says he, "for my latther end's approaching. My head's like to split—so it is!—Oh my! oh my!—ubplsch!—ach!"

Well, his Riv'rence never thought it worth his while to make him an answer; but, when he seen how ungratefully he was used, afther all his throuble in making the evening agreeable to the ould man, he called Spring, and put the but-end ov the second bottle into his pocket, and left the

house widout once wishing "Good-night, an' plaisant dhrames to you;" and, in troth, not one of *them* axed him to lave them a lock ov his hair.

That's the story as I heard it tould; but myself doesn't b'lieve over one-half ov it. Howandiver, when all's done, it's a shame, so it is, that he's not a bishop this blessed day and hour: for, next to the goiant ov St. Jarlath's, he's out and out the cleverest fellow ov the whole jing-bang.

THE MERRY SOAP-BOILER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FREDERICK HAGEDORN.¹
TRANSLATED BY E. W. TAYLOR.

A STEADY and a skillful toiler,
John got his bread as a soap-boiler,
Earned all he wished; his heart was light,
He worked and sang from morn till night.
E'en during meals his notes were heard,
And to his beer were oft preferred;
At breakfast, and at supper, too,
His throat had double work to do;
He oftener sang than said his prayers,
And dropped asleep while humming airs:
Until his very next door neighbour
Had learned the tunes that cheered his labour,
And every passer by could tell
Where merry John was wont to dwell.
At reading he was rather slack,
Studied at most the almanack,
To know when holy days were nigh,
And put his little savings by;
But sang the more on vacant days,
To waste the less his means and ways.

'Tis always well to live and learn.
The owner of the soap concern—
A fat and wealthy burgomaster,
Who drank his hock, and smoked his knaster—
At marketing was always apter
Than any prelate in the chapter,
And thought a pheasant in sour-kroust
Superior to a turkey-poult;
But woke at times before daybreak
With heart-burn, gout and liver-ache—
Oft heard our skylark of the garret,
Sing to his slumber, but to mar it.

He sent for John one day, and said,
"What's your year's income from your trade?"
"Master, I never thought of counting

To what my earnings are amounting
At the year's end: if every Monday
I've paid my meat and drink for Sunday,
And something in the box unspent
Remains for fuel, coals and rent,
I've husbanded the needful scot,
And feel quite easy with my lot.
The maker of the almanack
Must, like your worship, know no lack,
Else a red-letter earless day
Would oftener be struck away."

"John, you've been long a faithful fellow,
Though always merry, seldom mellow.
Take this rouleau of fifty dollars,
My purses glibly slip their collars;
But before breakfast let this singing
No longer in my ears be ringing;
When once your eyes and lips unclose,
I must forego my morning doze."

John blushes, bows, and stammers thanks,
And steals away on bended shanks,
Hiding and hugging his new treasure,
As it had been a stolen seizure.
At home he bolts his chamber door,
Views, counts and weighs his tinkling store,
Nor trusts it to the savings-box,
Till he has screwed on double locks.
His dog and he play tricks no more,
They're rival watchmen of the door;
Small wish has he to sing a word,
Lest thieves should climb his stairs unheard.
At length he finds, the more he saves,
The more he frets, the more he craves:
That his old freedom was a blessing
Ill sold for all he's now possessing.

One day he to his master went
And carried back his hoard unspent.
"Master," says he, "I've heard of old,
Unblest is he who watches gold.
Take back your present, and restore
The cheerfulness I knew before.
I'll take a room not quite so near,
Out of your worship's reach of ear,
Sing at my pleasure, laugh at sorrow,
Enjoy to-day, nor dread to-morrow,
Be still the steady, honest toiler,
The merry John, the old soap-boiler."

FRENCH WIT.—Here we have a good example of French wit: "A doctor, like everybody else at the season, went out for a day's sport, and complained of having killed nothing. 'That's the consequence of having neglected your business,' observed his wife."

¹ Born 1708; died 1754.

THE TINKER AND THE GLAZIER.

Two thirsty souls met on a sultry day,
One Glazier Dick, the other Tom the Tinker,
Both with light purses, but with spirits gay;
And hard it were to name the sturdiest
drinker.

Their ale they quaff'd;
And, as they swigg'd the nappy,
They both agreed, 'tis said,
That trade was wond'rous dead.
They jok'd, sung, laugh'd,
And were completely happy.

The Landlord's eye, bright as his sparkling ale,
Glisten'd to see them the brown pitcher hug;
For ev'ry jest, and song, and merry tale,
Had this blithe ending—"Bring us t'other
mug."

Now Dick the Glasier feels his bosom burn,
To do his friend, Tom Tinker, a good turn;
And, when the heart to friendship feels in-
clin'd,

Occasion seldom loiters long behind.
The kettle, gaily singing on the fire,
Gives Dick a hint, just to his heart's desire.
And, while to draw more ale the Landlord
goes,

Dick, in the ashes all the water throws;
Then puts the kettle on the fire again,
And at the Tinker winks,
As "Trade's success!" he drinks,
Nor doubts the wish'd success Tom will obtain.
Our Landlord ne'er could such a toast with-
stand;

So, giving each kind customer a hand,
His friendship, too, display'd,
And drank—"Success to trade!"

But, O, how pleasure vanished from his eye,
How long and rueful his round visage grew,
Soon as he saw the kettle's bottom fly,
Soldier the only fluid he could view!
He rav'd, he caper'd, and he swore,
And cursed the kettle's body o'er and o'er.

"Come, come!" says Dick, "fetch us, my
friend, more ale;

All trades, you know, must live:
Let's drink—"May trade with none of us
e'er fail!"

The job to Tom then give;
And, for the ale he drinks, our lad of mettle,
Take my word for it, soon will mend your
kettle."

The Landlord yields, but hopes 'tis no offense
To curse the trade that thrives at his expense.
Tom undertakes the job; to work he goes;
And just concludes it with the ev'ning's close.
Souls so congenial had friends Tom and Dick,

Each might be fairly called a loving brother.
Thought Tom, to serve my friend I know a
trick,

And one good turn in truth deserves another!
Out now he slyly slips,
But not a word he said.
The plot was in his head,
And off he nimbly trips.

Swift to the neighb'ring church his way he
takes;

Nor in the dark
Misses his mark,
But ev'ry pane of glass he quickly breaks;
Back as he goes
His bosom glows,

To think how great will be his friend Dick's
joy,

At getting so much excellent employ.
Return'd, he beckoning draws his friend aside,
Importance in his face,

And to Dick's ear his mouth applied,
Thus briefly states the case:—

"Dick! I may give you joy, you're a made
man;

I've done your business most complete, my
friend;

I'm off!—the devil may catch me, if he can.
Each window of the church you've got to
mend;

Ingratitude's worst curse my head befall,
If, for your sake, I've not broke them all!"

Tom, with surprise, sees Dick turn pale,
Who deeply sighs "O, la!"

Then drops his under jaw,
And all his pow'rs of utt'rance fail;
While horror in his ghastly face,
And bursting eyeballs, Tom can trace;
Whose sympathetic muscles, just and true,
Share with his heart

Dick's unknown smart,
And two such phizzes ne'er met mortal view.

At length friend Dick his speech regain'd,
And soon the mystery explain'd—

"You have, indeed, my business done!

And I, as well as you, must run;

For let me act the best I can,

Tom! Tom! I am a ruin'd man.

Zounds! zounds! this piece of friendship
cost me dear.

I always mend church windows—*by the year!*"

WILLIAM HARRISON, 1800-1874.

A WAG seeing a door nearly off its hinges,
in which condition it had been for some
time, observed that when it had fallen and
killed some one it would probably be hung.

THE TWO BUTLERS.

IN all countries and all languages we have the story of *Il Bondocani*. May I tell you one from Ireland?

It is now almost a hundred years ago—certainly eighty—since Tom—I declare to Mnemosyne I forget what his surname was, if I ever knew it, which I doubt. It is at least eighty years since Tom emerged from his master's kitchen in Clonmell, to make his way on a visit to foreign countries.

If I can well recollect dates, this event must have occurred at the end of the days of George the Second, or very close after the accession of George the Third, because in the course of the narrative it will be disclosed that the tale runs of a Jacobite lord living quietly in Ireland, and that I think must have been some time between 1740 and 1760—or say 65. Just before the year of the young Pretender's burst, a sharp eye used to be kept upon the "honest men" in all the three kingdoms; and in Ireland, from the peculiar power which the surveillance attendant on the penal laws gave the government, this sharp eye could not be surpassed in sharpness, that is to say, if it did not choose to wink. Truth, nevertheless, makes us acknowledge that the authorities of Ireland were ever inclined at the bottom of their hearts to countenance lawlessness, if at all recommended by anything like a noble or a romantic name. And no name could be more renowned or more romantic than that of Ormond.

It is to be found in all our histories well recorded. What are the lines of Dryden?—and Dryden was a man who knew how to make verses worth reading.

And the rebel rose stuck to the house of Ormond many a day:—but it is useless to say more. Even I who would sing "*Lilla bullalero bullen a la*,"—if I could, only I can't sing,—and who give "*The glorious, pious, and immortal memory*," because I can toast,—even I do not think wrong of the house of Ormond for sticking as it did to the house of Stuart. Of that too I have a long story to tell some time or another.

Never mind. I was mentioning all this, because I have not a 'Peerage' by me; and I really do not know who was the Lord Ormond of the day which I take to be the epoch of my tale. If I had a 'Peerage' I am sure I could settle it in a minute; but I

have none. Those, therefore, who are most interested in the affair, ought to examine a 'Peerage' to find who was the man of the time;—I can only help them by a hint. My own particular and personal reason for recollecting the matter is this: I am forty, or more—never mind the quantity more; and I was told the story by my uncle at least five-and-twenty years ago. That brings us to the year 1812,—say 1811. My uncle—his name was Jack—told me that he had heard the story from Tom himself fifty years before that. If my uncle Jack, who was a very good fellow, considerably given to potation, was precise in his computation of time, the date of his story must have fallen in 1762—or 1763—no matter which. This brings me near the date I have already assigned; but the reader of my essay has before him the grounds of my chronological conjectures, and he can form his opinions on data as sufficiently as myself.

I recur fearlessly to the fact that Tom—whatever his surname may have been—emerged from the kitchen of his master in Clonmell, to make his way to foreign countries.

His master was a very honest fellow—a schoolmaster of the name of Chaytor, a Quaker, round of paunch and red of nose. I believe that some of his progeny are now men of office in Tipperary—and why should they not? Summer school-vacations in Ireland occur in July; and Chaytor—by the bye, I think he was *Tom* Chaytor, but if Quakers have Christian names I am not sure,—gave leave to his man Tom to go wandering about the country. He had four, or perhaps five, days to himself.

Tom, as he was described to me by my uncle over a jug of punch about a quarter of a century ago, was what in his memory must have been a smart-built fellow. Clean of limb, active of hand, light of leg, clear of eye, bright of hair, white of tooth, and two-and-twenty; in short, he was as handsome a lad as you would wish to look upon in a summer's day. I mention a summer's day merely for its length; for even on a winter's day there were few girls that could cast an eye upon him without forgetting the frost.

So he started for the land of Kilkenny, which is what we used to call in Ireland twenty-four miles from Clonmell. They have stretched it now to thirty; but I do not find it the longer or shorter in walking or chalking. However, why should we grum-

ble at an act of "justice to Ireland?" Tom at all events cared little for the distance; and, going at a slapping pace, he made Kilkenny in six hours. I pass the itinerary. He started at six in the morning, and arrived somewhat foot-worn, but full not only of bread, but of wine (for wine was to be found on country roadsides in Ireland in those days), in the ancient city of Saint Canice about noon.

Tom refreshed himself at the Feathers, kept in those days by a man named Jerry Mulvany, who was supposed to be more nearly connected with the family of Ormond than the rites of the church could allow; and having swallowed as much of the substantial food and the pestiferous fluid that mine host of the Feathers tendered him, the spirit of inquisitiveness, which, according to the phrenologists, is developed in all mankind, seized paramount hold of Tom. Tom—? ay, Tom it must be, for I really cannot recollect his other name.

If there be a guide-book to the curiosities of Kilkenny, the work has escaped my researches. Of the city it is recorded, however, that it can boast of fire without smoke, air without fog, and streets paved with marble. And there's the college, and the bridge, and the ruins of St. John's abbey, and St. Canice, and the Nore itself, and last, not least, the castle of the Ormonds, with its woods and its walks, and its stables and its gallery, and all the rest of it, predominating over the river. It is a very fine-looking thing indeed; and, if I mistake not, John Wilson Croker, in his youth, wrote a poem to its honour, beginning with

"High on the sounding banks of Nore,"

every verse of which ended with "The Castle," in the manner of Cowper's "My Mary," or Ben Jonson's "Tom Tossopot." If I had the poem, I should publish it here with the greatest pleasure; but I have it not. I forget where I saw it, but I think it was in a Dublin Magazine of a good many years ago, when I was a junior sophister of T. C. D.

Let the reader, then, in the absence of this document, imagine that the poem was infinitely fine, and that the subject was worthy of the muse. As the castle is the most particular lion of the city, it of course speedily attracted the attention of Tom, who, swaggering in all the independence of an emancipated footman up the street, soon found himself at the gate. "Rearing him-

self thereat," as the old ballad has it, stood a man basking in the sun. He was somewhat declining towards what they call the vale of years in the language of poetry; but by the twinkle of his eye, and the purple roundness of his cheek, it was evident that the years of the valley, like the lads of the valley, had gone cheerily-o! The sun shone brightly upon his silver locks, escaping from under a somewhat tarnished cocked-hat guarded with gold lace, the gilding of which had much deteriorated since it departed from the shop of the artificer; and upon a scarlet waistcoat, velvet certainly, but of reduced condition, and in the same situation as to gilding as the hat. His plumb-coloured breeches were unbuckled at the knee, and his ungartered stockings were on a downward progress towards his unbuckled shoes. He had his hands,—their wrists were garnished with unwashed ruffles,—in his breeches pockets; and he diverted himself with whistling "Charley over the water," in a state of quasi-ruminant quiescence. Nothing could be plainer than that he was a hanger-on of the castle off duty, waiting his time until called for, when of course he was to appear before his master in a more carefully arranged costume.

Ormond Castle was then, as I believe it is now, a show-house, and the visitors of Kilkenny found little difficulty in the admission; but, as in those days purposes of political intrusion might be suspected, some shadow at least of introduction was considered necessary. Tom, reared in the household of a schoolmaster, where the despotic authority of the chief extends a flavour of its quality to all his ministers, exhilarated by the walk, and cheered by the eatables and drinkables which he had swallowed, felt that there was no necessity for consulting any of the usual points of etiquette; if indeed he knew that any such things were in existence.

"I say," said he, "old chap! is this castle to be seen? I'm told it's a show; and if it is, let's have a look at it."

"It is to be seen," replied the person addressed, "if you are properly introduced."

"That's all hum!" said Tom. "I know enough of the world, though I've lived all my life in Clonmell, to know that a proper introduction signifies a tester. Come, my old snouty, I'll stand all that's right if you show me over it. Can you do it?"

"Why," said his new friend, "I think I can; because, in fact, I am——"

"Something about the house, I suppose. Well, though you've on a laced jacket, and I only a plain frieze coat, we are both brothers of the shoulder-knot. I tell you who I am. Did you ever hear of Chaytor the Quaker, the schoolmaster of Clonmell?"

"Never."

"Well, he's a decent sort of fellow in the *propria quæ maribus* line, and gives as good a buttock of beef to anybody that gets over the threshold of his door as you'd wish to meet; and I am his man,—his valley de sham, head gentleman—"

"Gentleman usher?"

"No, not usher," responded Tom indignantly: "I have nothing to do with ushers; they are scabby dogs of poor scholars, sizards, half-pays, and the like; and all the young gentlemen much prefer me—but I am his *fiddleus Achates*, as master Jack Toler calls me,—that's a purty pup who will make some fun some of these days,—his whacktotum, head-cook, and dairy-maid, slush, and butler. What are you here?"

"Why," replied the man at the gate, "I am a butler as well as you."

"Oh, then we're both butlers; and you could as well pass us in. By coarse, the butler must be a great fellow here; and I see you are rigged in the cast clothes of my lord. Isn't that true?"

"True enough: he never gets a suit of clothes, that it does not fall to my lot to wear it; but if you wish to see the castle, I think I can venture to show you all that it contains, even for the sake of our being two butlers."

It was not much sooner said than done. Tom accompanied his companion over the house and grounds, making sundry critical observations on all he saw therein,—on painting, architecture, gardening, the sublime and beautiful, the scientific and picturesque,—in a manner which I doubt not much resembled the average style of reviewing those matters in what we now call the best public instructors.

"Bum-looking old ruffians," observed Tom, on casting his eyes along the gallery containing the portraits of the Ormonds. "Look at that fellow there all battered up in iron; I wish to God I had as good a church as he would rob!"

"He was one of the old earls," replied his guide, "in the days of Henry the Eighth; and I believe he did help in robbing churches."

"I knew it by his look," said Tom: "and

there's a chap there in a wilderness of wig. Gad! he looks as if he was like to be hanged."

"He was so," said the cicerone; "for a gentleman of the name of Blood was about to pay him that compliment at Tyburn."

"Serve him right," observed Tom; "and this fellow with the short stick in his hand;—what the deuce is the meaning of that?—was he a constable?"

"No," said his friend, "he was a marshal; but he had much to do with keeping out of the way of constables for some years. Did you ever hear of Dean Swift?"

"Did I ever hear of the Dane? Why, my master has twenty books of his that he's always reading, and he calls him Old Copper-farthing; and the young gentlemen are quite wild to read them. I read some of them wance (once); but they were all lies, about fairies and giants. Howsoever, they say the Dane was a larned man."

"Well, he was a great friend of that man with the short stick in his hand."

"By dad!" said Tom, few of the Dane's friends was friends to the Hanover succession; and I'll bet anything that that flourishing looking lad there was a friend to the Pretender."

"It is likely that if you laid such a bet you would win it. He was a great friend also of Queen Anne. Have you ever heard of her?"

"Heard of Brandy Nan! To be sure I did—Merry be the first of August! But what's the use of looking at those queer old fools? I wonder who bothered themselves painting them?"

"I do not think you knew the people,—they were Vandyke, Lely, Kneller."

"I never heard of them in Clonmell," remarked Tom. "Have you anything to drink?"

"Plenty."

"But you won't get into a scrape? Honour above all; I'd not like to have you do it unless you were sure, for the glory of the cloth."

The pledge of security being solemnly offered, Tom followed his companion through the intricate passages of the castle until he came into a small apartment, where he found a most plentiful repast before him. He had not failed to observe, that, as he was guided through the house, their path had been wholly uncrossed, for, if anybody accidentally appeared, he hastily withdrew. One person only was detained for a moment,

and to him the butler spoke a few words in some unknown tongue, which Tom of course set down as part of the Jacobite treason pervading every part of the castle.

"Gad!" said he, while beginning to lay into the round of beef, "I am half inclined to think that the jabber you talked just now to the powder-monkey we met in that corridor was not treason, but beef and mustard; an't I right?"

"Quite so."

"Fall to, then yourself. By Gad! you appear to have those lads under your thumb—for this is great eating. I suppose you often rob my lord?—speak plain, for I myself rob ould Chaytor the schoolmaster; but there's a long difference between robbing a schoolmaster and robbing a lord. I venture to say many a pound of his you have made away with."

"A great many indeed. I am ashamed to say it, that for one pound he has lost by anybody else, he has lost a hundred by me."

"Ashamed, indeed! This is beautiful beef. But let us wash it down. By the powers! is it champagne you are giving me? Well, I never drank but one glass of it in my life, and that was from a bottle that I stole out of a dozen which the master had when he was giving a great dinner to the father of the boys just before the Christmas holidays the year before last. My service to you. By Gor! if you do not break the Ormonds, I can't tell who should."

"Nor I. Finish your champagne. What else will you have to drink?"

"Have you the run of the cellar?"

"Certainly."

"Why, then, claret is genteel; but the little I drank of it was mortal cold. Could you find us a glass of brandy?"

"Of course;" and on the sounding of a bell there appeared the same valet who had been addressed in the corridor; and in the same language some intimation was communicated, which in a few moments produced a bottle of Nantz, rare and particular, placed before Tom with all the emollient appliances necessary for turning it into punch.

"By all that's bad," said the Clonmellian butler, "but ye keep these fellows to their knitting. This is indeed capital stuff. Make for yourself. When you come to Clonmell, ask for me—Tom—at old Chaytor's, the Quaker schoolmaster, a few doors from the Globe. This lord of your's, I am told, is a bloody Jacobite: here's the Hanover succession! but we must not drink that here, for

perhaps the old fellow himself might hear us."

"Nothing is more probable."

"Well, then mum's the word." I'm told he puts white roses in his dog's ears, and drinks a certain person over the water on the tenth of June; but no matter, this is his house, and you and I are drinking his drink,—so, why should we wish him bad luck? If he was hanged, of course I'd go to see him, to be sure; would not you?"

"I should certainly be there."

By this time Tom was subdued by the champagne and the brandy, to say nothing of the hot weather; and the spirit of hospitality rose strong upon the spirit of cognac. His new friend gently hinted that a retreat to his *gite* at the Feathers would be prudent; but to such a step Tom would by no means consent unless the butler of the castle accompanied him to take a parting bowl.

With some reluctance the wish was complied with, and both the butlers sallied forth on their way through the principal streets of Kilkenny, just as the evening was beginning to assume somewhat of a dusky hue. Tom had, in the course of the three or four hours passed with his new friend, informed him of all the private history of the house of Ormond, with that same regard to veracity which in general characterizes the accounts of the births, lives, and educations of persons of the higher classes, to be found in fashionable novels and other works drawn from the communications of such authorities as our friend Tom; and his friend offered as much commentary as is usually done on similar occasions. Proceeding in a twirling motion along, he could not but observe that the principal persons whom they met bowed most respectfully to the gentleman from the castle; and, on being assured that this token of deference was paid because they were tradesmen of the castle, who were indebted to the butler for his good word in their business, Tom's appreciation of his friend's abilities in the art of "improving" his situation was considerably enhanced. He calculated that if they made money by the butler, the butler made money by them; and he determined that on his return to Clonmell he too would find tradesfolks ready to take hats off to him in the ratio of pedagogue to peer.

The Kilkenny man steadied the Clonmell man to the Feathers, where the latter most potentially ordered a bowl of the best punch. The slipshod waiter stared; but a look from

Tom's friend was enough. They were ushered into the best apartment of the house,—Tom remarking that it was a different room from that which he occupied on his arrival; and in a few minutes the master of the house, Mr. Mulvany, in his best array, made his appearance with a pair of wax candles in his hands. He bowed to the earth as he said:

"If I had expected you, my ——"

"Leave the room," was the answer.

"Not before I order my bowl of punch," said Tom.

"Shall I, my ——"

"Yes," said the person addressed, "whatever he likes."

"Well," said Tom, as Mulvany left the room, "if I ever saw anything to match that. Is he one of the tradespeople of the castle? This does bate everything. And, by dad, he's not unlike you in the face, neither! Och! then, what a story I'll have when I get back to Clonmell."

"Well, Tom," said his friend, "I may perhaps see you there; but good-bye for a moment. I assure you I have had much pleasure in your company."

"He's a queer fellow, that," thought Tom, "and I hope he'll be soon back. It's a pleasant acquaintance I've made the first day I was in Kilkenny. Sit down, Mr. Mulvany," said he, as that functionary entered, bearing a bowl of punch, "and taste your brewing." To which invitation Mr. Mulvany acceded, nothing loth, but still casting an anxious eye towards the door.

"That's a mighty honest man," said Tom.

"I do not know what you mane," replied the cautious Mulvany (for "honest man" in those days was another word for Jacobite).

"I mane what I say," said Tom; "he's just showed me over the castle, and gave me full and plenty of the best of eating and drinking. He tells me he's the butler."

"And so he is, you idiot of a man!" cried Mulvany. "He's the Chief Butler of Ireland."

"What!" said Tom.

"Why, him that was in with you just now is the Earl of Ormond."

My story is over—

"And James Fitzjames was Scotland's King."

All the potations pottle-deep, the roadside drinking, the champagne, the cognac, the punch at the Feathers, vanished at once from Tom's brain to make room for

the recollection of what he had been saying for the last three hours. Waiting for no further explanation, he threw up the window (they were sitting on a ground-floor), and leaving Mr. Mulvany to finish the bowl as he pleased, proceeded at a hand-canter to Clonmell, not freed from the apparition of Lord Ormond before he had left Kilkenny to his north; and nothing could ever again induce him to wander in the direction of Kilkenny, there to run the risk of meeting with his fellow-butler, until his lordship was so safely bestowed in the family vault as to render the chance of collision highly improbable. Such is my *Il Bondocani*. T. C. D.

TOO MUCH CREDIT.

Mr. Keene, a shrewd and thrifty farmer of Allenborough owned a large flock of sheep, and one autumn, when it came housing time, he was greatly annoyed upon missing a number of his finest muttons, among them three or four wethers, which he had raised and fattened for his own table. He was sure it was not the work of dogs, and the most he could do was to await further developments.

On the following spring, when his sheep were turned out to pasture, he instituted a careful watch, and ere long he detected Tom Stickney, a neighboring farmer, in the act of pilfering a sheep; but he made no noise about it. Stickney was a man well to do and Keene did not care to expose him.

Autumn came again, and on counting up his flock, Mr. Keene found eight sheep missing. He made out a bill in due form to Thomas Stickney for the eight sheep, and presented it. Stickney choked and stammered, but did not back down. Like a prudent man he paid the bill and pocketed the receipt.

Another spring time came, and Mr. Keene's sheep were again turned out. Another autumn came, and the farmer again took an account of his stock, and this time fifteen sheep were missing. As before he made out the bill to Tom Stickney for the whole number missing; but this time Tom objected.

"It is too much of a good thing," said he, "Fifteen sheep! why, bless your soul, I haven't had a fifth part of 'em."

Mr. Keene was inexorable.

"There is the bill," said he, "and I have

made it out in good faith. I have made no fuss when my sheep have been missing, because I deemed your credit good and sufficient."

"Well," groaned Tom with a big gulp, "I suppose I must pay, but," he added emphatically, "we'll close that account from this time. You have given me too much credit altogether; some other rascal has been stealing on the strength of it."

EASILY FLATTERED.

There was once a Scotch drover, who, though he could neither read nor write, had nevertheless made a large fortune by sheep farming, and was open to any degree of flattery, as to his abilities in this department of labor. A purchaser, knowing his weakness, and anxious to work himself into his good graces, ventured one evening to remark: "I am of the opinion, sir, that you are a greater man than even the Duke of Wellington!"

"Hoot, toot!" replied the sheep farmer, modestly, hanging his head with a pleased smile, and taking a large pinch of snuff, "that's too much,—too much by far,—by far."

But his guest, after expatiating for a while upon the great powers of his host in collecting and concentrating upon a southern market a flock of sheep, suggested the question: "Could the Duke of Wellington have done that?"

The sheep farmer thought a little, snuffled, and replied,—“The Duke of Wellington was, no doubt, a clever man; very, very clever, I believe. They tell me he was a good soger; but then d'ye see, he had reasonable men to deal with,—captains, and majors, and generals, that could understand him, every one of them, both officers and men; but I am not sure, after all, if he could manage, say twenty thousand sheep, beside black cattle, that could not understand one word he said, Gaelic or English, and bring every hoof o' them to Fa'kirk Tryst? I doot it,—I doot it,—but I have done that!" The inference was evident.

An English judge, Baron Alderson, on being asked to give his opinion as to the proper length of a sermon, replied: "Twenty minutes, with a leaning to the side of mercy."

THE COURTIN'.

FROM "THE BIGLOW PAPERS."

God makes sech nights, all white an' still,
Fur 'z you can look or listen;
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle cresp' up quite unbeknown,
An' peeked in thru' the winder,
An' there sot Huldry all alone,
'Ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side,
With half a cord o' wood in—
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)
To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the pootiest, bless her!
An' leetle flames danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbley crook-necks hung,
An' in amongst 'em rusted
The ole queen's arm that gran'ther Young
Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, cos she was in,
Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'T was kin' o' kingdom-come to look
On sech a blessed cretur,
A dogrose blushin' to a brook
Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A 1,
Clean grit an' human natur';
None could n't quicker pitch a ton,
Nor drow a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
Hed squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells—
All is, he could n't love 'em.

But long 'o her his veins 'ould run
All crinkly like curled maple,
The side she breshed felt full o' sun
Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no voice hed such a swing
Ez hisn in the choir;
My! when he made Ole Hundred ring,
She knowed the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlit right in prayer,
 When her new meetin'-bunnet
 Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
 O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some!*
 She seemed to 've got a new soul,
 For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,
 Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,
 A-raspin' on the scraper,—
 All ways to once her feelin's flew
 Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
 Some doubtful o' the sekle,
 His heart kep' goin' pitty-pat,
 But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her chair a jerk
 Ez though she wished him furdur,
 An' on her apples kept to work,
 Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
 "Wal . . . no . . . I come dasignin'"—
 "To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es
 Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

To say why gals act so or so,
 Or don't, 'ould be presumin';
 Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
 Comes nat'ral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
 Then stood a spell on t' other,
 An' on which one he felt the wust
 He could n't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin";
 Says she, "Think likely, Mister";
 Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
 An' . . . Wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
 Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
 All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
 An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
 Whose naturs never vary,
 Like streams that keep a summer mind
 Snowhid in Jenocary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
 Too tight for all expressin',
 Tell mother see how metters stood,
 An' gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
 Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
 An' all I know is they was cried
 In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, b. 1819.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A GOOD JOKE.

THE diamond is precious from its scarcity, and, for the same reason, a new thought is beyond all price. Unluckily for us moderns, the ages who came before us have seized upon all the best thoughts, and it is but rarely indeed that we can stumble upon a new one. In the pride of superior knowledge, we sometimes imagine that we have succeeded in coining a new thought in the mint of our own brain; but, ten to one, if we make any researches into the matter, we shall find our bran new thought in some musty volume whose author lived a thousand years ago. This is exceedingly provoking, and has often led me to imagine that the ancients (so miscalled) have been guilty of the most atrocious plagiarisms from us, who are the real ancients of the world. It seems as if by some unhallowed species of second-sight they have been enabled to see down the dim vistas of futurity, and have thus forestalled us in the possession of the choicest thoughts and the most original ideas. This is especially the case with regard to jokes; all the best of them are as old as the hills. On rare occasions some commanding genius astonishes the world by a new joke; but this is an event,—the event of the year in which the grand thing is uttered. Hardly has it seen the light ere it passes with the utmost celerity from mouth to mouth; it makes the tour of all the tables in the kingdom, and is reproduced in newspapers and magazines, until no corner of the land has been unhonoured and ungladdened by its presence. Reader! it was once my fortune to be the creator, the Πουητής, of a witticism of surpassing excellence,—of a joke which, as soon as it proceeded from my brain, made a dozen professed wits ready to burst with envy at my superior genius. Many a time since, has that bright scintillation of intellectual light brought smiles into the faces, and gladness into the hearts of millions, and many a joyous cachinnation has it caused, to the sensible diminution of apothecaries' bills and undertakers' fees. If I had been

a diner-out, I might have provided myself with dinners for two years upon the strength of it; but I was contented with the honor, and left the profits to the smaller wits, who, by a process well known to themselves, contrive to extract venison out of jests, and champagne out of puns. For years I have reposed on my laurels as the inventor of a new thought; and, but for the hope that there were still more worlds to conquer, I would have folded my arms in dignified resignation, and acknowledged to myself that I had not lived in vain. About a month ago, however, my complacent pride in my production received a severe check; and circumstances ensued which have led me to doubt whether in these degenerated days it is possible for a man to imagine any new thought. I was in the society of half a dozen men of real wit, but of no pretension,—men of too joyous a nature to be envious of my achievements,—when one of them actually uttered my joke,—the joke upon which I pride myself,—coolly looking me in the face, and asserting that he was the author of it. I felt at first indignant at so dishonest an act; but, convinced of my own right, I smiled contemptuously, and said nothing. My friend noticed the smile, and saw that it was not one of mirth but of scorn, and has ever since treated me with the most marked coolness.

When I returned home I retired to my chamber and throwing myself into my comfortable arm-chair, I indulged in a melancholy reverie upon the vanity of human exertion, and the disposition so common among mankind to rob the great of their dearly-acquired glory. "Even Homer," said I to myself, "did not escape the universal fate." Some deny his very existence, and assert that his sublime epic was the combined work of several ballad-mongers, others, again, generously acknowledge his existence, but still assert that he was no poet, but the mere singer of the verses that abler men composed! And, if Homer has not escaped detraction and injustice, shall I?" These and similar thoughts, gradually growing more and more confused and indistinct, occupied my attention for a full hour. A bottle of champagne corked up and untasted stood upon the table before me. It was just the dim faint dawn of early morning; and in grey obscurity I could plainly distinguish the black bottle as it stood between me and the window. Notwithstanding the hour,

I felt half inclined to take a draught of the generous juice it contained, and was stretching forth my hand for that purpose, when, to my great surprise, the bottle gave a sudden turn, and commenced dancing round the table. Gradually two arms sprouted forth from its sides; and, giving them a joyous twirl, the bottle skipped about more nimbly than before, and to my eyes seemed endeavoring to dance a Highland fling. I thought this very extraordinary behaviour on the part of the bottle. I rubbed my eyes, but I was wide awake. I pinched myself, and came to the same conclusion. As I continued to gaze, the mysterious bottle grew larger and larger, and suddenly sprang up as tall as myself.

Immediately afterwards the cork, which had become supernaturally large and round, changed colour, and turned to a ruddy hue; and I could by degrees distinguish a pair of sparkling eyes, and a whole set of rubicund features smiling upon me with the most benign expression. The forehead of this apparition was high and bald, and marked with wrinkles,—not of decrepitude, but of a hale old age,—while a few thin grey hairs hung straggling over his temples. As soon as my astonishment was able to vent itself in words, I addressed the apparition in a query, which has since become extremely popular, and called out to it, "Who are you?"

Ere it had time to reply to this classical question, my eyes fell upon a roll of parchment which it held in its hand, and on which were inscribed the magic words of my joke.

"Do you not know me?" said this Eidolon of my wit, pointing to the scroll. "I am the joke upon which you pride yourself, and, although I say it myself, one of the best jokes that ever was uttered. "Don't you know me?"

I can't say that I should have recognized you, "said I, as I felt my heart yearning with paternal kindness towards him; "but—come to my arms, my son, my progeny!"

"Aha! ha! ha!" said the Joke, looking at me with very unfilial impertinence, and holding his sides with laughter.

"The contempt with which you treat me is exceedingly unbecoming," said I with much warmth, and with the air of an offended parent; "and, what is more, sir, it is unfeeling and unnatural—'tis past a joke, sir!"

"'Tis no joke!" said the Joke, still laughing with all his might, and peering at me from the corners of his eyes, the only parts

of those orbits which mirth permitted to remain open; "really, my good friend, the honor to which you lay claim is nowise yours. Lord bless your foolish vanity! I was a patriarch before the days of your great-grandfather!"

"Pooh! pooh!" said I, "it can't be! You know that you are my production;—you cannot be serious in denying it."

"I am not often serious," said the Joke, putting on a look of comic gravity; "but, there is no reason for so much solemnity in telling an unimportant truth. However, we will not argue the point; I will proceed at once to tell you my history, to convince you how little claim you have to the honor of paternity in my case."

"I shall be very happy," said I, with more reverence than I had yet assumed towards my mysterious visitor.

"For fear you should find me dry," said the Joke, "get a bottle of wine."

I did as I was desired, drew the cork, filled two glasses, one of which I handed to the Joke, who, nodding good-humouredly at me, commenced the following narrative:

THE JOKE'S STORY.

I have not the slightest recollection of my progenitors; like the great Pharaohs who built the pyramids, their names have sunk into oblivion in the lapse of ages. They must, however, have lived more than thirty centuries ago, as my reminiscences extend nearly as far back as that period. I could, if I would, draw many curious pictures of the state of society in those early ages, having mixed all my life with persons of every rank and condition, and traversed many celebrated regions. I say it with pride that I have always delighted to follow in the track of civilization, and claim as a great honour to myself and the other members of my fraternity, that we have in some degree contributed to hasten the mighty march of human intelligence. It is only savage nations who are too solemn and too stupid to appreciate a joke, and upon these people I never condescend to throw myself away. One of my earliest introductions to society took place about two thousand five hundred years ago, among a company of merchants who were traversing the great deserts of Arabia. Methinks I see their faces now, and the very spot where they first made acquaintance with me. It was towards sunset, under a palm tree, beside a

fountain, where the caravan had stopped to drink the refreshing waters. It has been often said that grave people love a joke, and it was a grave old trader who showed me off on this occasion, to the infinite delight of his companions, who laughed at my humor till the tears ran down their cheeks. In this manner I traversed the whole of civilized Asia, and visited at different periods the luxurious tables of Sardanapalus and Ahasuerus, and brought smiles into the faces of the queenly beauties of their courts. From Asia I passed into Greece, and I remember that I used often to sit with the soldiers round their watch fires at the siege of Troy. At a much later period I was introduced to Homer, and shall always remember with pleasure that I was the means of procuring him a supper, when, but for me, he would have gone without one. The poor peasants to whom the still poorer bard applied for a supper and a lodging, had no relish for poetry, but they understood a joke, and the bard brought me forth for their entertainment; and while my self-love was flattered by their hearty laughter, his wants were supplied by their generous hospitality. But I was not only acquainted with Homer, for Aristophanes very happily introduced me into one of his lost comedies. Anacreon and I were boon companions; and, while upon this part of my career, you will permit me to give vent to a little honest pride, by informing you in few words that I once brought a smile into the grave face of the divine Plato; that I was introduced into an argument by no less an orator than Demosthenes; that I was familiarly known to Æsop; that I supped with Socrates; and was equally well received in the court of Philip of Macedon and the camp of his victorious son. Still a humble follower in the train of civilization, I passed over to Rome. I was not very well received by the stiff, stern men of the republic; but in the age of Augustus I was universally admired. The first time that I excited any attention was at the table of Mæcenas, when Horace was present. I may mention, by the way, that it was Horace himself who in a *tête-à-tête*, first made known my merits to his illustrious patron, and the latter took the first opportunity of showing me off. I was never in my life more flattered than at the enthusiastic reception I met from the men of genius there assembled, although I have thought that I was somewhat indebted for my success to the wealth and station of the

illustrious joker. However that may be, my success was certain; and so much was I courted that I was compelled to visit every house in Rome where wit and good humor stood any chance of being appreciated. After living in this manner for about a hundred years, I took it into my head to go to sleep; and I slept so long that when I awoke I found the victorious Hun in the streets of the city. This was no time for me to show my face, and, seeing so little prospect of happy times for me and my race, I thought I could not do better than to go to sleep again. I did so, and when I awoke this second time found myself at the gay court of old king René of Provence. Among the bright ladies and amorous troubadours who held their revels there, I was much esteemed. There was, however, I am bound in candor to admit, some falling-off in my glory about this period. I was admitted to the tables of the great, it is true, but I was looked upon as a humble dependent, and obliged to eat out of the same platter with the hired jester. I could not tolerate this unworthy treatment forever, and it had such an effect upon me that I soon lost much of my wonted spirit and humor. In fact, I was continually robbed of my point by these professed wits, and often made to look uncommonly stupid; so much so, that my friends doubted my identity, and denied that I was the same joke they had been accustomed to laugh at. I contrived, however, to be revenged occasionally upon the unlucky jesters, who introduced me *mal-à-propos*. They used to forget that their masters were not always in a humor to be tickled by a joke, and a sound drubbing was very often the only reward of their ill-timed merriment. This was some slight consolation to me; but I could not tolerate long the low society of these hired buffoons, and, as I did not feel sleepy, I was obliged to think of some scheme by which I might escape the continual wear and tear, and loss of polish that I suffered at their hands. I at last resolved to shut myself up in a monastery, and lead a life of tranquillity and seclusion. You need not smile because so merry a personage as myself chose to be immured within the walls of a monastery, for I assure you that in the intellectual society of the monks—the only intellectual society that one could meet with in those days, I was soon restored to my original brightness. I lived so well and so luxuriously among these good people, that I quickly grew sleek and lazy, and somehow or other I fell into

a doze, from which I was not awakened until a wit in the reign of Elizabeth stumbled upon me and again brought me out into the busy world. I ran a splendid career in England."

"Did you?" said I, interrupting the Joke at this part of his narrative, and appealing to him with considerable energy of manner, for I began to be apprehensive that some of my friends, more learned than myself, might have discovered the antiquity of my "joke," and would quiz me on the subject. I restrained my impetuosity, however, and with some alarm depicted on my countenance, I asked him in a trembling voice, "Did you—did you—ever—meet with—Joe Miller?"

"D— Joe Miller!" said the Joke with much vivacity; "I suffered more from the dread of that fellow than I ever suffered in my life. I had the greatest difficulty in keeping out of his way, and I only managed it by going to sleep again. You awoke me from that slumber when, like many others who came before you, you passed me off as your own. You remember you got much credit for me, as all ever have done who have had good sense enough to introduce me only at a proper time, and wit enough to launch me forth with all my native grace and brilliancy about me."

"Then you are not a Joe?" said I, much relieved.

"A Joe!" said the Joke, reddening with anger. "Have I not told you already that I am not? Do you mean to insult me by the vile insinuation that I ever showed my face in such despicable company? Do you think, sir, that I am a pun?"

"Oh, by no means," said I, "I assure you I meant no offence."

"You did, sir," replied the Joke, striking his fist upon the table with great vehemence. Immediately afterwards I observed that his face became dreadfully distorted, and he shook his head convulsively from side to side. As I continued to gaze without the power of saying a single word to calm the irritation I had so unintentionally raised, I noticed that his neck grew every instant longer and longer, until his chin seemed to be fully two feet from his shoulders. I was unable to endure the sight, and rising up, half frantic with nervous excitement, I put my hand convulsively upon his head, with the benevolent intention of squeezing it down to its proper level. He glared furiously at me with his swollen eyes, and, horrible to relate, just as I came in contact

with him his head flew off with a tremendous explosion, and bounced right through a chimney-glass that ornamented my mantle-piece. The glass flew in shivers round me in a dreadful state of alarm I rang the bell for assistance, and sank down overpowered upon the chair."

"Beggin' your honor's pardon for being so bould," said my tiger, a good-natured Irish boy named Phelim, who had entered at the summons, "I think your honor had better drink a bottle of soda water and go to bed."

"Where's his head, Phelim?" said I.

"Your own, or the bed's?" said Phelim.

"The Joke's," replied I.

"Och, you must mane your own, it's light enough, I dare say," said Phelim, as he pulled my boots off. "You took a dhrop too much last night, anyhow."

"Phelim," said I, solemnly, "did you hear nothing?"

"To be sure I did," said Phelim. "Haven't you, like a drunken baste as you are (begging your pardon for my bouldness), been trying to broach that bottle of champagne at this early hour of the mornin', and haven't you driven the cork through the lookin'-glass?"

I looked at the bottle, it was uncorked, and the champagne was even at that moment sparkling over the neck of the bottle, and running over my books and papers.

"A pretty piece of work you have made of it," said Phelim, picking up the cork and pointing to the looking-glass.

"'T was a good joke," said I, although my faith was somewhat staggered by Phelim's explanation.

"Troth, an' I'm glad you take it so asy," said Phelim, ramming the cork into the bottle, "you'll find it a dear one when the landlady brings in her bill for the lookin'-glass. But never mind it, sir, now. Go to bed and get sober."

I took Phelim's advice and went to bed. To this day I am unable positively to decide whether his explanation was the true one or not. I incline, however, to the belief that I was *not* drunk, but that the illustrious Joke actually visited me in *propria persona*. I am the more inclined to this belief from the remarkable coherency of his narrative, which I now leave, without a word of comment, to the consideration of the curious.

A STREET-CAR SCENE.

A WASHINGTON paper relates the following: The passengers of one of the Riker's street cars laughed some the other morning at a scene between the conductor and a well dressed young man from Georgetown. As the car was passing down the avenue, the young man at the time standing on the platform and taking it easy, with one foot on a trunk, was approached by the conductor and his fare demanded. He quietly passed over his five cents.

Conductor.—"I demand twenty-five cents for that trunk."

Young Man (hesitatingly).—"Twenty-five cents. Well, I think I will not pay it."

C.—"Then I will put the trunk off."

Y. M.—"You had better not, or you may be sorry for it."

Conductor pulls strap, stops car, dumps trunk on the avenue, starts car, and after going some two squares, approaches the young man, who is still as calm as a summer's morning, and in an angry mood, says: "Now I have put your trunk off, what are you going to do about it?"

Y. M. (coolly).—"Well, I don't propose to do anything about it, it's no concern of mine; it wasn't my trunk."

C. (fiercely).—"Then why did you not tell me so?"

Y. M.—"Because you did not ask me, and I told you you would be sorry for it."

C. (furiously).—"Then go inside the car."

Y. M.—"Oh, no, you're good enough company for me out here."

At this juncture a portly German emerges from the car, and angrily says: "Mine Gott, you feller, where is mine drunk?"

Y. M.—"My friend, I think that is your trunk down on the avenue there."

German.—"Who puts him off? I hafe the monish to pay him. I will see about dot."

The car was stopped, and shortly afterward the conductor was seen to come sweating up with the trunk on his back,—a part of the performance he did not enjoy half as well as did the passengers.

ONE of the best temporary cures for pride and affectashun, says Josh Billings, is seasickness; a man who wants tew vomit never puts on airs.

THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.*

[RICHARD HARRIS BARNHAM, better known by his *som de plume* of "Thomas Ingoldsby," was born at Canterbury, Dec. 6, 1788. At seven years of age he lost his father, who left him a small estate, part of which was the manor of Tappington, so frequently mentioned in the *Legends*. At nine he was sent to St. Paul's school, but his studies were interrupted by an accident which shattered his arm and partially crippled it for life. In 1807 he entered Brasenose College, Oxford, intending at first to adopt the profession of the law. Circumstances, however, induced him to change his mind and to enter the church. The choice seems surprising, for he had from childhood displayed that propensity to fun in the form of parody and punning for which afterwards he became so noted. In 1813 he was ordained and took a country curacy; he married in the following year, and in 1821 removed to London on obtaining the appointment of minor canon of St. Paul's Cathedral. Three years later he became one of the priests in ordinary of his Majesty's chapel royal. In 1826 he first contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine*; and in 1837 he began to furnish to *Bentley's Miscellany* the series of grotesque tales known as THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS. These became very popular, were published in a collected form, and have since passed through numerous editions. These lively and amusing papers embody a store of solid antiquarian learning, the fruit of patient enthusiastic research by the light of the midnight lamp, in out-of-the-way old books, which few readers who laugh over them detect. Theodore Hook was one of his most intimate friends. Mr. Barnham was a contributor to the *Edinburgh Review* and the *Literary Gazette*; published a novel in three volumes, entitled *My Cousin Nicholas*; and wrote nearly a third of the articles in Gorton's *Biographical Dictionary*. His life was not without such changes and sorrows as make men grave. He had nine children, and six of them died in his lifetime. But he retained vigor and freshness of heart and mind to the last, and his latest verses show no signs of decay. He died in London after a long and painful illness, June 17, 1846.]

THE SPECTRE OF TAPPINGTON

"It is very odd, though; what can have become of them?" said Charles Seaforth, as he peeped under the valance of an old-fashioned bedstead, in an old-fashioned apartment of a still more old-fashioned manor-house; "'tis confoundedly odd, and

* The Ingoldsby Legends are here given complete—with the exception of about half a dozen, written about 1843-1853, satirising the Roman Catholics,—as they have now no point, being merely temporary squibs, we omit them. We also omit "The Jackdaw of Rheims," and "The Lady Bohemia," because they appear in our publication "The Library of Choice Literature."

I can't make it out at all. Why, Barney, where are they?—and where the d—l are you?"

No answer was returned to this appeal; and the lieutenant, who was, in the main, a reasonable person—at least as reasonable a person as any young gentleman of twenty-two in "the service" can fairly be expected to be—cooled when he reflected that his servant could scarcely reply extempore to a summons which it was impossible he should hear.

An application to the bell was the considerate result; and the footsteps of as tight a lad as ever put pipe-clay to belt sounded along the gallery.

"Come in!" said his master. An ineffectual attempt upon the door reminded Mr. Seaforth that he had locked himself in. "By heaven! this is the oddest thing of all," said he, as he turned the key and admitted Mr. Maguire into his dormitory.

"Barney, where are my pantaloons?"

"Is it the breeches?" asked the valet, casting an inquiring eye round the apartment:—"is it the breeches, sir?"

"Yes; what have you done with them?"

"Sure then your honor had them on when you went to bed, and it's hereabout they'll be, I'll be bail;" and Barney lifted a fashionable tunic from a cane-backed arm-chair, proceeding in his examination. But the search was vain; there was the tunic aforesaid; there was a smart-looking kersymere waistcoat; but the most important article of all in a gentleman's wardrobe was still wanting.

"Where *can* they be?" asked the master, with a strong accent on the auxiliary verb.

"Sorrow a know I knows," said the man.

"It *must* have been the devil, then, after all, who has been here and carried them off!" cried Seaforth, staring full into Barney's face.

Mr. Maguire was not devoid of the superstition of his countrymen, still he looked as if he did not quite subscribe to the *sequitur*.

His master read incredulity in his countenance. "Why, I tell you, Barney, I put them there, on that arm-chair, when I got into bed; and, by heaven! I distinctly saw the ghost of the old fellow they told me of come in at midnight, put on my pantaloons, and walk away with them."

"May be so," was the cautious reply.

"I thought, of course, it was a dream; but then—where the d—l are the breeches?"

The question was more easily asked than

answered. Barney renewed his search, while the lieutenant folded his arms, and, leaning against the toilet, sank into a reverie.

"After all, it must be some trick of my laughter-loving cousins," said Seaforth.

"Ah! then, the ladies!" chimed in Mr. Maguire, though the observation was not addressed to him; "and will it be Miss Caroline or Miss Fanny that's stole your honor's things?"

"I hardly know what to think of it," pursued the bereaved lieutenant, still speaking in soliloquy, with his eye resting dubiously on the chamber-door. "I locked myself in, that's certain; and—but there must be some other entrance to the room—pooh! I remember—the private staircase; how could I be such a fool?" and he crossed the chamber to where a low oaken doorcase was dimly visible in a distant corner. He paused before it. Nothing now interfered to screen it from observation; but it bore tokens of having been at some earlier period concealed by tapestry, remains of which yet clothed the walls on either side the portal.

"This way they must have come," said Seaforth; "I wish with all my heart I had caught them!"

"Och! the kittens!" sighed Mr. Barney Maguire.

But the mystery was yet as far from being solved as before. True, there *was* the "other door;" but then that, too, on examination, was even more firmly secured than the one which opened on the gallery—two heavy bolts on the inside effectually prevented any *coup de main* on the lieutenant's *bivouac* from that quarter. He was more puzzled than ever; nor did the minutest inspection of the walls and floor throw any light upon the subject: one thing only was clear—the breeches were gone! "It is *very* singular," said the lieutenant.

Tappington (generally called Tapton) Everard is an antiquated but commodious manor house in the eastern division of the county of Kent. A former proprietor had been high-sheriff in the days of Elizabeth, and many a dark and dismal tradition was yet extant of the licentiousness of his life and the enormity of his offences. The Glen, which the keeper's daughter was seen to enter, but never known to quit, still frowns darkly as of yore; while an ineradi-

cable bloodstain on the oaken stair yet bids defiance to the united energies of soap and sand. But it is with one particular apartment that a deed of more especial atrocity is said to be connected. A stranger guest—so runs the legend—arrived unexpectedly at the mansion of the "Bad Sir Giles." They met in apparent friendship; but the ill-concealed scowl on their master's brow told the domestics that the visit was not a welcome one; the banquet, however, was not spared; the wine cup circulated freely—too freely, perhaps, for sounds of discord at length reached the ears of even the excluded serving-men, as they were doing their best to imitate their betters in the lower hall. Alarmed, some of them ventured to approach the parlor; one, an old and favored retainer of the house, went so far as to break in upon his master's privacy. Sir Giles, already high in oath, fiercely enjoined his absence, and he retired; not, however, before he had distinctly heard from the stranger's lips a menace that "there was that within his pocket which could disprove the knight's right to issue that or any other command within the walls of Tapton."

The intrusion, though momentary, seemed to have produced a beneficial effect; the voices of the disputants fell, and the conversation was carried on thenceforth in a more subdued tone, till, as evening closed in, the domestics, when summoned to attend with lights, found not only cordiality restored, but that a still deeper carouse was meditated. Fresh stoups, and from the choicest bins, were produced; nor was it till at a late, or rather early, hour that the revellers sought their chambers.

The one allotted to the stranger occupied the first floor of the eastern angle of the building, and had once been the favorite apartment of Sir Giles himself. Scandal ascribed this preference to the facility which the private staircase, communicating with the grounds, had afforded him, in the old knight's time, of following his wicked courses unchecked by parental observation; a consideration which ceased to be of weight when the death of his father left him uncontrolled master of his estate and actions. From that period Sir Giles had established himself in what were called the "state apartments," and the "oaken chamber" was rarely tenanted, save on occasions of extraordinary festivity, or when the yule log drew an unusually large accession of guests around the Christmas hearth.

On this eventful night it was prepared for the unknown visitor, who sought his couch heated and inflamed from his midnight orgies, and in the morning was found in his bed a swollen and blackened corpse. No marks of violence appeared upon the body; but the livid hue of the lips, and certain dark-colored spots visible on the skin, aroused suspicions which those who entertained them were too timid to express. Apoplexy, induced by the excesses of the preceding night, Sir Giles's confidential leech pronounced to be the cause of his sudden dissolution. The body was buried in peace; and though some shook their heads as they witnessed the haste with which the funeral rites were hurried on, none ventured to murmur. Other events arose to distract the attention of the retainers; men's minds became occupied by the stirring politics of the day; while the near approach of that formidable armada, so vainly arrogating to itself a title which the very elements joined with human valor to disprove, soon interfered to weaken, if not obliterate, all remembrance of the nameless stranger who had died within the walls of Tapton Everard.

Years rolled on: the "Bad Sir Giles" had himself long since gone to his account, the last, as it was believed, of his immediate line; though a few of the older tenants were sometimes heard to speak of an elder brother, who had disappeared in early life, and never inherited the estate. Rumors, too, of his having left a son in foreign lands were at one time rife; but they died away, nothing occurring to support them: the property passed unchallenged to a collateral branch of the family, and the secret, if secret there were, was buried in Denton churchyard, in the lonely grave of the mysterious stranger. One circumstance alone occurred, after a long intervening period, to revive the memory of these transactions. Some workmen employed in grubbing an old plantation, for the purpose of raising on its site a modern shrubbery, dug up, in the execution of their task, the mildewed remnants of what seemed to have been once a garment. On more minute inspection, enough remained of silken slashes and a coarse embroidery to identify the relics as having once formed part of a pair of trunk hose; while a few papers which fell from them, altogether illegible from damp and age, were by the unlearned rustics conveyed to the then owner of the estate.

Whether the squire was more successful

in deciphering them was never known; he certainly never alluded to their contents; and little would have been thought of the matter but for the inconvenient memory of an old woman, who declared she heard her grandfather say that when the "stranger guest" was poisoned, though all the rest of his clothes were there, his breeches, the supposed repository of the supposed documents, could never be found. The master of Tapton Everard smiled when he heard Dame Jones's hint of deeds which might impeach the validity of his own title in favor of some unknown descendant of some unknown heir; and the story was rarely alluded to, save by one or two miracle-mongers, who had heard that others had seen the ghost of old Sir Giles, in his nightcap, issue from the postern, enter the adjoining copse, and wring his shadowy hands in agony, as he seemed to search vainly for something hidden among the evergreens. The stranger's death-room had, of course, been occasionally haunted from the time of his decease; but the periods of visitation had latterly become very rare—even Mrs. Botherby, the housekeeper, being forced to admit that during her long sojourn at the manor she had never "met with anything worse than herself;" though, as the old lady afterwards added upon more mature reflection, "I must say I think I saw the devil *once*."

Such was the legend attached to Tapton Everard, and such the story which the lively Caroline Ingoldsby detailed to her equally mercurial cousin, Charles Seaforth, lieutenant in the Hon. East India Company's second regiment of Bombay Fencibles, as arm-in-arm they promenaded a gallery decked with some dozen grim-looking ancestral portraits, and, among others, with that of the redoubted Sir Giles himself. The gallant commander had that very morning paid his first visit to the house of his maternal uncle, after an absence of several years passed with his regiment on the arid plains of Hindostan, whence he was now returned on a three years' furlough. He had gone out a boy—he returned a man; but the impression made upon his youthful fancy by his favorite cousin remained unimpaired, and to Tapton he directed his steps, even before he sought the home of his widowed mother,—comforting himself in this breach of filial decorum by the reflection that, as the manor was so little out of his way, it would be unkind to pass, as it were, the door of his relatives, without just looking in for a few hours.

But he found his uncle as hospitable, and his cousin more charming than ever; and the looks of one, and the requests of the other, soon precluded the possibility of refusing to lengthen the "few hours" into a few days, though the house was at the moment full of visitors.

The Peterses were there from Ramsgate; and Mr. and Mrs., and the two Miss Simpkinsons, from Bath, had come to pass a month with the family; and Tom Ingoldsby had brought down his college friend the Hon. Augustus Sucklethumbkin, with his groom and pointers, to take a fortnight's shooting. And then there was Mrs. Ogleton, the rich young widow, with her large black eyes, who, people did say, was setting her cap at the young squire, though Mrs. Botherby did not believe it; and, above all, there was Mademoiselle Pauline, her *femme de chambre*, who "*mon-Dieu*" everything and everybody, and cried "*Quel horreur!*" at Mrs. Botherby's cap. In short, to use the last-named and much-respected lady's own expression, the house was "choke-full" to the very attics,—all save the "oaken chamber," which, as the lieutenant expressed a most magnanimous disregard of ghosts, was forthwith appropriated to his particular accommodation. Mr. Maguire meanwhile was fain to share the apartment of Oliver Dobbs, the squire's own man: a jocular proposal of joint occupancy having been first indignantly rejected by "Mademoiselle," though preferred with the "laste taste in life" of Mr. Barney's most insinuating brogue.

"Come, Charles, the urn is absolutely getting cold; your breakfast will be quite spoiled: what can have made you so idle?" Such was the morning salutation of Mrs. Ingoldsby to the *militaire* as he entered the breakfast-room half an hour after the latest of the party.

"A pretty gentleman, truly, to make an appointment with!" chimed in Miss Frances. "What has become of our ramble to the rocks before breakfast?"

"Oh! the young men never think of keeping a promise now," said Mrs. Peters, a little ferret-faced woman with underdone eyes.

"When I was a young man," said Mr. Peters, "I remember I always made a point of—"

"Pray, how long ago was that?" asked Mr. Simpkinson from Bath.

"Why, sir, when I married Mrs. Peters, I was—let me see—I was—"

"Do pray hold your tongue, P., and eat your breakfast!" interrupted his better half, who had a mortal horror of chronological references; "it's very rude to tease people with your family affairs."

The lieutenant had by this time taken his seat in silence—a good-humored nod, and a glance, half-smiling, half-inquisitive, being the extent of his salutation. Smitten as he was, and in the immediate presence of her who had made so large a hole in his heart, his manner was evidently *distrain*, which the fair Caroline in her secret soul attributed to his being solely occupied by her *agrémens*: how would she have bridled had she known that they only shared his meditations with a pair of breeches!

Charles drank his coffee and spiked some half-dozen eggs, darting occasionally a penetrating glance at the ladies, in hope of detecting the supposed waggery by the evidence of some furtive smile or conscious look. But in vain: not a dimple moved indicative of roguery, nor did the slightest elevation of eyebrow rise confirmative of his suspicions. Hints and insinuations passed unheeded—more particular inquiries were out of the question:—the subject was unapproachable.

In the meantime, "patent cords" were just the thing for a morning's ride; and, breakfast ended, away cantered the party over the downs, till, every faculty absorbed by the beauties, animate and inanimate, which surrounded him, Lieutenant Seaforth of the Bombay Fencibles bestowed no more thought upon his breeches than if he had been born on the top of Ben Lomond.

Another night had passed away; the sun rose brilliantly, forming with its level beams a splendid rainbow in the far-off west, whither the heavy cloud, which for the last two hours had been pouring its waters on the earth, was now flying before him.

"Ah! then, and it's little good it'll be the clanging of ye," apostrophized Mr. Barney Maguire, as he deposited in front of his master's toilet a pair of "bran new" jockey boots, one of Hoby's primest fits, which the lieutenant had purchased in his way through town. On that very morning had they come for the first time under the valet's depurating hand, so little soiled, indeed, from the turfy ride of the preceding day, that a less

scrupulous domestic might, perhaps, have considered the application of "Warren's Matchless," or oxalic acid, altogether superfluous. Not so Barney: with the nicest care he had removed the slightest impurity from each polished surface, and there they stood, rejoicing in their sable radiance. No wonder a pang shot across Mr. Maguire's breast as he thought on the work now cut out for them, so different from the light labors of the day before; no wonder he murmured with a sigh, as the scarce-dried window-panes disclosed a road now inch deep in mud, "Ah! then, it's little good the claning of ye!"—for well had he learned in the hall below that eight miles off a stiff clay soil lay between the manor and Bolsover Abbey, whose picturesque ruins,

"Like ancient Rome, majestic in decay,"

the party had determined to explore. The master had already commenced dressing, and the man was fitting straps upon a light pair of crane-necked spurs, when his hand was arrested by the old question—"Barney, where are the breeches?"

They were nowhere to be found!

Mr. Seaforth descended that morning, whip in hand, and equipped in a handsome green riding-frock, but no "breeches and boots to match" were there: loose jean trousers, surmounting a pair of diminutive Wellingtons, embraced, somewhat incongruously, his nether man, *vice* the "patent cords," returned, like yesterday's pantaloons, absent without leave. The "top-boots" had a holiday.

"A fine morning after the rain," said Mr. Simpkinson from Bath.

"Just the thing for the 'ops," said Mr. Peters. "I remember when I was a boy——"

"Do hold your tongue, P.," said Mrs. Peters—advice which that exemplary matron was in the constant habit of administering to "her P.," as she called him, whenever he prepared to vent his reminiscences. Her precise reason for this it would be difficult to determine, unless, indeed, the story be true which a little bird had whispered into Mrs. Botherby's ear—that Mr. Peters, though now a wealthy man, had received a liberal education at a charity school, and was apt to recur to the days of his muffin-cap and leathers. As usual, he took his wife's hint in good part, and "paused in his reply."

"A glorious day for the ruins!" said young Ingoldsby. "But, Charles, what the deuce are you about? you don't mean to ride through our lanes in such toggerly as that?"

"Lassy me!" said Miss Julia Simpkinson, "won't you be very wet?"

"You had better take Tom's cab," quoth the squire.

But this proposition was at once overruled; Mrs. Ogleton had already nailed the cab, a vehicle of all others the best adapted for a snug flirtation.

"Or drive Miss Julia in the phaeton?" No; that was the post of Mr. Peters, who, indifferent as an equestrian, had acquired some fame as a whip while travelling through the midland counties for the firm of Bagshaw, Snivelby, and Ghymes.

"Thank you, I shall ride with my cousins," said Charles, with as much *nonchalance* as he could assume—and he did so; Mr. Ingoldsby, Mrs. Peters, Mr. Simpkinson from Bath, and his eldest daughter with her *album*, following in the family coach. The gentleman-commoner "voted the affair d—d slow," and declined the party altogether in favor of the gamekeeper and a cigar. "There was 'no fun' in looking at old houses!" Mrs. Simpkinson preferred a short *séjour* in the still-room with Mrs. Botherby, who had promised to initiate her in that grand *arcanum*, the transmutation of gooseberry jam into Guava jelly.

"Did you ever see an old abbey before, Mr. Peters?"

"Yes, miss, a French one; we have got one at Ramsgate; he teaches the Miss Joneses to parley-voo, and is turned of sixty."

Miss Simpkinson closed her album with an air of ineffable disdain.

Mr. Simpkinson from Bath was a professed antiquary, and one of the first water; he was master of Gwillim's Heraldry and Mills's History of the Crusades; knew every plate in the Monasticon, had written an essay on the origin and dignity of the office of overseer, and settled the date on a Queen Anne's farthing. An influential member of the Antiquarian Society, to whose "Beauties of Bagnigge Wells" he had been a liberal subscriber, procured him a seat at the board of that learned body, since which happy epoch Sylvanus Urban

had not a more indefatigable correspondent. His inaugural essay on the President's cocked hat was considered a miracle of erudition; and his account of the earliest application of gilding to gingerbread, a masterpiece of antiquarian research. His eldest daughter was of a kindred spirit: if her father's mantle had not fallen upon her, it was only because he had not thrown it off himself; she had caught hold of its tail, however, while it yet hung upon his honored shoulders. To souls so congenial, what a sight was the magnificent ruin of Bolsover! its broken arches, its mouldering pinnacles, and the airy tracery of its half-demolished windows. The party were in raptures; Mr. Simpkinson began to meditate an essay, and his daughter an ode: even Seaforth as he gazed on these lonely relics of the olden time, was betrayed into a momentary forgetfulness of his love and losses: the widow's eye-glass turned from her *cicisbeo's* whiskers to the mantling ivy; Mrs. Peters wiped her spectacles; and "her P." supposed the central tower "had once been the county jail." The squire was a philosopher, and had been there often before, so he ordered out the cold tongue and chickens.

"Bolsover Priory," said Mr. Simpkinson, with the air of a connoisseur,—"Bolsover Priory was founded in the reign of Henry the Sixth, about the beginning of the eleventh century. Hugh de Bolsover had accompanied that monarch to the Holy Land in the expedition undertaken by way of penance for the murder of his young nephews in the Tower. Upon the dissolution of the monasteries, the veteran was enfeoffed in the lands and manor, to which he gave his own name of Bowlsover, or Bee-owls-over (by corruption Bolsover),—a Bee in chief, over three Owls, all proper, being the armorial ensigns borne by this distinguished crusader at the siege of Acre."

"Ah! that was Sir Sidney Smith," said Mr. Peters; "I've heard tell of him, and all about Mrs. Partington, and——"

"P., be quiet, and don't expose yourself!" sharply interrupted his lady. P. was silenced, and betook himself to the bottled stout.

"These lands," continued the antiquary, "were held in grand serjeantry by the presentation of three white owls and a pot of honey——"

"Lassy me! how nice!" said Miss Julia. Mr. Peters licked his lips.

"Pray give me leave, my dear—owls and

honey, whenever the king should come a rat-catching into this part of the country."

"Rat-catching!" ejaculated the squire, pausing abruptly in the mastication of a drumstick.

"To be sure, my dear sir: don't you remember the rats once came under the forest laws—a minor species of venison? 'Rats, mice, and such small deer,' eh?—Shakespeare, you know. Our ancestors ate rats ('The nasty fellows!' shuddered Miss Julia, in a parenthesis); and owls, you know, are capital mousers——"

"I've seen a howl," said Mr. Peters; "there's one in the Sohological Gardens,—a little hook-nosed chap in a wig,—only its feathers and——"

Poor P. was destined never to finish a speech.

"Do be quiet!" cried the authoritative voice; and the would-be naturalist shrank into his shell, like a snail in the "Sohological Gardens."

"You should read Blount's 'Jocular Tenures,' Mr. Ingoldsby," pursued Simpkinson. "A learned man was Blount! Why, sir, His Royal Highness the Duke of York once paid a silver horse-shoe to Lord Ferrers——"

"I've heard of him," broke in the incorrigible Peters; "he was hanged at the Old Bailey in a silk rope for shooting Dr. Johnson."

The antiquary vouchsafed no notice of the interruption; but, taking a pinch of snuff, continued his harangue.

"A silver horse-shoe, sir, which is due from every scion of royalty who rides across one of his manors; and, if you look into the penny county histories, now publishing by an eminent friend of mine, you will find that Langhale in Co. Norf. was held by one Baldwin *per saltum, suflatum, et pettum*; that is, he was to come every Christmas into Westminster Hall, there to take a leap, cry hem! and——"

"Mr. Simpkinson, a glass of sherry?" cried Tom Ingoldsby, hastily.

"Not any, thank you, sir. This Baldwin, surnamed *Le——*"

"Mrs. Oggleton challenges you, sir; she insists upon it," said Tom, still more rapidly, at the same time filling a glass and forcing it on the *scavant*, who, thus arrested in the very crisis of his narrative, received and swallowed the potation as if it had been physic.

"What on earth has Miss Simpkinson discovered there?" continued Tom; "some-

thing of interest. See how fast she is writing."

The diversion was effectual; every one looked towards Miss Simpkinson, who, far too ethereal for "creature comforts," was seated apart on the dilapidated remains of an altar-tomb, committing eagerly to paper something that had strongly impressed her; the air—the eye in a "fine frenzy rolling," all betokened that the divine *afflatus* was come. Her father rose and stole silently towards her.

"What an old boar!" muttered young Ingoldsby; alluding perhaps to a slice of brawn which he had just begun to operate upon, but which, from the celerity with which it disappeared, did not seem so very difficult of mastication.

But what had become of Seaforth and his fair Caroline all this while? Why, it so happened that they had been simultaneously stricken with the picturesque appearance of one of those high and pointed arches which that eminent antiquary, Mr. Horseley Curties has described in his "Ancient Records" as "a Gothic window of the Saxon order;" and then the ivy clustered so thickly and so beautifully on the other side that they went around to look at that; and then their proximity deprived it of half of its effect, and so they walked across to a little knoll, a hundred yards off, and in crossing a small ravine they came to what in Ireland they call "a bad step," and Charles had to carry his cousin over it; and then when they had to come back, she would not give him the trouble again for the world, so they followed a better but more circuitous route, and there were hedges and ditches in the way, and stiles to get over and gates to get through, so that an hour or more had elapsed before they were able to rejoin the party.

"Lassy me!" said Miss Julia Simpkinson, "how long you have been gone!"

And so they had. The remark was a very just as well as a very natural one. They were gone a long while, and a nice, cosy chat they had; and what do you think it was all about, my dear miss?

"Oh, lassy me! love, no doubt, and the moon, and eyes, and nightingales, and——"

Stay, stay, my sweet young lady; do not let the fervor of your feelings run away with you! I do not pretend to say, indeed, that one or more of these pretty subjects might not have been introduced; but the most important and leading topic of the conference was—Lieutenant Seaforth's breeches.

"Caroline," said Charles, "I have had some very odd dreams since I have been at Tappington."

"Dreams, have you?" smiled the young lady, arching her taper neck like a swan in pluming. "Dreams, have you?"

"Ay, dreams,—or dream, perhaps, I should say; for, though repeated, it was still the same. And what do you imagine was its subject?"

"It is impossible for me to divine," said the tongue;—"I have not the least difficulty in guessing," said the eye, as plainly as ever eye spoke.

"I dreamt—of your great-grandfather!" There was a change in the glance—"My great-grandfather?"

"Yes, the old Sir Giles, or Sir John, you told me about the other day: he walked into my bedroom in his short cloak of murrey-colored velvet, his long rapier, and his Raleigh-looking hat and feather, just as the picture represents him; but with one exception."

"And what was that?"

"Why, his lower extremities, which were visible, were those of a skeleton."

"Well?"

"Well, after taking a turn or two about the room, and looking round him with a wistful air, he came to the bed's foot, stared at me in a manner impossible to describe,—and then he—he laid hold of my pantaloons; whipped his long, bony legs into them in a twinkling; and strutting up to the glass, seemed to view himself in it with great complacency. I tried to speak, but in vain. The effort, however, seemed to excite his attention; for, wheeling about, he showed me the grimmest-looking death's head you can well imagine, and with an indescribable grin strutted out of the room."

"Absurd! Charles. How can you talk such nonsense?"

"But, Caroline—the breeches are really gone."

On the following morning, contrary to his usual custom, Seaforth was the first person in the breakfast parlor. As no one else was present, he did precisely what nine young men out of ten so situated would have done; he walked up to the mantle-piece, established himself upon the rug, and, subducting his coat-tails one under each arm, turned towards the fire that portion of the human frame

which it is considered equally indecorous to present to a friend or an enemy. A serious, not to say anxious, expression was visible upon his good-humored countenance, and his mouth was fast buttoning itself up for an incipient whistle, when little Floy, a tiny spaniel of the Blenheim breed—the pet object of Miss Julia Simpkinson's affections—bounced out from beneath a sofa and began to bark at—his pantaloons.

They were cleverly "built," of a light-gray mixture, a broad stripe of the most vivid scarlet traversing each seam in a perpendicular direction from hip to ankle—in short, the regimental costume of the Royal Bombay Fencibles. The animal, educated in the country, had never seen such a pair of breeches in her life—*Omne ignotum pro magnifico!* The scarlet streak, inflamed as it was by the reflection of the fire, seemed to act on Flora's nerves as the same color does on those of bulls and turkeys; she advanced at the *pas de charge*, and her vociferation, like her amazement, was unbounded. A sound kick from the disgusted officer changed its character, and induced a retreat at the very moment when the mistress of the pugnacious quadruped entered to the rescue.

"Lassy me! Flo, what is the matter?" cried the sympathizing lady, with a scrutinizing glance levelled at the gentleman.

It might as well have lighted on a feather bed. His air of imperturbable unconsciousness defied examination; and as he would not, and Flora could not, expound, that injured individual was compelled to pocket up her wrongs. Others of the household soon dropped in, and clustered around the board dedicated to the most sociable of meals; the urn was paraded "hissing hot," and the cups which "cheer, but not inebriate," steamed redolent of hyson and pekoe; muffins and marmalade, newspapers and Finnon had-dies, left little room for observation on the character of Charles's warlike "turn-out." At length a look from Caroline, followed by a smile that nearly ripened to a titter, caused him to turn abruptly and address his neighbor. It was Miss Simpkinson, who, deeply engaged in sipping her tea and turning over her album, seemed, like a female Chrononothologos, "immersed in cogibundity of cogitation." An interrogatory on the subject of her studies drew from her the confession that she was at that moment employed in putting the finishing touches to a poem inspired by the romantic shades of Bolsover. The entreaties of the company

were of course urgent. Mr. Peters, "who liked verses," was especially persevering, and Sappho at length complied. After a preparatory "hem," and a glance at the mirror to ascertain that her look was sufficiently sentimental, the poetess began:—

"There is a calm, a holy feeling,
Vulgar minds can never know,
O'er the bosom softly stealing—
Chasten'd grief, delicious woe!
Oh! how sweet at eve regaining
Yon lone tower's sequestered shade—
Sadly mute and uncomplaining——"

—Yow!—yeough!—yeough!—yow!—yow! yelled a hapless sufferer from beneath the table. It was an unlucky hour for quadrupeds; and if "every dog will have his day," he could not have selected a more unpropitious one than this. Mrs. Ogletton, too, had a pet—a favorite pug—whose squab figure, black muzzle, and tortuosity of tail, that curled like a head of celery in a salad bowl, bespoke his Dutch extraction. Yow! yow! yow! continued the brute—a chorus in which Flo instantly joined. Sooth to say, pug had more reason to express his dissatisfaction than was given him by the muse of Simpkinson; the other only barked for company. Scarcely had the poetess got through her first stanza, when Tom Ingoldsby, in the enthusiasm of the moment, became so lost in the material world, that, in his abstraction, he unwarily laid his hand on the cock of the urn. Quivering with emotion, he gave it such an unlucky twist that the full stream of its scalding contents descended on the gingerbread hide of the unlucky Cupid. The confusion was complete; the whole economy of the table disarranged—the company broke up in most admired disorder—and "vulgar minds will never know" anything more of Miss Simpkinson's ode till they peruse it in some forthcoming Annual.

Seaforth profited by the confusion to take the delinquent who had caused this "stramash" by the arm, and to lead him to the lawn where he had a word or two for his private ear. The conference between the young gentlemen was neither brief in its duration nor unimportant in its result. The subject was what the lawyers call tripartite, embracing the information that Charles Seaforth was over head and ears in love with Tom Ingoldsby's sister; secondly, that the lady had referred him to "papa" for his sanction; thirdly and lastly, his nightly visitations, and consequent bereavement. At the two

first items Tom smiled auspiciously—at the last he burst out into an absolute “guffaw.” “Steal your breeches! Miss Bailey over again, by Jove,” shouted Ingoldsby. “But a gentleman, you say—and Sir Giles, too. I am not sure, Charles, whether I ought not to call you out for aspersing the honor of the family.”

“Laugh as you will, Tom—be as incredulous as you please. One fact is incontestable—the breeches are gone. Look here—I am reduced to my regimentals; and if these go, to-morrow I must borrow of you.”

Rochefoucauld says there is something in the misfortunes of our very best friends that does not displease us; assuredly we can, most of us, laugh at their petty inconveniences, till called upon to supply them. Tom composed his features on the instant, and replied with more gravity, as well as with an expletive which, if my Lord Mayor had been within hearing, might have cost him five shillings.

“There’s something very queer in this, after all. The clothes, you say, have positively disappeared. Somebody is playing you a trick; and ten to one your servant has a hand in it. By the way, I heard something yesterday of his kicking up a bobbery in the kitchen, and seeing a ghost, or something of that kind, himself. Depend upon it, Barney is in the plot.”

It now struck the lieutenant at once that the usually buoyant spirits of his attendant had of late been materially sobered down, his loquacity obviously circumscribed, and that he, the said lieutenant, had actually rung his bell three several times that very morning before he could procure his attendance. Mr. Maguire was forthwith summoned, and underwent a close examination. The “bobbery” was easily explained. Mr. Oliver Dobbs had hinted his disapprobation of a flirtation carrying on between the gentleman from Munster and the lady from the Rue St. Honoré. Mademoiselle had boxed Mr. Maguire’s ears, and Mr. Maguire had pulled Mademoiselle upon his knee, and the lady had not cried *Mon Dieu*! And Mr. Oliver Dobbs said it was very wrong; and Mrs. Botherby said it was “scandalous,” and what ought not to be done in any moral kitchen; and Mr. Maguire had got hold of the Honorable Augustus Sucklethumbkin’s powder flask, and had put large pinches of the best Double Dartford into Mr. Dobbs’s tobacco box; and Mr. Dobbs’s pipe had exploded, and set fire to

Mrs. Botherby’s Sunday cap; and Mr. Maguire had put it out with the slop-basin, “barring the wig;” and then they were all so “cantankerous” that Barney had gone to take a walk in the garden; and then—then Mr. Barney had seen a ghost.

“A what? you blockhead!” asked Tom Ingoldsby.

“Sure then, and it’s meself will tell your honor the rights of it,” said the ghost-seer. “Meself and Miss Pauline, sir,—or Miss Pauline and meself, for the ladies comes first anyhow,—we got tired of the hobstoppylous scrimmaging among the ould servants, that didn’t know a joke when they seen one: and we went out to look at the comet,—that’s the rorybory-alehouse, they calls him in this country,—and we walked upon the lawn,—and divil of any ale-house there was there at all; and Miss Pauline said it was bekase of the shrubbery maybe, and why wouldn’t we see it better beyonst the trees? and so we went to the trees, but sorrow a comet did meself see there, barring a big ghost instead of it.”

“A ghost? And what sort of a ghost, Barney?”

“Och, then, divil a lie I’ll tell your honor. A tall ould gentleman he was, all in white, with a shovel on the shoulder of him, and a big torch in his fist,—though what he wanted with that it’s meself can’t tell, for his eyes were like gig-lamps, let alone the moon and the comet, which wasn’t there at all:—and ‘Barney,’ says he to me,—‘cause why he knew me,—‘Barney,’ says he, ‘what is it you’re doing with the colleen there, Barney?’ Divil a word did I say. Miss Pauline screeched, and cried murther in French, and ran off with herself; and of course meself was in a mighty hurry after the lady, and had no time to stop palaver-ing with him any way: so I dispersed at once, and the ghost vanished in a flame of fire!”

Mr. Maguire’s account was received with avowed incredulity by both gentlemen; but Barney stuck to his text with unflinching pertinacity. A reference to Mademoiselle was suggested, but abandoned, as neither party had a taste for delicate investigations.

“I’ll tell you what, Seaforth,” said Ingoldsby, after Barney had received his dismissal, “that there is a trick here is evident; and Barney’s vision may possibly be a part of it. Whether he is most knave or fool you best know. At all events, I will sit up with you to-night, and see if I can convert my ancestor into a visiting acquaint-

tance. Meanwhile your finger on your lip!"

"'Twas now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and graves give up
their dead."

Gladly would I grace my tale with decent horror, and therefore I do beseech the "gentle reader" to believe that if all the *succedanea* to this mysterious narrative are not in strict keeping, he will ascribe it only to the disgraceful innovations of modern degeneracy upon the sober and dignified habits of our ancestors. I can introduce him, it is true, into an old and high-roof chamber, its walls covered on three sides with black oak wainscoting, adorned with carvings of fruit and flowers long anterior to those of Grinling Gibbons; the fourth side is clothed with a curious remnant of dingy tapestry, once elucidatory of some Scriptural history, but of *which* not even Mrs. Botherby could determine. Mr. Simpkinson, who had examined it carefully, inclined to believe the principal figure to be either Bathsheba, or Daniel in the lions' den; while Tom Ingoldsby decided in favor of the King of Bashan. All, however, was conjecture, tradition being silent on the subject. A lofty arched portal led into, and a little arched portal led out of, this apartment; they were opposite each other, and each possessed the security of massy bolts on its interior. The bedstead, too, was not one of yesterday, but manifestly coeval with days ere Seddons was, and when a good four-post "article" was deemed worthy of being a royal bequest. The bed itself, with all the appurtenances of palliasses, mattresses, etc., was of far later date, and looked most incongruously comfortable; the casements, too, with their little diamond-shaped panes and iron binding, had given way to the modern heterodoxy of the sash-window. Nor was this all that conspired to ruin the costume, and render the room a meet haunt for such "mixed spirits" only as could condescend to don at the same time an Elizabethan doublet and Bond-Street inexpressibles.

With their green morocco slippers on a modern fender, in front of a disgracefully modern grate, sat two young gentlemen, clad in "shawl-pattern" dressing-gowns and black silk stocks, much at variance with the

high cane-backed chairs which supported them. A bunch of abomination, called cigar, reeked in the left-hand corner of the mouth of one, and in the right-hand corner of the mouth of the other—an arrangement happily adapted for the escape of the noxious fumes up the chimney without that unmerciful "funking" each other which a less scientific disposition of the weed would have induced. A small pembroke table filled up the intervening space between them, sustaining, at each extremity, an elbow and a glass of toddy—thus in "lonely pensive contemplation" were the two worthies occupied, when the "iron tongue of midnight had tolled twelve."

"Ghost-time's come!" said Ingoldsby, taking from his waistcoat pocket a watch like a gold half-crown, and consulting it as though he suspected the turret-clock over the stables of mendacity.

"Hush!" said Charles; "did I not hear a footstep?"

There was a pause:—there *was* a footstep—it sounded distinctly—it reached the door—it hesitated, stopped, and—passed on.

Tom darted across the room, threw open the door, and became aware of Mrs. Botherby toddling to her chamber, at the other end of the gallery, after dosing one of the housemaids with an approved julep from the Countess of Kent's *Choice Manual*.

"Good-night, sir!" said Mrs. Botherby.

"Go to the d—l!" said the disappointed ghost-hunter.

An hour—two—rolled on, and still no spectral visitation, nor did aught intervene to make night hideous; and when the turret-clock sounded at length the hour of three, Ingoldsby, whose patience and grog were alike exhausted, sprang from his chair, saying—

"This is all infernal nonsense, my good fellow. Deuce of any ghost shall we see to-night; it's long past the canonical hour. I'm off to bed; and as to your breeches, I'll insure them for the next twenty-four hours at least, at the price of the buckram."

"Certainly.—Oh! thank'ee—to be sure!" stammered Charles, rousing himself from a reverie which had degenerated into an absolute snooze.

"Good-night, my boy! Bolt the door behind me; and defy the Pope, the Devil, and the Pretender!"

Seaforth followed his friend's advice, and the next morning came down to breakfast dressed in the habiliments of the preceding

day. The charm was broken, the demon defeated; the light grays with the red stripe down the seams were yet *in rerum natura*, and adorned the person of their lawful proprietor.

Tom felicitated himself and his partner of the watch on the result of their vigilance; but there is a rustic adage which warns us against self-gratulation before we are quite "out of the wood."—Seaforth was yet within its verge.

A rap at Tom Ingoldsby's door the following morning startled him as he was shaving—he cut his chin.

"Come in, and be d—d to you!" said the martyr, pressing his thumb on the scarified epidermis. The door opened, and exhibited Mr. Barney Maguire.

"Well, Barney, what is it?" quoth the sufferer, adopting the vernacular of his visitant.

"The master, sir——"

"Well, what does he want?"

"The loanst of a breeches, plase your honor."

"Why, you don't mean to tell me——By Heaven, this is too good!" shouted Tom, bursting into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. "Why, Barney, you don't mean to say the ghost has got them again?"

Mr. Maguire did not respond to the young squire's risibility; the cast of his countenance was decidedly serious.

"Faith, then, it's gone they are, sure enough! Hasn't meself been looking over the bed, and under the bed, and *in* the bed, for the matter of that, and divil a ha'p'orth of breeches is there to the fore at all:—I'm bothered entirely!"

"Hark'ee! Mr. Barney," said Tom, incautiously removing his thumb and letting a crimson stream "incarnadine the multitudinous" lather that plastered his throat—"this may be all very well with your master, but you don't humbug *me*, sir:—tell me instantly what you have done with the clothes?"

This abrupt transition from "lively to severe" certainly took Maguire by surprise, and he seemed for an instant as much disconcerted as it is possible to disconcert an Irish gentleman's gentleman.

"Me? is it meself, then, that's the ghost to your honor's thinking?" said he after a moment's pause, and with a slight shade of indignation in his tones: "is it I would stale

the master's things—and what would I do with them?"

"That you best know:—what your purpose is I can't guess, for I don't think you mean to 'stale' them, as you call it; but that you are concerned in their disappearance, I am satisfied. Confound this blood!—give me a towel, Barney."

Maguire acquitted himself of the commission. "As I've a sowl, your honor," said he, solemnly, "little it is meself knows of the matter: and after what I seen——"

"What you've seen! Why, what *have* you seen?—Barney, I don't want to inquire into your flirtations; but don't suppose you can palm off your saucer eyes and gig-lamps upon me!"

"Then, as sure as your honor's standing there, I saw him: and why wouldn't I, when Miss Pauline was to the fore as well as meself, and——"

"Get along with your nonsense—leave the room, sir!"

"But the master?" said Barney, imploringly; "and without a breeches?—sure, he'll be catching cowl!——"

"Take that, rascal!" replied Ingoldsby, throwing a pair of pantaloons at, rather than to, him; "but don't suppose, sir, you shall carry on your tricks here with impunity; recollect there is such a thing as a treadmill, and that my father is a county magistrate."

Barney's eye flashed fire—he stood erect, and was about to speak; but mastering himself, not without an effort, he took up the garment, and left the room as perpendicular as a Quaker.

"Ingoldaby," said Charles Seaforth, after breakfast, "this is now past a joke; to-day is the last of my stay; for, notwithstanding the ties which detain me, common decency obliges me to visit home after so long an absence. I shall come to an immediate explanation with your father on the subject nearest my heart, and depart while I have a change of dress left. On his answer will my return depend! In the meantime tell me candidly—I ask it in all seriousness, and as a friend—am I not a dupe to your well-known propensity to hoaxing? Have you not a hand in——"

"No, by heaven, Seaforth! I see what you mean: on my honor, I am as much mystified as yourself; and if your servant——"

"Not he; if there be a trick, he at least is not privy to it."

"If there *be* a trick? Why, Charles, do you think——"

"I know not *what* to think, Tom. As surely as you are a living man, so surely did that spectral anatomy visit my room again last night, griu in my face, and walk away with my trousers; nor was I able to spring from my bed, or break the chain which seemed to bind me to my pillow."

"Seaforth!" said Ingoldsby, after a short pause, "I will——But hush! here are the girls and my father. I will carry off the females, and leave you a clear field with the governor; carry your point with him, and we will talk about your breeches afterwards."

Tom's diversion was successful; he carried off the ladies *en masse* to look at a remarkable specimen of the class *Dodecandria Monogynia*—which they could not find—while Seaforth marched boldly up to the encounter, and carried "the governor's" outworks by a *coup de main*. I shall not stop to describe the progress of the attack; suffice it that it was as successful as could have been wished, and that Seaforth was referred back again to the lady. The happy lover was off at a tangent; the botanical party was soon overtaken; and the arm of Caroline, whom a vain endeavor to spell out the Linnæan name of a daffy-down-dilly had detained a little in the rear of the others, was soon firmly locked in his own.

"What was the world to them,
Its noise, its nonsense, and its 'breeches,'
all!"

Seaforth was in the seventh heaven; he retired to his room that night as happy as if no such thing as a goblin had ever been heard of, and personal chattels were as well fenced in by law as real property. Not so Tom Ingoldsby; the mystery—for mystery there evidently was—had not only piqued his curiosity, but ruffled his temper. The watch of the previous night had been unsuccessful, probably because it was undisguised. To-night he would "ensconce himself," not indeed "behind the arras"—for the little that remained was, as we have seen, nailed to the wall—but in a small closet which opened from one corner of the room, and, by leaving the door ajar, would give to its occupant a view of all that might pass in the apartment. Here did the young

ghost-hunter take up a position, with a good stout sapling under his arm, a full half-hour before Seaforth retired for the night. Not even his friend did he let into his confidence, fully determined that if his plan did not succeed the failure should be attributed to himself alone.

At the usual hour of separation for the night, Tom saw, from his concealment, the lieutenant enter his room, and after taking a few turns in it, with an expression so joyous as to betoken that his thoughts were mainly occupied by his approaching happiness, proceed slowly to disrobe himself. The coat, the waistcoat, the black silk stock, were gradually discarded; the green morocco slippers were kicked off, and then—ay, then—his countenance grew grave; it seemed to occur to him all at once that this was his last stake,—nay, that the very breeches he had on were not his own,—that to-morrow morning was his last, and that if he lost *them*——. A glance showed that his mind was made up; he replaced the single button that he had just subducted, and threw himself upon the bed in a state of transition,—half chrysalis, half grub.

Wearily did Tom Ingoldsby watch the sleeper by the flickering light of the night-lamp, till the clock striking one induced him to increase the narrow opening which he had left for the purpose of observation. The motion, slight as it was, seemed to attract Charles's attention; for he raised himself suddenly to a sitting posture, listened for a moment, and then stood upright upon the floor.

Ingoldsby was on the point of discovering himself, when, the light flashing full upon his friend's countenance, he perceived that, though his eyes were open, "their sense was shut,"—that he was yet under the influence of sleep. Seaforth advanced slowly to the toilet, lit his candle at the lamp that stood on it, then, going back to the bed's foot, appeared to search eagerly for something which he could not find. For a few moments he seemed restless and uneasy, walking round the apartment and examining the chairs, till, coming fully in front of a large swing glass that flanked the dressing-table, he paused as if contemplating his figure in it. He now returned towards the bed; put on his slippers, and with cautious and stealthy steps proceeded towards the little arched doorway that opened on the private staircase.

As he drew the bolt, Tom Ingoldsby emerged from his hiding-place; but the sleep-walker heard him not; he proceeded softly down stairs, followed at a due distance by his friend; opened the door which led out upon the gardens; and stood at once among the thickest of the shrubs, which there clustered round the base of a corner turret, and screened the postern from common observation. At this moment Ingoldsby had nearly spoiled all by making a false step: the sound attracted Seaforth's attention,—he paused and turned: and, as the full moon shed her light directly upon his pale and troubled features, Tom marked, almost with dismay, the fixed and rayless appearance of his eyes:—

"There was no speculation in those orbs
That he did glare withal."

The perfect stillness preserved by his follower seemed to reassure him; he turned aside, and from the midst of the thickset laurustinus drew forth a gardener's spade, shouldering which he proceeded with greater rapidity into the midst of the shrubbery. Arrived at a certain point where the earth seemed to have been recently disturbed, he set himself heartily to the task of digging, till, having thrown up several shovelfuls of mould, he stopped, flung down his tool, and very composedly began to disencumber himself of his pantaloons.

Up to this moment Tom had watched him with a wary eye: he now advanced cautiously, and, as his friend was busily engaged in disentangling himself from his garment, made himself master of the spade. Seaforth meanwhile had accomplished his purpose: he stood for a moment with

"His streamers waving in the wind,"

occupied in carefully rolling up the small-clothes into as compact a form as possible, and all heedless of the breath of heaven, which might certainly be supposed at such a moment, and in such a plight, to "visit his frame too roughly."

He was in the act of stooping low to deposit the pantaloons in the grave which he had been digging for them, when Tom Ingoldsby came close behind him, and with the flat side of the spade—

The shock was effectual;—never again was Lieutenant Seaforth known to act the

part of a somnambulist. One by one, his breeches,—his trousers,—his pantaloons,—his silk-net tights,—his patent cords,—his showy grays with the broad red stripe of the Bombay Fencibles, were brought to light—rescued from the grave in which they had been buried, like the strata of a Christmas pie; and after having been well aired by Mrs. Botherby, became once again effective.

The family, the ladies especially, laughed;—the Peterses laughed;—the Simpkinsons laughed;—Barney Maguire cried "Botheration";—and Mam'selle Pauline, "*Mon Dieu!*"

Charles Seaforth, unable to face the quizzing which awaited him on all sides, started off two hours earlier than he had proposed:—he soon returned, however; and having, at his father-in-law's request, given up the occupation of Rajah-hunting and shooting Nabobs, led his blushing bride to the altar.

Mr. Simpkinson from Bath did not attend the ceremony, being engaged at the grand Junction meeting of *savans*, then congregating from all parts of the known world in the city of Dublin. His essay, demonstrating that the globe is a great custard, whipped into coagulation by whirlwinds, and cooked by electricity,—a little too much baked in the Isle of Portland, and a thought underdone about the Bog of Allen,—was highly spoken of and narrowly escaped obtaining a Bridgewater prize.

Miss Simpkinson and her sister acted as bridesmaids on the occasion; the former wrote an *epithalamium*, and the latter cried "Lassy me!" at the clergyman's wig. Some years have since rolled on; the union has been crowned with two or three tidy little offshoots from the family tree, of whom master Neddy is "grandpapa's darling," and Mary Ann mamma's particular "Sock."

I shall only add, that Mr. and Mrs. Seaforth are living together quite as happily as two good-hearted, good-tempered bodies, very fond of each other, can possibly do; and that, since the day of their marriage, Charles has shown no disposition to jump out of bed, or ramble out of doors o' nights,—though from his entire devotion to every wish and whim of his young wife, Tom insinuates that the fair Caroline does still occasionally take advantage of it so far as to "slip on the breeches."

PATTY MORGAN THE MILKMAID'S STORY.

"LOOK AT THE CLOCK."

"Look at the clock!" quoth Winifred Pryce,
As she opened the door to her husband's
knock,
Then paused to give him a piece of advice,
"You nasty Warmint, look at the Clock!
Is this the way, you Wretch, every day
you
Treat her who vowed to love and obey you?—
Out all night! Me in a fright;
Staggering home as it's just getting light!
You intoxicated brute!—you insensible block!—
Look at the Clock!—Do!—Look at the Clock!"

Winifred Pryce was tidy and clean,
Her gown was a flowered one, her petticoat
green,
Her buckles were bright as her milking cans,
And her hat was a beaver, and made like a
man's;
Her little red eyes were deep set in their
socket-holes,
Her gown-tail was turned up, and tucked
through the pocket-holes;
A face like a ferret Betokened her spirit:
To conclude, Mrs. Pryce was not over young,
Had very short legs, and a very long tongue.

Now David Pryce Had one darling vice;
Remarkably partial to anything nice,
Nought that was good to him came amiss,
Whether to eat, or to drink, or to kiss!
Especially ale— If it was not too stale
I really believe he'd have emptied a pail;
Not that in Wales They talk of their
Ales;
To pronounce the word they make use of
might trouble you,
Being spelt with a C, two Rs, and a W

That particular day, As I've heard peo-
ple say,
Mr. David Pryce had been soaking his clay,
And amusing himself with his pipe and che-
roots,
The whole afternoon, at the Goat-in-Boots,
With a couple more soakers, Thorough-
bred smokers,
Both, like himself, prime singers and jokers;
And long after day had drawn to a close,
And the rest of the world was wrapp'd in
repose,
They were roaring out "Shenkin!" and "Ar
hydd y nos;"

While David himself, to a Sassenach tune,
Sang, "We've drunk down the Sun, boys!
let's drink down the moon!
What have we with day to do?
Mrs. Winifred Price, 'twas made for you;"
At length, when they couldn't well drink any
more,
Old "Goat-in-Boots" show'd them the door:
And then came that knock, And the
sensible shock
David felt when his wife cried, "Look at the
Clock!"
For the hands stood as crooked as crooked
might be,
The long at the Twelve, and the short at the
Three!

That self-same clock had long been a bone
Of contention between this Darby and Joan,
And often, among their pother and rout,
When this otherwise amiable couple fell out,
Pryce would drop a cool hint, With an
ominous squint
At its case, of an "Uncle" of his, who'd a
"Spout."
That horrid word "Spout" No sooner
came out
Than Winifred Pryce would turn her about,
And with scorn on her lip, And a hand
on each hip,
"Spout" herself till her nose grew red at the
tip.
"You thundering willin, I know you'd
be killing
Your wife—ay, a dozen of wives—for a shil-
ling!
You may do what you please, You may
sell my chemise
(Mrs. P. was too well-bred to mention her
smock),
But I never will part with my Grandmother's
Clock!"

Mrs. Pryce's tongue ran long and ran fast;
But patience is apt to wear out at last,
And David Pryce in temper was quick,
So he stretch'd out his hand and caught hold
of a stick;
Perhaps in its use he might mean to be len-
ient,
But walking just then wasn't very conveni-
ent.
So he threw it, instead, Direct at her
head;
It knock'd off her hat; Down she fell
flat;
Her case, perhaps, was not much mended by
that:
But whatever it was,—whether rage and pain
Produced apoplexy, or burst a vein,

Or her tumble produced a concussion of brain,
I can't say for certain,—but *this* I can,
When, sober'd by fright, to assist her he ran,
Mrs. Winifred Pryce was as dead as Queen
Anne!

The fearful catastrophe Named in my
last strophe
As adding to grim Death's exploits such a
vast trophy,
Made a great noise; and the shocking fatality
Ran over, like wildfire, the whole Principality.
And then came Mr. Ap Thomas, the Coroner,
With his jury to sit, some dozen or more, on
her.

Mr. Pryce, to commence His "ingeni-
ous defence,"
Made a "powerful appeal" to the jury's
"good sense:"
"The world he must defy Ever to justify
Any presumption of 'Malice Prepense.'"
The unlucky lick From the end of his
stick
He "deplored,"—he was "apt to be rather
too quick;"—

But, really, her prating Was so aggra-
vating:
Some trifling correction was just what he
meant:—all
The rest, he assured them, was "quite acci-
dental!"

Then he calls Mr. Jones, Who depones
to her tones,
And her gestures, and hints about "breaking
his bones;"
While Mr. Ap Morgan and Mr. Ap Rhys
Declare the deceased Had styled him
"a Beast,"
And swear they had witness'd, with grief and
surprise,
The allusion she made to his limbs and his
eyes.

The jury, in fine, having sat on the body
The whole day, discussing the case, and gin
toddy,
Return'd about half-past eleven at night
The following verdict, "We find, *Save her
right!*"

Mr. Pryce, Mrs. Winifred Pryce being dead,
Felt lonely, and moped; and one evening he
said
He would marry Miss Davis at once in her
stead.

Not far from his dwelling, From the
vale proudly swelling,
Rose a mountain; its name you'll excuse me
from telling,

For the vowels made use of in Welsh are so
few,

That the A and the E, the I, O, and the U,
Have really but little or nothing to do;
And the duty, of course, falls the heavier by
far

On the L, and the H, and the N, and the R.
Its first syllable, "PEN," Is pronounce-
able;—then

Come two Ls, and two Hs, two F Fs, and
an N,
About half a score Rs, and some Ws follow,
Beating all my best efforts at euphony hollow:
But we shan't have to mention it often, so when
We do, with your leave, we'll curtail it to
"PEN."

Well—the moon shone bright Upon
"Pen," that night,
When Pryce, being quit of his fuss and his
fright,

Was scaling its side With that sort of
stride

A man puts out when walking in search of a
bride.

Mounting higher and higher, He began
to perspire,

Till, finding his legs were beginning to tire,
And feeling oppress'd By a pain in his
chest,

He paused, and turned round to take breath
and to rest:

A walk all up hill is apt, we know,
To make one, however robust, puff and blow,
So he stopped and looked down on the valley
below.

O'er fell and o'er fen, Over mountain
and glen,

All bright in the moonshine, his eye roved,
and then

All the Patriot rose in his soul, and he thought
Upon Wales, and her glories, and all he'd
been taught

Of her Heroes of old, So brave and so
bold,—

Of her Bards with long beards, and harps
mounted in gold:

Of King Edward the First, Of memory
accurst:

And the scandalous manner in which he be-
haved,

Killing poets by dozens With their un-
cles and cousins,

Of whom not one in fifty had ever been
shaved—

Of the Court Ball, at which, by a lucky
mishap,

Owen Tudor fell into Queen Katherine's lap:
And how Mr. Tudor Successfully wooed
her,

Till the Dowager put on a new wedding ring,
And so made him Father-in-law to the King.

He thought upon Arthur and Merlin of yore,
On Gryffith ap Conan and Owen Glendour;
On Pendragon, and Heaven knows how many
more.

He thought of all this, as he gazed, in a trice,
And on all things, in short, but the late Mrs.

Pryce;
When a lumbering noise from behind made
him start,
And sent the blood back in full tide to his
heart,

Which went pit-a-pat, As he cried out,
"What's that?"—

That very queer sound?— Does it come
from the ground?

Or the air,—from above,—or below,—or
around?—

It is not like Talking, It is not like
Walking,

It's not like the clattering of pot or of pan,
Or the tramp of a horse,—or the tread of a
man,—

Or the hum of a crowd, or the shouting of
boys,—

It's really a deuced odd sort of a noise!
Not unlike a cart's,—but that can't be; for
when

Could "all the King's horses, and all the
King's men,"

With Old Nick for a wagoner, drive one up
"Pxx?"

Pryce, usually brimful of valor when drunk,
Now experienced what schoolboys denominate
"funk."

In vain he looked back On the whole of
the track

He had traversed; a thick cloud, uncommonly
black,

At this moment obscured the broad disk of
the moon,

And did not seem likely to pass away soon;
While clearer and clearer, 'Twas plain
to the hearer,

Be the noise what it might, it drew nearer
and nearer,

And sounded, as Pryce to this moment de-
clares,
Very much, "like a Coffin a-walking up
stairs."

Mr. Pryce had begun To "make up"
for a run,

As in such a companion he saw no great fun,
When a single bright ray Shone out on
the way

He had passed, and he saw, with no little
dismay,

Coming after him, bounding o'er crag and
o'er rock,

The deceased Mrs. Winifred's "Grandmother's
Clock!"

'Twas so!—it had certainly moved from its
place,

And come lumbering on thus, to hold him in
chase;

'Twas the very same Head, and the very same
Case,

And nothing was altered at all—but the Face!
In that he perceived, with no little surprise,

The two little winder-holes turned into eyes
Blazing with ire, Like two coals of fire;

And the "Name of the Maker" was changed
to a Lip,

And the Hands to a Nose with a very red tip.
No!—he could not mistake it,—'twas *SEX* to
the life!

The identical face of his poor defunct wife!

One glance was enough, Completely
"*Quant. suff.*,"

As the doctors write down when they send
you their "stuff."

Like a Weather-cock whirled by a vehement
puff,

David turned himself round; Ten feet of
ground

He cleared, in his start, at the very first
bound!

I've seen people run at West-End Fair for
cheeses—

I've seen ladies run at Bow Fair for chemises—
At Greenwich Fair twenty men run for a hat,

And one from a Bailiff much faster than that:
At foot-ball I've seen lads run after the blad-
der—

I've seen Irish bricklayers run up a ladder—
I've seen little boys run away from a cane—

And I've seen (that is, *read of*) good running
in Spain;¹

But I never did read Of, or witness,
such speed

As David exerted that evening,—Indeed
All I have ever heard of boys, women, or

men,

Falls far short of Pryce, as he ran over Pxx!

He reaches its brow,— He has passed it,
and now,

Having once gained the summit, and managed
to cross it, he

Rolls down the side with uncommon velocity;
But run as he will, Or roll down the

hill,

The bugbear behind him is after him still!

¹I-run is a town said to have been so named from
something of this sort.

And close at his heels, not at all to his liking,
The terrible clock keeps on ticking and striking,

Till, exhausted and sore, He can't run
any more,

But falls as he reaches Miss Davis's door,
And screams when they rush out, alarmed at
his knock,

"Oh! Look at the Clock!—Do!—Look at
the Clock!!!"

Miss Davis looked up, Miss Davis looked
down,

She saw nothing there to alarm her;—a
frown

Came o'er her white forehead; She said,
"it was horrid

A man should come knocking at that time of
night,

And give her Mamma and herself such a
fright:—

To squall and to bawl About nothing at
all!"

She begged "he'd not think of repeating his
call:

His late wife's disaster By no means
had passed her;"

She'd "have him to know she was meat for
his Master!"

Then regardless alike of his love and his woes,
She turned on her heel and she turned up
her nose.

Poor David in vain Implored to remain;
He "dared not," he said, "cross the moun-
tain again."

Why the fair was obdurate None knows,
—to be sure, it

Was said she was setting her cap at the Curate.
Be that as it may, it is certain the sole hole
Pryce found to creep into that night was the
Coal hole!

In that shady retreat, With nothing to
eat,

And with very bruised limbs, and with very
sore feet,

All night close he kept— I can't say he
slept,

But he sighed, and he sobbed, and he groaned,
and he wept:

Lamenting his sins, And his two broken
shins,

Bewailing his fate with contortions and grins,
And her he once thought a complete *Rara*

Avis,

Consigning to Satan—viz., cruel Miss Davis!

Mr. David has since had a "serious call,"
He never drinks ale, wine, or spirits at all,
And they say he is going to Exeter Hall

To make a grand speech, And to preach,
and to teach

People that "they can't brew their malt liq-
uor too small."

That an ancient Welsh poet, one PYNDAR AP
TUDOR,

Was right in proclaiming "ARISTON MEN
UDOR!"

Which means "The pure Element Is for
Man's belly meant!"

And that *Gin's* but a *Snare* of Old Nick the
deluder!

And "still on each evening when pleasure
fills up,"

At the old Goat-in-Boots, with Metheglin,
each cup,

Mr. Pryce, if he's there, Will get into
"The Chair,"

And make all his *quondam* associates stare
By calling aloud to the landlady's daughter,

"Patty, bring a cigar and a glass of Spring
water!"

The dial he constantly watches; and when
The long hand's at the XII., and the short
at the X.,

He gets on his legs, Drains his glass to
the dregs,

Takes his hat and great-coat off their several
pegs,

With his President's hammer bestows his last
knock,

And says solemnly, "Gentlemen,
LOOK AT THE CLOCK!!!"

THE GHOST.

THERE stands a City, — neither large nor
small,—

Its air and situation sweet and pretty;

It matters very little—if at all—

Whether its denizens are dull or witty,

Whether the ladies there are short or tall,

Brunettes or blondes, only, there stands a
city!—

Perhaps 'tis also requisite to minute

That there's a Castle and a Cobbler in it.

A fair Cathedral, too, the story goes,

And kings and heroes lie entombed within
her;

There pious Saints in marble pomp repose,

Whose shrines are worn by knees of many
a sinner;

There, too, full many an Aldermanic nose

Rolled its loud diapason after dinner;

And there stood high the holy scone of
Becket,

—Till four assassins came from France to
crack it.

The Castle was a huge and antique mound,
Proof against all th' artillery of the quiver,
Ere those abominable guns were found,
To send cold lead through gallant warrior's
liver.

It stands upon a gently rising ground,
Sloping down gradually to the river,
Resembling (to compare great things with
smaller)
A well-scooped, mouldy Stilton cheese—but
taller.

The Keep, I find, 's been sadly altered lately,
And 'stead of mail-clad knights, of honor
jealous,
In martial panoply so grand and stately,
Its walls are filled with money-making fel-
lows,
And stuffed, unless I'm misinformed greatly,
With leaden pipes, and coke, and coals, and
bellows;
In short, so great a change has come to pass,
'Tis now a manufactory of Gas.

But to my tale.—Before this profanation,
And ere its ancient glories were cut short
all,
A poor, hard-working Cobbler took his station
In a small house, just opposite the portal;
His birth, his parentage, and education,
I know but little of—a strange, odd mortal;
His aspect, air, and gait, were all ridiculous;
His name was Mason—he'd been christened
Nicholas.

Nick had a wife possessed of many a charm,
And of the Lady Huntingdon persuasion;
But, spite of all her piety, her arm
She'd sometimes exercise when in a pas-
sion;
And, being of a temper somewhat warm,
Would now and then seize, upon small oc-
casion,
A stick, or stool, or anything that round did
lie,
And baste her lord and master most con-
foundedly.

No matter!—'tis a thing that's not uncommon,
'Tis what we all have heard and most have
read of—

I mean a bruising, pugilistic woman,
Such as I own I entertain a dread of,
—And so did Nick, whom sometimes there
would come on

A sort of fear his spouse might knock his
head off,
Demolish half his teeth, or drive a rib in,

She shone so much in "facers" and in
"fibbing."

"There's time and place for all things," said
a sage

(King Solomon, I think), and this I can say,
Within a well-roped ring, or on a stage,
Boxing may be a very pretty *Fancy*,
When Messrs. Burke or Bendigo engage;
—'Tis not so well in Susan, Jane or Nancy:
To get well milled by any one's an evil,
But by a lady—'tis the very devil.

And so thought Nicholas, whose only trouble
(At least his worst) was this his rib's pro-
pensity;

For sometimes from the ale-house he would
hobble,

His senses lost in a sublime immensity
Of cogitation; then he couldn't cobble—

And then his wife would often try the
density

Of his poor skull, and strike with all her
might,

As fast as kitchen wenches strike a light.

Mason, meek soul, who ever hated strife,

Of this same striking had a morbid dread;

He hated it like poison—or his wife—

A vast antipathy—but so he said;

And very often, for a quiet life,

On these occasions he'd sneak up to bed,

Grope darkling in, and, soon as at the door

He heard his lady, he'd pretend to snore.

One night, then, ever partial to society,

Nick, with a friend (another jovial fellow),

Went to a Club—I should have said Society—

At the "City Arms," once called the Porto
Bello;

A Spouting party, which, though some decry
it, I

Consider no bad lounge when one is mel-
low;

There they discuss the tax on salt and leather,

And change of ministers and change of
weather.

In short, it was a kind of British Forum,

Like John Gale Jones's, erst in Piccadilly,

Only they managed things with more decorum,

And the orations were not *quite* so silly;

Far different questions, too, would come be-
fore 'em,

Not always politics, which, will ye nill ye,

Their London prototypes were always willing

To give one *quantum suff.* of—for a shilling.

It more resembled one of later date,

And ten-fold talent, as I am told, in Bow
street,

Where kindlier-natured souls do congregate;
 And though there are who deem that same
 a low street,
 Yet, I'm assured, for frolicsome debate
 And genuine humor, it's surpassed by no
 street,
 When the "Chief Baron" enters and assumes
 To "rule" o'er mimic "Thesigers" and
 "Broughams."

Here they would oft forget their Rulers' faults,
 And waste in ancient lore the midnight
 taper;
 Inquire if Orpheus first produced the Waltz,
 How Gaslights differ from the Delphic
 Vapor,
 Whether Hippocrates gave Glauber's Salts,
 And what the Romans wrote on ere they'd
 paper.
 This night the subject of their disquisitions
 Was Ghosts, Hobgoblins, Sprites and Apparitions.

One learned gentleman, "a sage, grave man,"
 Talked of the Ghost in Hamlet, "sheathed
 in steel;"
 His well-read friend, who next to speak began,
 Said "That was Poetry, and nothing real;"
 A third, of more extensive learning, ran
 To Sir George Villier's Ghost, and Mrs.
 Veal,—
 Of sheeted spectres spoke with shortened
 breath,
 And twice he quoted "Drelincourt on Death."

Nick smoked and smoked, and trembled as
 he heard
 The point discussed, and all they said
 upon it;
 How frequently some murdered man appeared,
 To tell his wife and children who had
 done it;
 Or how a Miser's ghost, with grisly beard,
 And pale lean visage, in an old Scotch bonnet,
 Wandered about to watch his buried money!
 When all at once Nick heard the clock strike
 One,—he

Sprang from his seat, not doubting but a
 lecture
 Impended from his fond and faithful She;
 Nor could he well to pardon him expect her.
 For he had promised to be "home to tea;"
 But having luckily the key o' the back door,
 He fondly hoped that, unperceived, he
 Might creep up stairs again, pretend to doze,
 And hoax his spouse with music from his
 nose.

Vain, fruitless hope!—The wearied sentinel
 At eve may overlook the crouching foe,
 Till, ere his hand can strike the alarum-bell,
 He sinks beneath the unexpected blow;
 Before the whiskers of Grimalkin fell,
 When slumbering on her post, the mouse
 may go—
 But woman, wakeful woman, 's never weary,
 —Above all, when she waits to thump her
 deary.

Soon Mrs. Mason heard the well-known tread;
 She heard the key slow creaking in the door,
 Spied, through the gloom obscure, towards
 the bed
 Nick creeping soft, as oft he had crept before;
 When, bang, she threw a something at his
 head,
 And Nick at once lay prostrate on the floor;
 While she exclaimed, with her indignant face
 on—
 "How dare you use your wife so, Mr. Mason?"

Spare we to tell how fiercely she debated,
 Especially the length of her oration—
 Spare we to tell how Nick expostulated,
 Roused by the bump into a good set passion,
 So great that more than once he execrated,
 Ere he crawled into bed in his usual fashion;
 —The Muses hate brawls; suffice it then to
 say,
 He ducked below the clothes—and there he
 lay!

'Twas now the very witching hour of night,
 When churchyards groan, and graves give
 up their dead,
 And many a mischievous, enfranchised Sprite
 Had long since burst his bonds of stone or
 lead,
 And hurried off with schoolboy-like delight,
 To play his pranks near some poor wretch's
 bed,
 Sleeping, perhaps serenely as a porpoise,
 Nor dreaming of this fiendish Habeas Corpus.

Not so our Nicholas: his meditations
 Still to the same tremendous theme recurred,
 The same dread subject of the dark narra-
 tions,
 Which, backed with such authority, he'd
 heard.
 Lost in his own horrific contemplations,
 He pondered o'er each well-remembered
 word;
 When at the bed's foot, close beside the post,
 He verily believed he saw—a Ghost!

Plain, and more plain, the unsubstantial
Sprite

To his astonished gaze each moment grew;
Ghastly and gaunt, it reared its shadowy
height,

Of more than mortal seeming to the view,
And round its long, thin, bony fingers drew
A tattered winding sheet, of course *all*
white—

The moon that moment peeping through a
cloud,
Nick very plainly saw it *through the shroud!*

And now those matted locks, which never yet
Had yielded to the comb's unkind divorce,
Their long-contracted amity forget,
And spring asunder with elastic force;
Nay, e'en the very cap, of texture coarse,
Whose ruby cincture crowned that brow of
jet,

Up rose in agony—the Gorgon's head
Was but the type of Nick's up-squatting in the
bed.

From every pore distilled a clammy dew,
Quaked every limb,—the candle, too, no
doubt,

En règle, would have burnt extremely blue,
But Nick unluckily had put it out;
And he, though naturally bold and stout,
In short, was in a most tremendous stew;—
The room was filled with a sulphureous smell,
But where that came from Mason could not
tell.

All motionless the Spectre stood—and now
Its rev'rend form more clearly shone con-
fess.

From the pale cheek a beard of purest snow
Descended o'er its venerable breast;
The thin gray hairs that crowned its furrowed
brow,

Told of years long gone by.—An awful
guest
It stood, and with an action of command,
Beckoned the Cobbler with its wan right
hand.

“Whence and what art thou, Execrable
Shape?”

Nick *might* have cried, could he have found
a tongue,
But his distended jaws could only gape,
And not a sound upon the welkin rung;
His gooseberry orbs seemed as they would
have sprung

Forth from their sockets—like a frightened
Ape
He sat upon his haunches, bolt upright,
And shook, and grinned, and chattered with
affright.

And still the shadowy finger, long and lean,
Now beckoned Nick, now pointed to the
door;

And many an ireful glance, and frown, be-
tween,

The angry vision of the Phantom wore,
As if quite vexed that Nick would do no more
Than stare, without e'en asking, “What
d' ye mean?”

Because, as we are told—a sad old joke, too—
Ghosts, like ladies, “never speak till spoke
to.”

Cowards, 'tis said, in certain situations,
Derive a sort of courage from despair,
And then perform, from downright despera-
tion,

Much more than many a bolder man would
dare.

Nick saw the ghost was getting in a passion,
And therefore groping till he found the
chair,

Seized on his awl, crept softly out of bed,
And followed, quaking, where the Spectre
led.

And down the winding stair, with noiseless
tread,

The tenant of the tomb passed slowly on;
Each mazy turning of the humble shed
Seemed to his step at once familiar grown,
So safe and sure the labyrinth did he tread
As though the domicile had been his own,
Though Nick himself, in passing through the
shop,

Had almost broke his nose against the mop.

Despite its wooden bolt, with jarring sound
The door upon its hinges open flew;
And forth the Spirit issued—yet around
It turned, as if its follower's fears it knew,
And once more beckoning, pointed to the
mound,

The antique Keep, on which the bright
moon threw

With such effulgence her mild silvery gleam,
The visionary form seemed melting in her
beam.

Beneath a pond'rous archway's sombre shade,
Where once the huge portcullis swung sub-
lime,

'Mid ivied battlements in ruin laid,
Sole, sad memorials of the olden time,
The Phantom held its way—and though afraid
Even of the owls that sung their vesper
chime,

Pale Nicholas pursued, its steps attending,
And wondering what on earth it all would end
in.

Within the mouldering fabric's deep recess
At length they reached a court obscure and
lone—

It seemed a drear and desolate wilderness,
The blackened walls with ivy all o'ergrown;
The night-bird shrieked her note of wild dis-
tress,

Disturbed upon her solitary throne,
As though indignant mortal step should dare,
So led, at such an hour, to venture there!

The apparition paused and would have spoke,
Pointing to what Nick thought an iron ring,
But then a neighboring chanticler awoke,
And loudly gan his early matins sing;
And then "it started like a guilty thing,"
As that shrill clarion the silence broke.
—We know how much dead gentlefolks es-
chew
The appalling sound of "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

The vision was no more—and Nick alone—
"His streamers waving" in the midnight
wind,
Which through the ruins ceased not to groan,
His garment, too, was somewhat short be-
hind—

And, worst of all, he knew not where to find
The ring,—which made him most his fate
bemoan—
The iron ring,—no doubt of some trap-door,
'Neath which the old dead Miser kept his store.

"What's to be done?" he cried; "'Twere
vain to stay
Here in the dark without a single clue—
Oh! for a candle now, or moonlight ray!
'Fore George, I'm vastly puzzled what to
do"
(Then clapped his hand behind),—"Tis chil-
ly, too—
I'll mark the spot, and come again by day.
What can I mark it by? Oh, here's the wall—
The mortar's yielding—here I'll stick my
awl!"

Then rose from earth to sky a withering
shriek,
A loud, a long-protracted note of woe,
Such as when tempests roar, and timbers
creak,
And o'er the side the masts in thunder go;
While on the deck resistless billows break,
And drag their victims to the gulfs be-
low;—
Such was the scream when, for the want of
candle,
Nick Mason drove his awl in up to the handle.

Scared by his Lady's heart-appalling cry,

Vanished at once poor Mason's golden
dream—

For dream it was;—and all his visions high,
Of wealth and grandeur, fled before that
scream—

And still he listens with averted eye,
When gibing neighbors make "the Ghost"
their theme;

While ever from that hour they all declare
That Mrs. Mason used a cushion in her chair!

A "TRUE AND ORIGINAL" VERSION.

In the autumn of 1824, Captain Medwin having
hinted that certain beautiful lines on the burial of Sir
John Moore might have been the production of Lord
Byron's muse, the late Mr. Sidney Taylor, somewhat
indignantly, claimed them for their rightful owner, the
Rev. Charles Wolfe. During the controversy a third
claimant started up in the person of a *sot-dismal* "Doc-
tor Marshall," who turned out to be a Durham black-
smith, and his pretensions a hoax. It was then that a
certain "Dr. Peppercorn" put forth his pretensions, to
what he averred was the only "true and original" ver-
sion, viz.—

Not a *sous* had he got,—not a guinea or note,
And he looked confoundedly flurried,
As he bolted away without paying his shot,
And the landlady after him hurried.

We saw him again at dead of night,
When home from the Club returning;
We twigged the Doctor beneath the light
Of the gas-lamp brilliantly burning.

All bare, and exposed to the midnight dews,
Reclined in the gutter we found him;
And he looked like a gentleman taking a
snooze,
With his *Marshall* cloak around him.

"The Doctor's as drunk as the devil," we
said,
And we managed a shutter to borrow;
We raised him, and sighed at the thought that
his head
Would "consumedly ache" on the morrow.

We bore him home, and we put him to bed,
And we told his wife and his daughter
To give him, next morning, a couple of red
Herrings, with soda water.—

Loudly they talked of his money that's gone,
And his Lady began to upbraid him;
But little he reck'd, so they let him snore on
'Neath the counterpane just as we laid him.

We tuck'd him in, and had hardly done
When, beneath the window calling,
We heard the rough voice of a son of a gun
Of a watchman "One o'clock!" bawling.

Slowly and sadly we all walked down
From his room in the uppermost story;
A rushlight we placed on the cold hearth-
stone,
And we left him alone in his glory.

THE LAY OF ST. ODILLE.

Odille was a maid of a dignified race:
Her father, Count Otto, was lord of Alsace;
Such an air, such a grace, Such a form,
such a face,
All agreed, 'twere a fruitless endeavor to trace
In the Court, or within fifty miles of the place.
Many ladies in Strasburg were beautiful, still
They were beat all to sticks by the lovely Odille.

But Odille was devout and, before she was nine,
Had "experienced a call" she considered
divine,
To put on the veil at St. Ermengarde's shrine.
Lords, Dukes, and Electors, and Counts Palatine,
Came to seek her in marriage from both sides
the Rhine;
But vain their design, They are all left
to pine,
Their ogings and smiles are all useless; in
fine,
Not one of these gentlefolks, try as they will,
Can draw "Ask my papa" from the cruel
Odille.

At length one of her suitors, a certain Count
Herman,
A highly respectable man as a German,
Who smoked like a chimney, and drank like
a Merman,
Paid his court to her father, conceiving his
firman
Would soon make her bend, And in-
duce her to lend
An ear to a love-tale in lieu of a sermon.
He gained the old Count, who said, "Come,
Mynheer, fill!—
Here's luck to yourself and my daughter
Odille!"

The Lady Odille was quite nervous with fear
When a little bird whispered that toast in her
ear;
She murmured, 'Oh, dear! my Papa has got
queer,

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I am sadly afraid, with that nasty strong beer!
He's so very austere, and severe, that it's clear,
If he gets in his 'tantrums,' I can't remain
here;

But St. Ermengarde's convent is luckily near:
It were folly to stay *Pour prendre congé*,
I shall put on my bonnet and e'en run away!"
—She unlocked the back door and descended
the hill,
On whose crest stood the towers of the sire
of Odille.

—When he found she'd levanted, the Count
of Alsace
At first turned remarkably red in the face;
He anathematized, with much unction and
grace,
Every soul who came near, and consigned the
whole race
Of runaway girls to a very warm place;
With a frightful grimace, He gave orders
for chase;
His vassals set off at a deuce of a pace,
And of all whom they met, high or low, Jack
or Jill,
Asked, "Pray, have you seen anything of
Lady Odille?"

Now, I think I've been told,—for I'm no sport-
ing man,—
That the "knowing ones" call this by far the
best plan,
"Take the lead and then keep it!"—that is,
if you can.
Odille thought so, too, so she set off and ran,
Put her best leg before, Starting at
score,
As I said some lines since, from that little
back door,
And, not being missed until half after four,
Had what hunters call "law" for a good hour
and more;
Doing her best, Without stopping to
rest,
Like "Young Lochinvar who came out of the
West."
"'Tis done!—I am gone!—over briar, brook,
and rill,
They'll be sharp lads who catch me!" said
young Miss Odille.

But you've all read in *Æsop*, or *Phædrus*, or
Gay,
How a tortoise and hare ran together one day;
How the hare, making play, "Progressed
right slick away,"
As "them tarnation chaps," the Americans,
say;
While the tortoise, whose figure is rather *outré*
For racing, crawled straight on, without let
or stay,

Having no post-horse duty or turnpikes to pay,
 Till ere noon's ruddy ray Changed to
 eve's sober gray,
 Though her form and obesity caused some
 delay,
 Perseverance and patience brought up her
 lee-way,
 And she chased her fleet-footed "pryncursor"
 until
 She overtook her at last: so it fared with
 Odille!

For although, as I said, she ran gaily at first,
 And showed no inclination to pause, if she
 durst,
 She at length felt oppress with the heat, and
 with thirst,
 Its usual attendant; nor was that the worst—
 Her shoes went down at heel: at last one of
 them burst.

Now a gentleman smiles At a trot of ten
 miles,
 But not so the Fair. Then consider the stiles,
 And as then ladies seldom wore things with
 a frill
 Round the ankle, those stiles sadly bothered
 Odille.

Still, despite all the obstacles placed in her
 track,
 She kept steadily on, though the terrible
 crack
 In her shoe made, of course, her progres-
 sion more slack,
 Till she reached the Swartz Forest (in Eng-
 lish the Black);

I cannot divine How the boundary line
 Was passed which is somewhere there formed
 by the Rhine—

Perhaps she'd the knack To float o'er
 on her back—

Or, perhaps, cross'd the old bridge of boats
 at Brisach

(Which Vauban, some years after, secured
 from attack

By a bastion of stone which the Germans call
 "Wacke").

All I know is, she took not so much as a
 snack,
 Till hungry and worn, feeling wretchedly ill,
 On a mountain's brow sank down the weary
 Odille.

I said on its "brow," but I should have said
 "crown,"

For 'twas quite on the summit, bleak, barren,
 and brown

And so high that 'twas frightful indeed to look
 down

Upon Friburg, a place of some little renown,
 That lay at its foot: but imagine the frown

That contracted her brow, when full many a
 clown

She perceived coming up from that horrid
 post-town.

They had followed her trail,
 And now thought without fail,

As little boys say, to "lay salt on her tail,"
 While the Count, who knew no other law but
 his will,

Swore that Herman that evening should
 marry Odille.

Alas, for Odille! poor dear! what could she
 do?

Her father's retainers now had her in view,
 As she found from their raising a joyous
 halloo:

While the Count, riding on at the head of his
 crew,

In their snuff-colored doublets and breeches
 of blue,

Was huzzaing and urging them on to pursue—
 What, indeed, could she do? She very
 well knew

If they caught her how much she would have
 to go through;

But then—she'd so shocking a hole in her
 shoe!

And to go further on was impossible: true,
 She might jump over the precipice—still,

there are few,
 In her place, who could manage their courage
 to screw

Up to bidding the world such a sudden adieu.
 Alack! how she envied the birds as they flew;

No Nassau balloon, with its wicker canoe,
 Came to bear her from him she loathed worse
 than a Jew:

So she fell on her knees in a terrible stew,
 Crying, "Holy St. Ermengarde!

Oh, from these vermin guard
 Her whose last hope rests entirely on you:

Don't let papa catch me, dear Saint! Rather
 kill

At once, *sur-le-champ*, your devoted Odille!"

It's delightful to see those who strive to op-
 press

Get balked when they think themselves sure
 of success.

The Saint came to the rescue! I fairly confess
 I don't see, as a Saint, how she well could do
 less

Than to get such a votary out of her mess.
 Odille had scarce closed her pathetic address,

When the rock, gaping wide as the Thames at
 Sheerness.

Closed again, and secured her within its re-
 cess.

In a natural grotto, Which puzzled
 Count Otto,

Who could not conceive where the deuce she
had got to.
'Twas her voice!—but 'twas *Vox et præterea*
Nū!
Nor could any one guess what was gone with
Odille.

Then burst from the mountain a splendor
that quite
Eclipsed, in its brilliance, the finest Bude
light,
And there stood St. Ermengarde, drest all in
white,
A palm-branch in her left hand, her beads in
her right;
While, with faces fresh gilt, and with wings
burnished bright,
A great many little boys' heads took their
flight

Above and around to a very great height,
And seemed pretty lively considering their
plight,

Since every one saw, With amazement
and awe,
They could never sit down, for they hadn't
de quoi.

All at the sight, From the knave to the
knight,
Felt a very unpleasant sensation called fright;
While the Saint, looking down With a
terrible frown,

Said, "My Lords, you are done most remark-
ably brown!

I am really ashamed of you both—my nerves
thrill

At your scandalous conduct to poor dear
Odille!

"Come, make yourselves scarce! It is use-
less to stay,

You will gain nothing here by a longer de-
lay.

'Quick! Presto! Begone!' as the conjurers
say:

For as to the lady, I've stowed her away
In this hill, in a stratum of London blue clay;
And I shan't, I assure you, restore her to-day
Till you faithfully promise no more to say
'Nay,'

But declare, 'if she will be a nun, why she
may.'

For this you've my word, and I never yet
broke it.

So put that in your pipe, my Lord Otto, and
smoke it!

One hint to your vassals,—a month at 'the
Mill'

Shall be nuts to what they'll get who worry
Odille!"

The Saint disappeared as she ended, and so

Did the little boys' heads, which, above and
below,

As I told you a very few stanzas ago,
Had been flying about her and jumping Jim
Crow;

Though, without any body, or leg, foot or toe,
How they managed such antics I really don't
know.

Be that as it may, they all "melted like snow
Off a dyke," as the Scotch say in sweet Edin-
bro',

And there stood the Count, With his
men, on the mount,

Just like "twenty-four jackasses all in a
row."

What was best to be done? 'Twas a sad bitter
pill—

But gulp it he must, or else lose his Odille.

The lord of Alsace therefore altered his plan,
And said to himself, like a sensible man,
"I can't do as I would—I must do as I can;
It will not do to lie under any Saint's ban,
For your hide, when you do, they all manage
to tan.

So Count Herman must pick up some Betsy
or Nan,

Instead of my girl—some Sue, Polly, or Fan—
If he can't get the corn he must do with the
bran,

And make shift with the pot if he can't have
the pan."

With such proverbs as these He went
down on his knees,

And said, "Blessed St. Ermengarde, just as
you please;

They shall build a new convent,—I'll pay the
whole bill

(Taking discount),—its Abbess shall be my
Odille."

There are some of my readers, I'll venture to
say,

Who have never seen Friburg, though some of
them may,

And others, 'tis likely, may go there some
day.

Now, if you ever happen to travel that way,
I do beg and pray—'twill your pains well

repay—
That you'll take what the Cockney folks call
a "po-shay"

(Though in Germany these things are more
like a drag);

You may reach this same hill with a single
relay,

And do look how the rock, Through the
whole of its block,

Is split open, as though by some violent shock
From an earthquake, or lightning, or horrid

hard knock

From the club-bearing fist of some jolly old
cock
Of a Germanized giant, Thor, Woden, or Lok;
And see how it rears its two monstrous
great ears,
For when once you're between them such each
side appears;
And list to the sound of the water one hears
Drip, drip, from the fissures, like raindrops
or tears,—
Odille's, I believe, which have flowed all these
years;
—I think they account for them so;—but the
rill
I am sure is connected some way with Odille.

MORAL.

Now then for a moral, which always arrives
At the end, like the honey bees take to their
hives,
And the more one observes it the better one
thrives,—
We have all heard it said in the course of our
lives,
"Needs must when a certain old gentleman
drives;"
'Tis the same with a lady,—if once she con-
trives
To get hold of the ribbons, how vainly one
strives
To escape from her lash or to shake off her
gyves!
Then let's act like Count Otto, and while one
survives,
Succumb to our She-Saints—videlicet wives!
(*Aside.*)
That is, if one has not "a good bunch of
fives."—
(I can't think how that last line escaped from
my quill,
For I'm sure it has nothing to do with Odille.)
Now, young ladies, to you:— Don't put
on the shrew!—
And don't be surprised if your father looks
blue
When you're pert, and won't act as he wants
you to do!
Be sure that you never elope;—there are
few,—
Believe me, you'll find what I say to be
true,—
Who run restive, but find as they bake they
must brew,
And come off at last with "a hole in their
shoe;"
Since not even Clapham, that sanctified ville,
Can produce enough saints to save every Odille.

THE EXECUTION.

A SPORTING ANECDOTE.

My Lord Tomnoddy got up one day;
It was half after two,
He had nothing to do,
So his Lordship rang for his cabriolet.

Tiger Tim Was clean of limb,
His boots were polished, his jacket was trim;
With a very smart tie in his smart cravat,
And a smart cockade on the top of his hat;
Tallest of boys, or shortest of men,
He stood in his stockings just four foot ten;
And he asked, as he held the door on the swing,
"Pray, did your Lordship please to ring?"

My Lord Tomnoddy he raised his head,
And thus to Tiger Tim he said:
"Malibran's dead, Duvernay's fled,
Taglioni has not yet arrived in her stead;
Tiger Tim, come tell me true,
What may a Nobleman find to do?"
Tim looked up, and Tim looked down,
He paused, and he put on a thoughtful frown,
And he held up his hat, and he peeped in the
crown;
He bit his lip, and he scratched his head,
He let go the handle, and thus he said,
As the door, released, behind him banged:
"An't please you, my Lord, there's a man to
be hanged."

My Lord Tomnoddy jumped up at the news,
"Run to M'Fuse,
And Lieutenant Tregooze,
And run to Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues.
Rope dancers a score I've seen before—
Madam Sacchi, Antonio, and Master Black-
more;
But to see a man swing
At the end of a string,
With his neck in a noose, will be quite a new
thing!"

My Lord Tomnoddy stepped into his cab—
Dark rifle green, with a lining of drab;
Through street and through square
His high-trotting mare,
Like one of Ducrow's, goes pawing the air.
Adown Piccadilly and Waterloo Place
Went the high-trotting mare at a very quick
pace;
She produced some alarm,
But did no great harm,
Save frightening a nurse with a child on her
arm,
Spattering with clay
Two urchins at play,

Knocking down—very much to the sweeper's dismay—

An old woman who wouldn't get out of the way,

And upsetting a stall Near Exeter Hall,
Which made all the pious Church-Mission
folks squall.

But eastward afar Through Temple Bar,
My Lord Tomnoddy directs his car;

Never heeding their squalls,
Or their calls, or their bawls,
He passes by Waithman's Emporium for
shawls,

And, merely just catching a glimpse of St.
Paul's,

Turns down the Old Bailey,
Where in front of the gaol, he

Pulls up at the door of the gin-shop, and
gayly

Cries, "What must I fork out to-night, my
trump,

For the whole first floor of the Magpie and
Stump?"

The clock strikes Twelve—it is dark mid-
night—

Yet the Magpie and Stump is one blaze of
light.

The parties are met; The tables are set;
There is "punch," "cold *without*," "hot *with*,"
heavy wet,

Ale-glasses and jugs,
And rummers and mugs,

And sand on the floor, without carpets or
rugs,

Cold fowls and cigars,
Pickled onions in jars,

Welsh rabbits and kidneys—rare work for
the jaws—

And very large lobsters, with very large claws;
And there is M'Fuze,

And Lieutenant Tregooze;
And there is Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues,
All come to see a man "die in his shoes!"

The clock strikes One! Supper is done,
And Sir Carnaby Jenks is full of his fun,

Singing "Jolly companions every one!"
My Lord Tomnoddy

Is drinking gin-toddy,
And laughing at ev'ry thing and ev'ry body.—

The clock strikes Two! and the clock strikes
Three!

—"Who so merry, so merry as we?"
Save Captain M'Fuze,

Who is taking a snooze,
While Sir Carnaby Jenks is busy at work

Blackening his nose with a piece of burnt cork.

The clock strikes Four!—

Round the debtors' door

Are gathered a couple of thousand or more;
As many await At the press-yard gate,
Till slowly its folding doors open, and straight
The mob divides, and between their ranks
A wagon comes loaded with posts and planks.

The clock strikes Five!

The Sheriffs arrive,

And the crowd is so great that the street
seems alive;

But Sir Carnaby Jenks Blinks and winks,
A candle burns down in the socket, and stinks.

Lieutenant Tregooze
Is dreaming of Jews,

And acceptances all the bill-brokers refuse;
My Lord Tomnoddy

Has drunk all his toddy,
And just as the dawn is beginning to peep,
The whole of the party are fast asleep.

Sweetly, oh! sweetly, the morning breaks,
With roseate streaks,

Like the first faint blush on a maiden's
cheeks;

Seemed as that mild and clear blue sky
Smiled upon all things far and nigh,

On all—save the wretch condemn'd to die!
Alack! that ever so fair a Sun,

As that which its course has now begun,
Should rise on such scenes of misery!—

Should gild with rays so light and free
That dismal, dark-frowning Gallows-tree!

And hark!—a sound comes, big with fate;
The clock from St. Sepulchre's tower strikes

—Eight!—
List to that low funereal bell:

It is tolling, alas! a living man's knell!—
And see!—from forth that opening door

They come—He steps that threshold o'er
Who never shall tread upon threshold more!

—God! 'tis a fearsome thing to see
That pale wan man's mute agony,—

The glare of that wild, despairing eye,
Now bent on the crowd, now turned to the

sky,
As though 'twere scanning, in doubt and in

fear,
The path of the Spirit's unknown career;

Those pinioned arms, those hands that ne'er
Shall be lifted again,—not even in prayer;

That heaving chest!—Enough—'tis done!
The bolt has fallen!—The spirit is gone—

For weal or for woe is known but to One!—
—Oh! 'twas a fearsome sight!—Ah me,

A deed to shudder at,—not to see.

Again that clock! 'tis time, 'tis time!
The hour is past: with its earliest chime

The cord is severed, the lifeless clay
By "dungeon villains" is borne away:
Nine! 'twas the last concluding stroke!
And then—my Lord Tomnoddy awoke!
And Tregooze and Sir Carnaby Jenks arose,
And Captain M'Fuze, with the black on his
nose:

And they stared at each other, as much as to
say,

"Hollo! Hollo! Here's a rum Go!

Why, Captain!—my Lord!—Here's the devil
to pay!

The fellow's been cut down and taken away!
What's to be done?

We've miss'd all the fun!—

Why, they'll laugh at and quiz us all over
the town,

We are all of us done so uncommonly
brown!"

What *was* to be done?—'twas perfectly plain
That they could not well hang the man over
again:

What *was* to be done?—The man was dead!
Nought *could* be done—nought could be
said;

So—my Lord Tomnoddy went home to bed!

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

A LEGEND OF ITALY.

"... Of the Merchant of Venice there are two 4to
editions in 1800, one by Heyes and the other by Robert.
The Duke of Devonshire and Lord Francis Egerton
have copies of the edition by Heyes, and they vary
importantly.

"... It must be acknowledged that *this* is a very easy
and happy emendation, which does not admit of a moment's
doubt or dispute.

"... Readers in general are not at all aware of the
nonsense they have in many cases been accustomed to
receive as the genuine text of Shakespeare!"—*Beacons*
for a New Edition of Shakespeare's Works, by J. Payne
Collier.

I believe there are few
But have heard of a Jew
Named Shylock, of Venice, as arrant a
"screw"

In money transactions as ever you knew;
An exorbitant miser, who never yet lent
A ducat at less than three hundred per cent.,
Insomuch that the veriest spendthrift in
Venice,

Who'd take no more care of his pounds than
his pennies,
When pressed for a loan, at the very first
sight

Of his terms, would back out and take refuge
in *Flight*.

It is not my purpose to pause and inquire
If he might not, in managing thus to retire,
Jump out of the frying-pan into the fire;
Suffice it, that folks would have nothing to do,
Who could possibly help it, with Shylock the
Jew.

But however discreetly one cuts and contrives,
We've been most of us taught, in the course
of our lives,

That "Needs must when the Elderly Gentle-
man drives!"

In proof of this rule,

A thoughtless young fool,

Bassanio, a Lord of the Tomnoddy school,
Who, by showing at Operas, Balls, Plays, and
Court,

A "swelling (Payne Collier would read
"swilling") port,"

And inviting his friends to dine, breakfast,
and sup,

Had shrunk his "weak means," and was
"stumped" and "hard up,"

Took occasion to send

To his very good friend

Antonio, a merchant whose wealth had no end,
And who'd often before had the kindness to
lend

Him large sums, on his note, which he'd
managed to spend.

"Antonio," said he, "Now listen to me:
I've just hit on a scheme which, I think
you'll agree,

All matters considered, is no bad design,
And which, if it succeeds, will suit your book
and mine.

"In the first place, you know all the money
I've got,

Time and often, from you has been long gone
to pot,

And in making those loans you have made a
bad shot;

Now, do as the boys do when, shooting at
sparrows

And tom-tits, they chance to lose one of their
arrows,—

Shoot another the same way; I'll watch well
its track,

And, turtle to tripe, I'll bring both of them
back!—

So list to my plan, And do what you can
To attend to and second it, that's a good man.

"There's a lady, young, handsome beyond all
compare, at

A place they call Belmont, whom, when I
was there, at

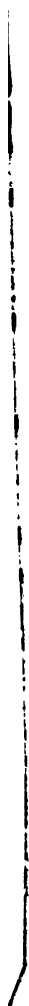
2



Trial Scene in the Merchant of Venice.

THEATRE OF THE PATENT, LONDON.

1840.



The suppers and parties my friend Lord Mountferrat

Was giving last season, we all used to stare at. Then, as to her wealth, her solicitor told mine. Besides vast estates, a pearl-fishery and gold mine,

Her iron strong box
Seems bursting its locks,
It's stuffed so with shares in 'Grand Junction' and 'Docks,'

Not to speak of the money she's got in the Stocks,

French, Dutch, and Brazilian,
Colombian, and Chilian,
In English Exchequer-bills full half a million,
Not 'kites,' manufactured to cheat and inveigle,
But the right sort of 'fimsy,' all signed by Monteagle.

Then I know not how much in Canal shares and Railways,
And more speculations I need not detail,
ways

Of 'vesting which, if not so safe as some think 'em,

Contribute a deal to improving one's income;
In short, she's a Mint!

—Now, I say, deuce is in 't
If, with all my experience, I can't take a hint,
And her 'eye's speechless messages,' plainer than print

At the time I told you of, known from a squint.

In short, my dear Tony,
My trusty old crony,
Do stump up three thousand once more as a loan: I

Am sure of my game—though of course there are brutes

Of all sorts and sizes preferring their suits
To her you may call the Italian Miss Coutts;
Yet Portia—she's named from that daughter of Cato's—

Is not to be snapped up like little potatoes,
And I have not a doubt
I shall rout every lout

Ere you'll whisper Jack Robinson—cut them all out—

Surmount every barrier,
Carry her, marry her!

—Then, hey! my old Tony, when once fairly noosed,

• For her Three-and-a-half Per Cents—New and Reduced?"

With a wink of his eye
His friend made reply
In his jocular manner, sly, caustic, and dry:
"Still the same boy, Bassanio—never say 'die'!

—Well, I hardly know how I shall do 't, but I'll try.

Don't suppose my affairs are at all in a hash,

But the fact is, at present I'm quite out of cash;

The bulk of my property, merged in rich cargoes, is

Tossing about, as you know, in my Argosies,

Tending, of course, my resources to cripple, I—

've one bound to England,—another to Tripoli—

Cyprus—Mansulipatam—and Bombay;—
A sixth, by the way,

I consigned t'other day
To Sir Gregor McGregor, Cacique of Poyais,
A country where silver's as common as clay.

Meantime, till they tack,
And come, some of them, back,

What with Custom-house duties, and bills falling due,

My account with Jones, Lloyd & Co. looks rather blue;

While as for the 'ready,' I'm like a Churchmouse,—

I really don't think there's five pounds in the house.

But no matter for that,
Let me just get my hat,

And my new silk umbrella that stands on the mat,

And we'll go forth at once to the market,—we two,—

And try what my credit in Venice can do;
I stand well on 'Change, and when all's said and done, I

Don't doubt I shall get it for love or for money."

They were going to go,
When lo! down below,

In the street, they heard somebody crying,
"Old Clo'!"

—"By the Pope, there's the man for our purpose!—I knew

We should not have to search long. Solanio, run you,

—Salarino,—quick!—haste! ere he get out of view,

And call in that scoundrel, old Shylock, the Jew!"

With a pack Like a sack
Of old clothes at his back,

And three hats on his head, Shylock came in a crack,

Saying, "Rest you fair, Signior Antonio!—vat, pray,

Might your worship be pleased for to vant in ma vay?"

—"Why, Shylock, although,
As you very well know,
I am what they call 'warm,'—pay my way as
I go,
And, as to myself, neither borrow nor lend,
I can break through a rule to oblige an old
friend;
And that's the case now—Lord Bassanio
would raise
Some three thousand ducats—well,—knowing
your ways,
And that nought's to be got from you, say
what one will,
Unless you've a couple of names to the bill,
Why, for once, I'll put mine to it,
Yea, seal and sign to it—
Now, then, old Sinner, let's hear what you'll
say
As to 'doing' a bill at three months from to-
day?
Three thousand gold ducats, mind—all in
good bags
Of hard money—no sealing-wax, slippers, or
rags!"

—"Vell, ma tear," says the Jew,
"I'll see vat I can do!
But, Mishter Antonio, hark you, tish funny
You say to me, 'Shylock, ma tear, ve'd have
money!'
Ven you very vell knows
How you shpit on ma clothes,
And use naughty vords—calls me Dog—and
avouch
Dat I put too much int'rest by half in ma
pouch,
And while I, like the rest of ma tribe, shrug
and crouch,
You find fault mit ma pargains, and say I'm
a Smouch.
—Vell!—no matter, ma tear,—
Von vord in your ear!
I'd be friends mit you bote—and to make dat
appear,
Vy, I'll find you de moneys as soon as you vill,
Only von little joke musht be put in de pill:—
Ma tear, you musht say,
If on such and such day
Such sum or such sums you shall fail to re-
pay,
I shall cut where I like, as the pargain is
proke,
A fair pound of your flesh—chest by vay of a
joke."

So novel a clause
Caused Bassanio to pause;
But Antonio, like most of those sage "Johnny
Raws"
Who care not three straws
About Lawyers or Laws,

And think cheaply of "Old Father Antio,"
because

They have never experienced a grip from his
claws,
"Pooh pooh'd" the whole thing—"Let the
Smouch have his way,
Why, what care I pray,
For his penalty?—Nay,
It's a forfeit he'd never expect me to pay:
And come what come may,
I hardly need say
My ships will be back a full month ere the
day."

So, anxious to see his friend off on his journey,
And thinking the whole but a paltry concern,
he

Affixed with all speed His name to a deed,
Duly stamped and drawn up by a sharp Jew
attorney.

Thus again furnished forth, Lord Bassanio,
instead

Of squandering the cash, after giving one
spread,

With fiddling and masques, at the Saracen's
Head,

In the morning "made play,"
And without more delay

Started off in the steamboat for Belmont next
day.

But scarcely had he
From the harbor got free,
And left the Lagunes for the broad open sea,
Ere the 'Change and Rialto both rung with
the news
That he'd carried off more than mere cash
from the Jew's.

Though Shylock was old,
And, if rolling in gold,
Was as ugly a dog as you'd wish to behold,—
For few in his tribe 'mongst their Levis and
Moseses

Sported so Jewish an eye, beard, and nose as
his,—

Still, whate'er the opinions of Horace and
some be,

Your *aquilæ* generate sometimes *Columbae*.¹

Like Jephthah, as Hamlet says, he'd "one
fair daughter,"

And every gallant who caught sight of her
thought her

A jewel—a gem of the very first water;

A great many sought her

Till one at last, caught her,

And upsetting all that the Rabbis had taught
her,

To feelings so truly reciprocal brought her,
That the very same night
Bassanio thought right

¹ Nec imbellem feroces
Progenerant aquilæ columbam.—Hos.

To give all his old friends that farewell
 "invite,"
 And while Shylock was gone there to feed out
 of spite,
 On "wings made by a tailor" the damsel
 took flight.

By these "wings" I'd express
 A gray duffle dress,
 With brass badge and muffin cap, made as
 by rule,
 For an upper-class boy in the National school.
 Jessie ransacked the house, popped her breeks
 on, and when so
 Disguised, bolted off with her beau—one Lor-
 enzo,
 An "Unthrif," who lost not a moment in
 whisking
 Her into the boat, And was fairly afloat
 Ere her Pa had got rid of the smell of the
 griskin.

Next day, while old Shylock was making a
 racket,
 And threatening how well he'd dust every
 man's jacket
 Who'd helped her in getting aboard of the
 packet,
 Bassanio at Belmont was capering and pranc-
 ing,
 And bowing, and scraping, and singing, and
 dancing,
 Making eyes at Miss Portia, and doing his
 best
 To perform the polite, and to cut out the rest;
 And, if left to himself, he no doubt had suc-
 ceeded,
 For none of them waltzed so genteelly as he
 did;
 But an obstacle lay,
 Of some weight, in his way.
 The defunct Mr. P., who was now turned to
 clay,
 Had been an odd man, and, though all for
 the best he meant,
 Left but a queer sort of "Last will and testa-
 ment,"—
 Bequesting her hand,
 With her houses and land,
 &c., from motives one don't understand,
 As she rev'renced his memory, and valued
 his blessing,
 To him who should turn out the best hand at
 guessing!

Like a good girl, she did
 Just what she was bid,
 In one of three caskets her picture she hid,
 And clapped a conundrum a-top of each lid.

A couple of Princes, a black and a white one,

Tried first, but they both failed in choosing
 the right one;

Another from Naples, who shod his own
 horses;

A French Lord, whose graces might vie with
 Count D'Orsay's;

A young English Baron; a Scotch Peer his
 neighbor;

A dull drunken Saxon, all moustache and
 sabre,—

All followed, and all had their pains for their
 labor.

Bassanio came last—happy man be his dole!
 Put his conjuring cap on,—considered the
 whole,—

The gold put aside as

Mere "hard food for Midas,"

The silver bade trudge

As a "pale common drudge;"

Then choosing the little lead box in the middle,
 Came plump on the picture, and found out
 the riddle.

Now, you're not such a goose as to think, I
 dare say,
 Gentle Reader, that all this was done in a
 day,

Any more than the dome

Of St. Peter's at Rome

Was built in the same space of time; and, in
 fact,

Whilst Bassanio was doing

His billing and cooing,

Three months had gone by ere he reached the
 fifth act;

Meanwhile that unfortunate bill became due,
 Which his Lordship had almost forgot, to the
 Jew.

And Antonio grew

In a deuce of a stew,

For he could not cash up, spite of all he could
 do

(The bitter old Israelite would not renew):

What with contrary winds, storms, and wrecks,
 and embargoes, his

Funds were all stopped, or gone down in his
 argosies,

None of the set having come into port,

And Shylock's attorney was moving the
 Court

For the forfeit supposed to be set down in
 sport.

The serious news

Of this step of the Jew's,

And his fixed resolution all terms to refuse,
 Gave the newly-made Bridegroom a fit of

"the Blues,"

Especially, too, as it came from the pen
 Of his poor friend himself on the wedding-
 day,—then,

When the Parson had scarce shut his book up
and when
The Clerk was yet uttering the final Amen.

"Dear Friend," it continued, "all's up with
me—I
Have nothing on earth now to do but to die!
And as death clears all scores, you're no longer
my debtor;
I should take it as kind
Could you come—never mind—
If your love don't persuade you, why,—don't
let this letter!"

I hardly need say this was scarcely read o'er
Ere a post-chaise and four
Was brought round to the door,
And Bassanio, though doubtless he thought it
a bore,
Gave his lady one kiss, and then started at
score.
But scarce in his flight
Had he got out of sight
Ere Portia, addressing a groom said, "My lad,
you a
Journey must take on the instant to Padua;
Find out there Bellario, a Doctor of Laws,
Who, like Pollett, is never left out of a cause,
And give him this note,
Which I've hastily wrote,
Take the papers he'll give you—then push for
the ferry
Below, where I'll meet you; you'll do't in a
wherry.
If you can't find a boat on the Brenta with
sails to it.
—Stay, bring his gown too, and wig with
three tails to it."

Giovanni (that's Jack)
Brought out his hack,
Made a bow to his mistress, then jumped on
its back,
Put his hand to his hat, and was off in a crack.
The Signora soon followed, herself, taking as
her
Own escort, Nerissa, her maid, and Balthasar.

"The Court is prepared, the Lawyers are met,
The Judges all ranged, a terrible show!"
As Captain Macheath says,—and when one's
in debt,
The sight's as unpleasant a one as I know.
Yet still not so bad after all, I suppose,
As if, when one cannot discharge what one
owes,
They should bid people cut off one's toes or
one's nose;

Yet here, a worse fate,
Stands Antonio, of late
A Merchant might vie e'en with Princes in
state.
With his waistcoat unbuttoned, prepared for
the knife,
Which, in taking a pound of flesh, must take
his life;
—On the other side Shylock, his bag on the
floor,
And three shocking bad hats on his head, as
before,
Imperturbable stands,
As he waits their commands
With his scales and his great *snickersnee* in
his hands:
—Between them, equipt in a wig, gown, and
bands,
With a very smooth face, a young dandified
Lawyer,
Whose air, ne'ertheless, speaks him quite a
top-sawyer,
Though his hopes are but feeble
Does his *possible*
To make the hard Hebrew to mercy incline,
And in lieu of his three thousand ducats take
nine,
Which Bassanio, for reasons we well may
divine,
Shows in so many bags all drawn up in a line.
But vain are all efforts to soften him—still
He points to the bond
He so often has conn'd,
And says in plain terms he'll be shot if he
will.
So the dandified lawyer, with talking grown
hoarse,
Says, "I can say no more—let the law take
its course."

Just fancy the gleam of the eye of the Jew,
As he sharpened his knife on the sole of his
shoe
From the toe to the heel,
And grasping the steel,
With a business-like air was beginning to feel
Whereabouts he should cut, as a butcher
would veal,
When the dandified Judge put a spoke in his
wheel.
"Stay, Shylock," says he;
"Here's one thing—you see
This bond of yours gives you here no jot of
blood!
—The words are 'A pound of flesh,'—that's
clear as mud—
Slice away then, old fellow—but mind!—if
you spill
One drop of his claret that's not in your
bill,
I'll hang you like Haman!—by Jingo, I will!"

When apprised of this flaw,
 You never yet saw
 Such an awfully marked elongation of jaw
 As in Shylock, who cried, "Plesh ma heart!
 ish dat law?"—
 Off went his three hats,
 And he looked as the cats
 Do, whenever a mouse has escaped from their
 claw.
 —" 'Ish't the law?'—why the thing won't
 admit of a query—
 No doubt of the fact,
 Only look at the Act;
Acto quinto, cap: tertio, Dogi Falieri—
 Nay, if, rather than cut, you'd relinquish the
 debt,
 The Law, Master Shy, has a hold on you yet.
 See Foscari's 'Statutes at large'—'If a
 Stranger
 A Citizen's life shall, with malice, endanger,
 The whole of his property, little or great,
 Shall go, on conviction, one half to the State,
 And one to the person pursued by his hate;
 And, not to create Any further debate,
 The Doge, if he pleases, may cut off his pate.'
 So down on your marrowbones, Jew, and
 ask mercy!
 Defendant and Plaintiff are now *wisy wesy*."

What need to declare
 How pleased they all were
 At so joyful an end to so sad an affair?
 Or Bassanio's delight at the turn things had
 taken,
 His friend having saved, to the letter, his
 bacon?—
 How Shylock got shaved, and turned Chris-
 tian, though late,
 To save a life-int'rest in half his estate?
 How the dandified Lawyer who'd managed
 the thing
 Would not take any fee for his pains but a
 ring
 Which Mrs. Bassanio had given to her spouse,
 With injunctions to keep it on leaving the
 house?—
 How, when he and the spark
 Who appeared as his clerk
 Had thrown off their wigs, and their gowns,
 and their jetty coats,
 There stood Nerissa and Portia in petticoats?
 How they pouted, and flouted, and acted the
 cruel,
 Because Lord Bassanio had not kept his jew-
 el?—
 How they scolded and broke out,
 Till, having their joke out,
 They kissed, and were friends, and, all bless-
 ing and blessed,
 Drove home by the light
 Of a moonshiny night,

Like the one in which Troilus, the brave
 Trojan knight,
 Sat astride on a wall, and sigh'd after his
 Cressid?—

All this, if 'twere meet,
 I'd go on to repeat,
 But a story spun out so 's by no means a treat,
 So, I'll merely relate what, in spite of the
 pains
 I have taken to rummage among his remains,
 No edition of Shakspeare I've met with con-
 tains;
 But, if the account which I've heard be the
 true one,
 We shall have it, no doubt, before long, in a
 new one.

In a MS., then, sold
 For its full weight in gold,
 And knocked down to my friend Lord Tom-
 noddy, I'm told
 It's recorded that Jéssy, coquettish and vain,
 Gave her husband, Lorenzo, a good deal of
 pain;
 Being mildly rebuked, she levanted again,
 Ran away with a Scotchman, and, crossing
 the main,
 Became known by the name of the "Flower
 of Dunblane."

That Antonio, whose piety caused, as we've
 seen,
 Him to spit upon every old Jew's gaberdine,
 And whose goodness to paint
 All colors were faint,
 Acquired the well-merited prefix of "Saint;"
 And the Doge, his admirer, of honor the
 fount,
 Having given him a patent, and made him a
 Count,
 He went over to England, got nat'ralized
 there,
 And espoused a rich heiress in Hanover
 Square.

That Shylock came with him, no longer a
 Jew,
 But converted, I think may be possibly true;
 But that Walpole, as these self-same papers
 aver,
 By changing the y in his name into *er*,
 Should allow him a fictitious surname to dish
 up,
 And in Seventeen Twenty-eight make him a
 Bishop,
 I cannot believe, but shall still think them
 two men
 Till some Sage proves the fact "with his usual
acumen."

MORAL.

From this tale of the Bard
 It's uncommonly hard
 If an Editor can't draw a moral.—'Tis clear,
 Then,—in ev'ry young wife-seeking Bachelor's
 ear
 A maxim, 'bove all other stories, this one
 drums,—
 "PITCH GREEK TO OLD HARRY, AND STICK TO
 CONUNDRUMS!"

To new-married Ladies this lesson it teaches,
 "You're 'no far wrong' in assuming the
 breeches!"

Moneyed men upon 'Change, and rich Mer-
 chants, it schools
 To look well to assets, nor play with edge
 tools!
 Last of all this remarkable History shows men
 What caution they need when they deal with
 old-clothes men;
 So bid John and Mary
 To mind and be wary,
 And never let one of them come down the
 are'!

NELL COOK.

A LEGEND OF THE "DARK ENTRY."

THE KING'S SCHOLAR'S STORY.

"From the 'Brick Walk' branches off to the right a long, narrow, vaulted passage, paved with flagstones, vulgarly known by the name of the 'Dark Entry.' Its eastern extremity communicates with the cloisters, crypt, and, by a private staircase, with the interior of the cathedral. On the west it opens into the 'Green Court,' forming a communication between it and the portion of the 'Precinct' called the 'Oaks'."—*A Walk round Canterbury*, etc.

[Scene—A back parlor in Mr. John Ingoldsby's house in the Precinct.—A blazing fire.—Mine Uncle is seated in a high-backed easy chair, twirling his thumbs, and contemplating his list shoe.—Little Tom, the "King's Scholar," on a stool opposite.—Mrs. John Ingoldsby at the table, busily employed in manufacturing a cabbage-rose (cauliflower?) in many-colored worsteds.—Mine Uncle's meditations are interrupted by the French clock on the mantle-piece.—He prologizeth with vivacity.]

"Hark! listen, Mrs. Ingoldsby—the clock is striking nine.
 Give Master Tom another cake, and half a glass of wine,

And ring the bell for Jenny Smith, and bid her bring his coat,
 And a warm bandana handkerchief to tie around his throat.

"And bid them go the nearest way, for Mr. Birch has said
 That nine o'clock 's the hour he'll have his boarders all in bed;
 And well we know when little boys their coming home delay,
 They often seem to walk and sit uneasily next day!"

—"Now nay, dear Uncle Ingoldsby, now send me not, I pray,
 Back by that Entry dark, for that you know's the nearest way;
 I dread that Entry dark with Jane alone at such an hour,
 It fears me quite—it's Friday night—and then Nell Cook hath power!"

"And who's Nell Cook, thou silly child?—and what's Nell Cook to thee,
 That thou shouldst dread at night to tread with Jane that dark entree!"

—"Nay, list and hear, mine Uncle dear! such fearsome things they tell
 Of Nelly Cook that few may brook at night to meet with Nell!"

"It was in bluff King Harry's days—and Monks and Friars were then,
 You know, dear Uncle Ingoldsby, a sort of Clergymen.
 They'd coarse stuff gowns, and shaven crowns—no shirts, and no cravats,
 And a cord was placed about their waist—they had no shovel hats!

"It was in bluff King Harry's days, while yet he went to shrift,
 And long before he stamped and swore, and cut the Pope adrift;
 There lived a portly Canon then, a sage and learned clerk;
 He had, I trow, a goodly house, fast by that Entry dark!

"The Canon was a portly man—of Latin and of Greek,
 And learned lore he had good store; yet health was on his cheek.
 The Priory fare was scant and spare, the bread was made of rye,
 The beer was weak, yet he was sleek—he had a merry eye.

"For though within the Priory the fare was scant and thin,

The Canon's house it stood without;—he kept good cheer within;
Unto the best he prest each guest with free and jovial look,
And Ellen Bean ruled his *cuisine*,—he called her 'Nelly Cook.'

"For soups, and stews, and choice *ragouts*,
Nell Cook was famous still!
She'd make them even of old shoes, she had such wondrous skill:
Her manchets fine were quite divine, her cakes were nicely browned,
Her boiled and roast they were the boast of all the "Precinct" round.

"And Nelly was a comely lass, but calm and staid her air,
And earthward bent her modest look—yet was she passing fair;
And though her gown was russet brown, their heads grave people shook:
—They all agreed no Clerk had need of such a pretty Cook.

"One day—'twas on a Whitsun eve—there came a coach and four:—
It passed the 'Green-Court' gate, and stopped before the Canon's door;
The travel stain on wheel and rein bespoke a weary way;
Each panting steed relaxed its speed—out stepped a Lady gay.

"Now welcome! welcome! dearest Niece,' the Canon then did cry,
And to his breast the Lady pressed,—he had a merry eye:
'Now welcome! welcome! dearest Niece,—in sooth thou'rt welcome here
'Tis many a day since we have met:—how fares my Brother dear?'—

"'Now thanks, my loving Uncle,' that Lady gay replied:
'Gramercy for thy benison!'—then 'Out, alas!' she sighed:
'My father dear he is not near,—he seeks the Spanish Main;
He prays thee give me shelter here till he return again!'

"'Now welcome! welcome! dearest Niece; come lay thy mantle by.'
The Canon kissed her ruby lip,—he had a merry eye;
But Nelly Cook askew did look,—it came into her mind
They were a little less than 'kin,' and rather more than 'kind.'

"Three weeks are gone and over—full three weeks and a day—
Yet still within the Canon's house doth dwell that Lady gay;
On capons fine they daily dine, rich cates and sauces rare,
And they quaff good store of Bordeaux wine,—so dainty is their fare.

"And fine upon the virginal is that gay Lady's touch,
And sweet her voice unto the lute, you'll scarce hear any such;
But is it 'O Sanctissima' she sings in dulcet tone?
Or 'Angels ever bright and fair'?—Ah no! it's 'Bobbing Joan'!

"The Canon's house is lofty and spacious to the view;
The Canon's cell is ordered well—Yet Nelly looks askew;
The Lady's bower is in the tower—Yet Nelly shakes her head:
She hides the poker and the tongs in that gay Lady's bed!

"Six weeks were gone and over—full six weeks and a day—
Yet in that bed the poker and the tongs unheeded lay!
From which I fear it's pretty clear that Lady rest had none,—
Or if she slept in any bed, it was not in her own.

"But where that Lady passed her night I may not well divine,—
Perhaps in pious orisons at good St. Thomas' shrine,
And for her father far away breathed tender vows and true!
It may be so—I cannot say—but Nelly looked askew.

"And still at night, by fair moonlight, when all were locked in sleep,
She'd listen at the Canon's door, she'd through the keyhole peep;
I know not what she heard or saw, but fury filled her eye:
—She bought some nasty doctor's-stuff, and she put it in a pie!

"It was a glorious summer's eve; with beams of rosy red

The Sun went down—all Nature smiled—but
Nelly shook her head.
Full softly to the balmy breeze rung out the
Vesper bell ;
—Upon the Canon's startled ear it sounded
like a knell!

" 'Now here's to thee, mine Uncle! a health
I drink to thee!
Now pledge me back in Sherris sack, or a
cup of Malvoisie!'
The Canon sighed, but, rousing, cried, 'I
answer to thy call,
And a Warden-pie's a dainty dish to mortify
withal!'

" 'Tis early dawn; the matin chime rings out
for morning prayer,
And Prior and Friar is in his stall—the Canon
is not there;
Nor in the small Refec'try hall nor cloistered
walk is he;
All wonder—and the Sacristan says, 'Laik-a-
daisy me!'

"They've searched the aisles and Baptist'ry
—they've searched above, around—
The 'Sermon House,' the 'Audit Room'—the
Canon is not found.
They only find that pretty cook concocting a
ragout;
They ask her where her master is—but Nelly
looks askew.

"They call for crowbars—'jimmies' is the
modern name they bear;
They burst through lock, and bolt, and bar,—
but what a sight is there!—
The Canon's head lies on the bed—his Niece
lies on the floor!
—They are as dead as any nail that is in any
door!

"The livid spot is on his breast, the spot is on
his back;
His portly form, no longer warm with life, is
swoln and black!
The livid spot is on her cheek, it's on her neck
of snow,
And the Prior sighs, and sadly cries, 'Well—
here's a pretty Go!'

"All at the silent hour of night a bell is
heard to toll,
A knell is rung, a *requiem*'s sung as for a sin-
ful soul;
And there's a grave within the Nave—it's
dark, and deep, and wide—
And they bury there a Lady fair, and a Canon
by her side!

"An Uncle—so 'tis whispered now through-
out the sacred fane—
And a Niece, whose father's far away upon
the Spanish Main;
The Sacristan he says no word that indicates
a doubt,
But he puts his thumb unto his nose, and
spreads his fingers out!

"And where doth tarry Nelly Cook, that staid
and comely lass?
Ay, where?—for ne'er from forth that door
was Nelly known to pass.
Her coif and gown of russet brown was lost
unto the view,
And if you mentioned Nelly's name, the
Monks all looked askew!

"There is a heavy paving-stone fast by the
Canon's door,
Of granite gray, and it may weigh some half
a ton or more,
And it is laid deep in the shade within that
Entry dark,
Where sun or moonbeam never played, or e'en
one starry spark.

"That heavy granite stone was moved that
night, 'twas darkly said,
And the mortar round its sides next morn
seemed fresh and newly laid;
But what within the narrow vault beneath
that stone doth lie,
Or if that there be vault or no, I cannot tell
—not I!

"But I've been told that moan and groan, and
fearful wail and shriek,
Came from beneath that paving-stone for
nearly half a week;
For three long days and three long nights
came forth those sounds of fear;
Then all was o'er—they never more fell on
the listening ear.

"A hundred years have gone and pass'd since
last Nell Cook was seen,
When, worn by use, that stone got loose, and
they went and told the Dean.—
Says the Dean, says he, 'My Masons three,
now haste and fix it tight!'
And the Masons three peeped down to see,
and they saw a fearsome sight.

"Beneath that heavy paving-stone a shocking
hole they found;
It was not more than twelve feet deep and
barely twelve feet round.

—A fleshless, sapless skeleton lay in that horrid well!
But who the deuce 'twas put it there those
Masons could not tell.

"And near this fleshless skeleton a pitcher
small did lie,
And a mouldy piece of 'kissing crust,' as
from a Warden-pie'
And Doctor Jones declared the bones were
female bones, and, 'Zooks!
I should not be surprised,' said he, 'if these
were Nelly Cook's!'"

"It was in good Dean Bargrave's days, if I
remember right,
Those fleshless bones beneath the stones these
Masons brought to light;
And you may well in the 'Dean's Chapelle'
Dean Bargrave's portrait view,
'Who died one night,' says old Tom Wright,
'in Sixteen Forty-two.'

"And so two hundred years have passed since
that these Masons three,
With curious looks did set Nell Cook's unquiet
spirit free;
That granite stone had kept her down till
then—so some suppose,—
Some spread their fingers out and put their
thumbs unto their nose.

"But one thing's clear: that all the year, on
every Friday night,
Throughout that Entry dark doth roam Nell
Cook's unquiet sprite.
On Friday was that Warden-pie all by that
Canon tried;
On Friday died he, and that tidy Lady by his
side.

"And though two hundred years have flown,
Nell Cook doth still pursue
Her weary walk, and they who cross her
path the deed may rue;
Her fatal breath is fell as death! The Si-
moom's blast is not
More dire (a wind in Africa that blows un-
common hot).

"But all unlike the Simoom's blast, her breath
is deadly cold,
Delivering quivering, shivering shocks unto
both young and old,
And whoso in that Entry dark doth feel that
fatal breath,
He ever dies within the year some dire un-
timely death!

"No matter who—no matter what condition,
age or sex,

But some 'get shot' and some 'get drowned,'
and some 'get' broken necks;
Some 'get run over' by a coach—and one be-
yond the seas
'Got scraped to death with oyster shells
among the Caribbees!'

"Those Masons three who set her free fell
first!—It is averred
That two were hanged on Tyburn tree for
murdering of the third:
Charles Story,¹ too, his friend who slew, had
ne'er, if truth they tell,
Been gibbeted on Chatham Downs had they
not met with Nell!

"Then send me not, mine Uncle dear, oh!
send me not, I pray,
Back through that Entry dark to-night, but
round some other way!
I will not be a truant boy, but good, and
mind my book,
For Heaven forefend that ever I foregather
with Nell Cook!"

The class was called at morning tide, and
Master Tom was there;
He looked askew, and did eschew both stool,
and bench, and chair.
He did not talk, he did not walk, the tear
was in his eye,—
He had not o'en that sad resource, to sit him
down and cry.

Hence little boys may learn, when they from
school go out to dine,
They should not deal in rigmarole, but still
be back by nine;
For if, when they've their great coat on,
they pause before they part,
To tell a long and prosy tale,—perchance
their own may smart.

MORAL.

—A few remarks to learned Clerks in coun-
try and in town—
Don't keep a pretty serving-maid, though
clad in russet brown!—
Don't let your Niece sing "Bobbing Joan!"
—don't, with a merry eye,

¹ In or about the year 1780 a worthy of this name cut
the throat of a journeyman paper-maker, and was exe-
cuted on Oaten Hill, and afterwards hung in chains
near the scene of his crime. It was to this place, as
being the extreme boundary of the City's jurisdiction,
that the worthy Mayor with so much *nécessité* wished to
escort Archbishop M. & c. on one of his progresses,
when he begged to have the honor of "attending his
Grace as far as the gallows."

Hob-nob in Sack and Malvoisie,—and don't
eat too much pie!!

And oh! beware that Entry dark,—Especially
at night,—
And don't go there with Jenny Smith all by
the pale moonlight!—
So bless the Queen and her Royal Weans,—
And the Prince whose hand she took,—
And bless us all, both great and small,—and
keep us from Nell Cook!

NURSERY REMINISCENCES.

I remember, I remember,
When I was a little Boy,
One fine morning in September
Uncle brought me home a toy.

I remember how he patted
Both my cheeks in kindest mood;
"Then," said he, "you little Fat-head,
There's a top because you're good."

Grandmamma—a shrewd observer—
I remember gazed upon
My new top, and said with fervor,
"Oh! how kind of Uncle John!"

While mamma, my form caressing,—
In her eye the tear-drop stood,—
Read me this fine moral lesson,
"See what comes of being good!"

I remember, I remember,
On a wet and windy day,
One cold morning in December,
I stole out and went to play;

I remember Billy Hawkins
Came, and with his pewter squirt
Squibbed my pantaloons and stockings
Till they were all over dirt!

To my mother for protection
I ran, quaking every limb:
—She exclaimed, with fond affection,
"Gracious goodness! look at him!"

Pa cried when he saw my garment—
'Twas a newly-purchased dress—
"Oh! you nasty little *Warment*,
How came you in such a mess?"

Then he caught me by the collar—
Cruel only to be kind—

And, to my exceeding dolor,
Gave me—several slaps behind.

Grandmamma, while yet I smarted,
As she saw my evil plight,
Said—'twas rather stony-hearted—
"Little rascal! *serve* him right!"

I remember, I remember,
From that sad and solemn day,
Never more in dark December,
Did I venture out to play.

And the moral which they taught, I
Well remember; thus they said:—
"Little Boys, when they are naughty,
Must be whipped and sent to bed!"

A TALE OF A SHIRT.

Virginibus, Puerisque canto.—Hom.
Old Maids and Bachelors I chant to!—T. I.

I SING of a shirt that *never was new*!—
In the course of the years Eighteen Hundred
and Two,
Aunt Fanny began,
Upon Grandmamma's plan,
To make one for me, then her "dear little
man."
At the epoch I speak about, I was between,
A man and a boy,— A hobble de hoy,
A fat little paunchy concern of sixteen,
Just beginning to flirt, And to ogle, so pert,
I'd been whipt every day had I had my
desert;
—And Aunt Fan volunteered to make me a
shirt!

I've said she *began* it;—
Some unlucky planet
No doubt interfered; for, before she and Janet
Completed the "cutting out," "hemming,"
and "stitching,"
A tall Irish footman appeared in the kitchen;
—This took off the maid,
And I'm sadly afraid
My respected Aunt Fanny's attention, too,
strayed;
For about the same period a gay son of Mars,—
Cornet Jones of the Tenth (then the Prince's)
Hussars,

With his fine dark eyelashes,
And finer moustaches,
And the ostrich plume worked on the corps'
sabretasches,
(I say nought of the gold-and-red cord of the
sashes,

Or the boots far above the Guards' vile spat-
terdashes)—
So eyed, and so sighed, and so lovingly tried
To engage her whole ear as he lounged by her
side,
Looking down on the rest with such dignified
pride,
That she made up her mind
She should certainly find
Cornet Jones at her feet, whisp'ring, "Fan,
be my bride!"
She had even resolved to say "Yes," should
he ask it,
—And I—and my Shirt—were both left in
the basket.

To her grief and dismay
She discovered one day
Cornet Jones of the Tenth was a little too gay;
For, besides that she saw him—he could not
say nay—
Wink at one of the actresses capering away
In a Spanish *bolero*, one night at the play,
She found he'd already a wife at Cambray,
One at Paris—a nymph of the *corps de ballet*—
And a third down in Kent, at a place called
Foot's Cray.
He was "wiler than dirt!"—
Fanny vowed to exert
All her powers to forget him—and finish my
Shirt.
But, oh, lack-a-day!
How time slips away!
Who'd have thought that while Cupid was
playing these tricks
Ten years had elapsed, and—I'd turned twen-
ty-six!

"I care not a whit—
He's not grown a bit."
Says my Aunt; "it will still be a very good
fit."
So Janet and she,
Now about thirty-three,
(The maid had been jilted by Mr. Magee),
Each taking one end of "the Shirt" on her
knee,
Again began working with hearty good will,
"Felling the Seams" and "whipping the
Frill;"
For, twenty years since, though the Ruffle
had vanished,
A Frill like a fan had by no means been ban-
ished;
People wore them at playhouses, parties, and
churches,
Like overgrown fins of overgrown perches.

Now then, by these two thus laying their caps
Together, my Shirt had been finished, per-
haps,

VOL. I. —W. H.

But for one of those queer little three-cor-
nered straps,
Which the ladies call "Side-bits," that sever
the "Flaps;"
Here unlucky Janet
Took her needle and ran it
Right into her thumb, and cried loudly, "Ads
cuss it!
I've spoiled myself now by that 'ere nasty
Gusset!"

For a month to come
Poor dear Janet's thumb
Was in that sort of state vulgar people call
"rum;"
At the end of that time,
A youth still in his prime,
The Doctor's fat errand-boy—just such a dolt
as is
Kept to mix draughts and spread plasters and
poultices,
Who a bread-cataplasm each morning had car-
ried her—
Sighed, ogled, proposed, was accepted—and
married her!

Much did Aunt Fan
Disapprove of the plan:
She turned up her dear little snub at "the
Man;"
She "could not believe it,"
"Could scarcely conceive it
Was possible. What! *such* a place—and then
leave it!
And all for a 'Shrimp' not as high as my hat—
A little contemptible 'Shaver' like that,
With a broad pancake face, and eyes buried
in fat!

For her part, "She was sure
She could never endure
A lad with a lisp, and a leg like a skewer!
Such a name, too ('twas Potts!)—and so
nasty a trade!
No, no, she would much rather die an old
maid.
He a husband, indeed! Well, mine, come
what may come,
Shan't look like a blister and smell of Guaia-
cum!"

But there! she'd "declare
It was Janet's affair—
Chacun à son godt;
As she baked she might brew;
She could not prevent her—'twas no use in
trying it:
Oh, no; she had made her own bed, and
might lie in it.
They 'repent at leisure who marry at ran-
dom.'

No matter—*De gustibus non disputandum!*"

Consoling herself with this choice bit of
 Latin,
 Aunt Fanny resignedly bought some white
 satin,
 And, as the Soubrette
 Was a very great pet
 After all, she resolved to forgive and forget,
 And sat down to make her a bridal rosette,
 With magnificent bits of some white-looking
 metal
 Stuck in, here and there, each forming a
 petal.—
 —On such an occasion one couldn't feel hurt,
 Of course, that she ceased to remember—my
 shirt!

Ten years,—or nigh. Had again gone by,
 When Fan accidentally casting her eye
 On a dirty old work-basket, hung up on high
 In the store-closet where herbs were put by
 to dry,
 Took it down to explore it, she didn't know
 why.

Within, a pea-soup colored fragment she spied,
 Of the hue of a November fog in Cheapside,
 Or a bad piece of gingerbread spoilt in the
 baking.

I still hear her cry, "I wish I may die
 If here isn't Tom's Shirt, that's so long been
 a-making!

My gracious me! Well, only to see!
 I declare it's as yellow as yellow can be!
 Why, it looks as though it had been soaked in
 green tea!

Dear me, *did you ever?*—
 But come—'twill be clever
 To bring matters round; so I'll do my en-
 deavor—
 'Better late,' says an excellent proverb, 'than
 never!'

It is stain'd, to be sure; but 'grass-bleaching'
 will bring it

Torights in a jiffy. We'll wash it and wring it;
 Or, stay: 'Hudson's Liquor'

Will do it still quicker,
 And——" Here the new maid chimed in,

"Ma'am, Salt of Lemon
 Will make it, in no time, quite fit for the Gem-
 man!"

So they "set in the gathers"—the large round
 the collar,

While those at the wristbands of course were
 much smaller;

The buttonholes now were at length "over-
 cast;"

Then a button itself was sewn on—'twas the
 last!

All's done! All's won!
 Never under the sun

Was Shirt so late finished—so early begun!
 The work would defy
 The most critical eye.
 It was "bleached"—it was washed—it was
 hung out to dry:
 It was marked on the tail with a T and an I!
 On the back of a chair it
 Was placed—just to air it,
 In front of the fire.—"Tom to-morrow shall
 wear it!"

—*O cæca mens hominum!* Fanny, good soul,
 Left her charge for one moment—but one—
 a vile coal
 Bounced out from the grate, and set fire to
 the whole!

Had it been Doctor Arnott's new stove, not a
 grate;
 Had the coal been a "Lord Mayor's coal,"
 viz., a slate,
 What a different tale had I had to relate!
 And Aunt Fan—and my Shirt—been superior
 to Fate;

One moment—no more!
 Fan opened the door:
 The draught made the blaze ten times worse
 than before;
 And Aunt Fanny sank down in despair on
 the floor!

* * * * *

MORAL.

And now for some practical hints from the
 story
 Of Aunt Fan's mishap, which I've thus laid
 before ye;
 For, if rather too gay,
 I can venture to say,
 A fine vein of morality is in each lay
 Of my primitive Muse the distinguishing
 trait!—

First of all—Don't put off till to-morrow
 what may,
 Without inconvenience, be managed to-day!
 That golden occasion we call "Opportun-
 ity"

Rarely's neglected by man with impunity!
 And the "Future," how brightly soe'er by
 Hood's dupe colored,
 Ne'er may afford
 You a lost chance restored,
 Till both you, and YOUR SHIRT, are grown
 old and pea-soup colored!

I would also desire
 You to guard your attire,

Young Ladies,—and never go too near the fire!—

—Depend on't there's many a dear little Soul Has found that a spark is as bad as a coal, And "in her best petticoat burnt a great hole!"

Last of all, gentle Reader, don't be too secure! Let seeming success never make you "cook-sure!"

But beware!—and take care, When all things look fair, How you hang your shirt over the back of your chair!—

—"There's many a slip, Twixt the cup and the lip!"

Be this excellent proverb, then, well understood,

And DON'T HALLOO BEFORE YOU'RE QUITE OUT OF THE WOOD!!

MISADVENTURES AT MARGATE.

A LEGEND OF JARVIS'S JETTY.

MR. SIMPKINSON (*loquitur*).

'Twas in Margate last July, I walked upon the pier,
I saw a little vulgar Boy. I said, "What make you here?
The gloom upon your youthful cheek speaks anything but joy;"
Again I said, "What make you here, you little vulgar Boy!"

He frowned, that little vulgar Boy; he deemed I meant to scoff—
And when the little heart is big a little "sets it off."
He put his finger in his mouth, his little bosom rose—
He had no little handkerchief to wipe his little nose!

"Hark! don't you hear, my little man? It's striking Nine," I said,
"An hour when all good little boys and girls should be in bed.
Run home and get your supper, else your Ma will scold—Oh, fie!
It's very wrong indeed for little boys to stand and cry."

The tear-drop in his little eye again began to spring,
His bosom throbbed with agony—he cried like anything!
I stooped, and thus amidst his sobs I heard him murmur, "Ah!

I haven't got no supper! and I haven't got no Ma!

"My father he is on the seas, my mother's dead and gone!

And I am here, on this here pier, to roam the world alone!

I have not had, this live-long day, one drop to cheer my heart,
Nor 'brown' to buy a bit of bread with, let alone a tart.

"If there's a soul will give me food, or find me in employ,
By day or night, then blow me tight!" (he was a vulgar Boy);

"And now I'm here, from this here pier it is my fixed intent
To jump, as Mister Levi did, from off the Monu-ment!"

"Cheer up, cheer up, my little man, cheer up!" I kindly said,

"You are a naughty boy to take such things into your head:

If you should jump from off the pier you'd surely break your legs,
Perhaps your neck—then Bogey'd have you, sure as eggs are eggs!

"Come home with me, my little man, come home with me and sup;
My landlady is Mrs. Jones: we must not keep her up.

There's roast potatoes at the fire, enough for me and you;
Come home, you little vulgar Boy: I lodge at Number 2."

I took him to Number 2, the house beside "The Foy,"

I bade him wipe his dirty shoes, that little vulgar Boy,

And then I said to Mistress Jones, the kindest of her sex,

"Pray be so good as go and fetch a pint of double X."

But Mrs. Jones was rather cross, she made a little noise,
She said she "did not like to wait on little vulgar Boys."

She with her apron wiped the plates, and as she rubbed the delf,
Said I might "go to Jericho, and fetch my beer myself!"

I did not go to Jericho: I went to Mr. Cobb;¹

¹ QUI FACIT PER ALIUM, FACIT PER SE—Deem not, gentle stranger, that Mr. Cobb is a petty dealer and chapman, as Mr. Simpkins would here seem to imply. He is a *maker*, not a *retailer*, of stingo—and mighty pretty tippie he *makes*.

I changed a shilling (which in town the people call "a Bob").

It was not so much for myself as for that vulgar child,—

And I said, "A pint of double X, and please to draw it mild!"

When I came back I gazed about: I gazed on stool and chair;

I could not see my little friend, because he was not there!

I peeped beneath the table-cloth, beneath the sofa, too:

I said, "You little vulgar Boy! why, what's become of you?"

I could not see my table-spoons: I looked, but could not see

The little fiddle-patterned ones I use when I'm at tea;

I could not see my sugar-tongs, my silver watch—oh, dear!

I know 'twas on the mantelpiece when I went out for beer.

I could not see my Macintosh: it was not to be seen!

Nor yet my best white beaver hat, broad-brimmed and lined with green;

My carpet-bag, my cruet-stand that holds my sauce and soy;

My roast potatoes—all are gone! and so's that vulgar Boy!

I rang the bell for Mrs. Jones, for she was down below;

"Oh, Mrs. Jones, what do you think! ain't this a pretty go?"

That horrid little vulgar Boy whom I brought here to-night,

He's stolen my things and run away!!"—Says she, "And sarve you right!!"

Next morning I was up betimes: I sent the Crier round,

All with his bell and gold-laced hat, to say I'd give a pound

To find that little vulgar Boy, who'd gone and used me so;

But when the Crier cried, "O Yes!" the people cried, "O No!"

I went to "Jarvis' Landing-place," the glory of the town,

There was a common sailor-man a-walking up and down;

I told my tale: he seemed to think I'd not been treated well,

And called me "Poor old Buffer!" What that means I cannot tell.

That sailor-man he said he'd seen that morning on the shore,

A son of—something—'twas a name I'd never heard before,

A little "gallows looking chap"—dear me, what could he mean?—

With a "carpet-swab" and "muckingtogs," and a hat turned up with green.

He spoke about his "precious eyes," and said he'd seen him "sheer"—

It's very odd that sailor-men should talk so very queer—

And then he hitched his trousers up, as is, I'm told, their use:

It's very odd that sailor-men should wear those things so loose.

I did not understand him well, but think he meant to say

He'd seen that little vulgar Boy, that morning, swim away

In Captain Large's Royal George, about an hour before,

And they were now, as he supposed, "somewheres" about the Nore.

A landsman said, "I twig the chap—he's been upon the Mill,

And 'cause he *gammons* so the *flats* we calls him Veeping Bill!"

He said "he'd done me wery brown," and nicely "*stowed the swag*,"

—That's French, I fancy, for a hat, or else a carpet bag.

I went and told the constable my property to track;

He asked me if "I did not wish that I might get it back?"

I answered, "To be sure I do! It's what I'm come about."

He smiled and said, "Sir, does your mother know that you are out?"

Not knowing what to do, I thought I'd hasten back to town,

And beg our own Lord Mayor to catch the Boy who'd "done me brown."

His Lordship very kindly said he'd try and find him out,

But he "rather thought that there were several vulgar boys about."

He sent for Mr. Withair then, and I described "the swag,"

My Macintosh, my sugar-tongs, my spoons, and carpet-bag;

He promised that the New Police should all
their powers employ !
But never to this hour have I beheld that vul-
gar Boy !

MORAL.

Remember, then, what when a boy I've heard
my grandma tell,
"BE WARNED IN TIME BY OTHERS' HARM, AND
YOU SHALL DO FULL WELL!"
Don't link yourself with vulgar folks who've
got no fixed abode,
Tell lies, use naughty words, and say "they
wish they may be blowed!"

Don't take too much of double X! and don't
at night go out
To fetch your beer yourself, but make the pot-
boy bring your stout!
And when you go to Margate next, just stop
and ring the bell,
Give my respects to Mrs. Jones, and say I'm
pretty well!

THE SMUGGLER'S LEAP.

A LEGEND OF THANET.

"NEAR this hamlet (Acol) is a long-disused chalk-pit
of formidable depth, known by the name of 'The Smug-
gler's Leap.' The tradition of the parish runs that a
riding-officer from Sandwich, called Anthony Gill, lost
his life here in the early part of the present [last] cen-
tury, while in pursuit of a smuggler. A fog coming
on, both parties went over the precipice. The smug-
gler's horse only, it is said, was found crushed beneath
its rider. The spot has, of course, been haunted ever
since."—See "*Supplement to Lewis's History of Thanet*, by
the Rev. Samuel Pegg, A.M., Vicar of Gomerikham." W.
Bristol, Canterbury, 1796, p. 127.

The fire-flash shines from Reculver cliff,
And the answering light burns blue in the
skiff,
And there they stand,
That smuggling band,
Some in the water and some on the sand,
Ready those contraband goods to land:
The night is dark, they are silent and still,
—At the head of the party is Smuggler Bill!

"Now lower away! come, lower away,
We must be far ere the dawn of the day.
If Exciseman Gill should get scent of the prey,
And should come, and should catch us here,
what would he say?
Come, lower away, lads—once on the hill,
We'll laugh, ho! ho! at Exciseman Gill!"

The cargo's lowered from the dark skiff's
side,
And the tow-line drags the tubs through the
tide,
No trick nor flam,
But your real Schiedam.
"Now mount, my merry men, mount and
ride!"
Three on the crupper and one before,
And the led-horse laden with five tubs more;
But the rich point lace,
In the oilskin case
Of proof to guard its contents from ill,
The "prime of the swag," is with Smuggler
Bill!

Merrily now in a goodly row,
Away and away those smugglers go,
And they laugh at Exciseman Gill, ho! ho!
When out from the turn
Of the road to Herne
Comes Gill, wide awake to the whole concern!
Exciseman Gill, in all his pride,
With his Custom-house officers all at his side!
—They were called Custom-house officers then,
There were no such things as "Preventive
men."

Sauve qui peut! That lawless crew,
Away, and away, and away they flew!
Some dropping one tub, some dropping
two;—
Some gallop this way, and some gallop that,
Through Fordwich Level—o'er Sandwich
flat,
Some fly that way, and some fly this,
Like a covey of birds when the sportsmen
miss;
These in their hurry
Make for Sturry,
With Custom-house officers close in their rear!
Down Rushbourne Lane and so by Westbere,
None of them stopping,
But shooting and popping,
And many a Custom-house bullet goes slap
Through many a three gallon tub like a tap,
And the gin spirts out
And squirts all about,
And many a heart grew sad that day
That so much good liquor was so thrown
away.

Sauve qui peut! That lawless crew,
Away, and away, and away they flew!
Some seek Whitstable—some Grove Ferry,
Spurring and whipping like madmen—very—
For the life! for the life! they ride! they ride!
And the Custom-house officers all divide,
And they gallop on after them far and wide!
All, all, save one—Exciseman Gill,—
He sticks to the skirts of Smuggler Bill!

Smuggler Bill is six feet high,
 He has curling locks, and a roving eye,
 He has a tongue and he has a smile
 Trained the female heart to beguile,
 And there is not a farmer's wife in the Isle,
 From St. Nicholas quite
 To the Foreland Light,
 But that eye, and that tongue, and that
 smile will wheedle her
 To have done with the Grocer, and make *him*
 her Tea-dealer;
 There is not a farmer there but he still
 Buys gin and tobacco from Smuggler Bill.

Smuggler Bill rides gallant and gay
 On his dapple-gray mare, away, and away,
 And he pats her neck, and he seems to say,
 "Follow who will, ride after who may,
 In sooth he had need Fodder his steed,
 In lieu of Lent-corn, with a Quicksilver feed;
 —Nor oats, nor beans, nor the best of old
 hay,
 Will make him a match for my own dapple-
 gray!
 Ho! ho!—ho! ho!" says Smuggler Bill—
 He draws out a flask and he sips his fill,
 And he laughs "Ho! ho!" at Exciseman
 Gill.

Down Chislett Lane, so free and so fleet,
 Rides Smuggler Bill, and away to Up Street;
 Sarre Bridge is won—
 Bill thinks it fun;
 "Ho! ho! the old tub-gauging son of a gun—
 His wind will be thick, and his breeks be
 thin,
 Ere a race like this he may hope to win!"

Away, away, Goes the fleet dapple-gray,
 Fresh as the breeze and free as the wind,
 And Exciseman Gill lags far behind.
 "*I would give my soul,*" quoth Exciseman
 Gill,
 "For a nag that would catch that Smuggler
 Bill!—
 No matter for blood, no matter for bone,
 No matter for color, bay, brown, or roan,
 So I had but one!"
 A voice cried, "Done!"
 "Ay, dun," said Exciseman Gill and he
 spied
 A Custom-house officer close by his side,
 On a high-trotting horse with a dun-colored
 hide.—
 "*Devil take me,*" again quoth Exciseman
 Gill,
 "If I had but that horse, I'd have Smuggler
 Bill!"

From his using such shocking expressions,
 it's plain

That Exciseman Gill was rather profane,
 He was, it is true, As bad as a Jew,
 A sad old scoundrel as ever you knew,
 And he rode in his stirrups sixteen stone two.
 —He'd just uttered the words I've just men-
 tioned to you,
 When his horse coming slap on his knees
 with him, threw
 Him head over heels, and away he flew,
 And Exciseman Gill was bruised black and
 blue.

When he arose
 His hands and his clothes
 Were as filthy as could be,—he'd pitched on
 his nose,
 And rolled over and over again in the mud,
 And his nose and his chin were all covered
 with blood;
 Yet he screamed with passion, "I'd rather
 grill
 Than not come up with that Smuggler Bill!"
 —"Mount! Mount!" quoth the Custom-
 house officer, "get
 On the back of my Dun, you'll bother him
 yet.
 Your words are plain, though you're some-
 what rough,
 'Done and Done' between gentlemen's always
 enough!"
 I'll lend you a lift—there—you're up on
 him—so,
 He's a rum one to look at—a *devil to go!*"
 Exciseman Gill Dashed up the hill,
 And marked not, so eager was he in pursuit,
 The queer Custom-house officer's queer-look-
 ing boot.

Smuggler Bill rides on amain,
 He slacks not girth and he draws not rein,
 Yet the dapple-gray mare bounds on in vain,
 For nearer now—and he hears it plain—
 Sounds the tramp of a horse—"Tis the
 Gauger again!"
 Smuggler Bill
 Dashes around by the mill
 That stands near the road upon Monkton
 Hill,—
 "Now speed,—now speed,
 My dapple-gray steed,
 Thou ever, my dapple, wert good at need!
 O'er Monkton Mead, and through Minster
 Level,
 We'll baffle him yet, be he gauger or devil!
 For Manston Cave, away! away!
 Now speed thee, now speed thee, my good
 dapple-gray!
 It shall never be said that Smuggler Bill
 Was run down by a hare like Exciseman
 Gill!"
 Manston Cave was Bill's abode;
 A mile to the north of the Ramsgate road.

(Of late they say
It's been taken away,
That is, levelled and filled with chalk and
clay,
By a gentleman there of the name of Day.)
Thither he urges his good dapple-gray;
And the dapple gray-steed,
Still good at need,
Though her chest it pants, and her flanks
they bleed,
Dashes along at the top of her speed;
But nearer and nearer Exciseman Gill
Cries, "Yield thee! now yield thee, thou
Smuggler Bill!"

Smuggler Bill he looks behind,
And he sees a Dun horse come swift as the
wind,
And his nostrils smoke and his eyes they
blaze
Like a couple of lamps on a yellow post-
chaise!
Every shoe he has got
Appears red-hot!
And sparks round his ears snap, crackle, and
play,
And his tail cocks up in a very odd way;
Every hair in his mane seems a porcupine's
quill,
And there on his back sits Exciseman Gill,
Crying, "Yield thee! now yield thee, thou
Smuggler Bill!"

Smuggler Bill from his holster drew
A large horse-pistol, of which he had two,
Made by Nock;
He pulled back the cock
As far as he could to the back of the lock;
The trigger he touched, and the welkin
rang
To the sound of the weapon it made such a
bang;
Smuggler Bill ne'er missed his aim,
The shot told true on the Dun—but there
came
From the hole where it entered—not blood,
but flame!
—He changed his plan,
And fired at the man;
But his second horse-pistol flashed in the
pan!
And Exciseman Gill, with a hearty good-
will,
Made a grab at the collar of Smuggler Bill.

The dapple-gray mare made a desperate
bound
When that queer Dun horse on her flank she
found,—
Alack! and alas! on what dangerous
ground!

It's enough to make one's flesh to creep,
To stand on that fearful verge, and peep
Down the rugged sides so dreadfully steep,
Where the chalk-hole yawns full sixty feet
deep,
O'er which that steed took that desperate
leap!
It was so dark then under the trees,
No horse in the world could tell chalk from
cheese—
Down they went—o'er that terrible fall,—
Horses, Exciseman, Smuggler, and all!

Below were found
Next day on the ground
By an elderly gentleman walking his round
(I wouldn't have seen such a sight for a
pound),
All smashed and dashed, three mangled
corse,
Two of them human,—the third was a
horse's—
That good dapple-gray, and Exciseman Gill
Yet grasping the collar of Smuggler Bill!

But where was the Dun? that terrible Dun?
From that terrible night he was seen by
none?—
There are some people think, though I am
not one,
That part of the story all nonsense and fun,
But the country-folks there
One and all declare,
When the "Crownner's 'Quest'" came to sit on
the pair,
They heard a loud Horse-laugh up in the
air!—
—If in one of the trips
Of the steamboat Eclipse
You should go down to Margate to look at the
ships,
Or to take what the bathing-room people call
"Dips,"

You may hear old folks talk
Of that quarry of chalk;
Or go over—it's rather too far for a walk,
But a three-shilling drive will give you a peep
At that fearful chalk-pit, so awfully deep,
Which is called to this moment "The Smug-
gler's Leap."
Nay more: I am told, on a moonshiny night,
If you're "plucky," and not over subject to
fright,
And go and look over that chalk-pit white,
You may see, if you will,
The Ghost of Old Gill
Grappling the Ghost of Smuggler Bill,
And the Ghost of the dapple-gray lying be-
tween 'em.
I'm told so,—I can't say I know one who's
seen 'em!

MORAL.

And now, gentle reader, one word ere we part:
Just take a friend's counsel, and lay it to heart.
Imprimis, don't smuggle! If bent to please Beauty,
You *must* buy French lace, purchase what has paid duty.
Don't use naughty words, in the next place;
and ne'er in
Your language adopt a bad habit of swearing!
Never say "Devil take me!"
Or "shake me!" Or "bake me!"
Or such like expressions. Remember Old Nick
To take folks at their word is remarkably quick.
Another sound maxim I'd wish you to keep
Is, "Mind what you're after, and—Look ere you leap!"

Above all, to my last gravest caution attend:
"NEVER BORROW A HORSE YOU DON'T KNOW OF A FRIEND!"

A ROW IN AN OMNIBUS (BOX).

A LEGEND OF THE HAYMARKET.

Omnibus hoc vitium cantoribus.—HOR.

Dol-drum the Manager sits in his chair,
With gloomy brow and dissatisfied air,
And he says, as he slaps his hand on his knee.

"I'll have nothing to do with Fiddle-de-dee!"

"But Fiddle-de-dee sings clear and loud,
And his trills and his quavers astonish the crowd;

Such a singer as he You'll nowhere see:
They'll all be screaming for Fiddle-de-dee!"

"Though Fiddle-de-dee sings loud and clear,
And his tones are sweet, yet his terms are dear;

The 'glove won't fit!' The deuce a bit.
I shall give an engagement to Fal-de-ral-tit!"

The Prompter bowed, and he went to his stall,
And the green baize rose at the Prompter's call,

And Fal-de-ral-tit sang fol-de-rol-lol;
But scarce had he done
When a "row" begun,
Such a noise was never heard under the sun.

"Fiddle-de-dee! Where is he?"

He's the *Artiste* whom we all want to see.

Dol-drum! Dol-drum! Bid the Manager come!

It's a scandalous thing to exact such a sum

For boxes and gallery, stalls and pit,
And then fob us off with a Fal-de-ral-tit!

Deuce a bit! We'll never submit!
Vive Fiddle-de-dee! *a bas* Fal-de-ral-tit!"

Dol-drum the Manager rose from his chair,
With a gloomy brow and dissatisfied air;

But he smoothed his brow

As he well knew how,

And he walked on, and made a most elegant bow,

And he paused, and he smiled, and advanced to the lights,

In his opera hat, and his opera tights;

"Ladies and gentlemen," then said he,

"Pray, what may you please to want with me?"

"Fiddle-de-dee! Fiddle-de-dee!"

Folks of all sorts and of every degree,
Snob and Snip and haughty Grandee,
Duchesses, Countesses, fresh from their tea,
And shopmen, who'd only come there for a spree,

Hallooed, and hooted, and roared with glee,
Fiddle-de-dee! None but he!

Subscribe to his terms, whatever they be!

Agree, agree, or you'll very soon see
In a brace of shakes we'll get up an O. P.!"

Dol-drum the Manager, full of care,
With a gloomy brow and dissatisfied air

Looks distressed, And he bows his best,
And he puts his right hand on the side of his breast,

And he says, says he "We can't agree;
His terms are a vast deal too high for me.

There's the rent, and the rates, and the sasses,
and taxes—

I can't afford Fiddle-de-dee what he *axes*.

If you'll only permit Fal-de-ral-tit—"

The "Generous Public" cried "Deuce a bit!
Dol-drum! Dol-drum! We'll none of us come.

It's No go! it's 'Gammon! 'it's all a Hum!"

You're a miserly Jew!—

'Cock-a-doodle-do!"

He *don't* ask too much, as you know—so you do—

It's a shame—it's a sin—it's really too bad—
You ought to be 'shamed of yourself—so you had!"

Dol-drum the Manager never before

In his lifetime had heard such a wild uproar
Dol-drum the Manager turned to flee;

But he says, says he, "*Mort de ma vie!*
I shall *nevare* engage vid dat Fiddle-de-dee!"
Then all the gentlefolks flew in a rage,
And they jumped from the Omnibus on to the
Stage,

Lords, Squires, and Knights, they came down
to the lights,

In their opera hats and their opera tights.

Ma'am'selle Cherrytoes

Shook to her very toes,

She couldn't hop on, so hopped off on her
merry toes;

And the "evening concluded" with "Three
times three!"

"Hip—hip—hurrah for Fiddle-de dee!"

Dol-drum the Manager, full of care,
With a troubled brow and dissatisfied air,
Saddest of men, Sat down, and then

Took from his table a Perryan pen,

And he wrote to the "News"

How McFuze and Tregooze,

Lord Tomnoddy, Sir Carnaby Jenks of the
Blues,

And the whole of their tail, and the separate
crews

Of the Tags and the Rags, and the No-one
knows-who's,

Had combined Monsieur Fal-de-ral-tit to
abuse,

And make Dol-drum agree

With Fiddle-de-dee,

Who was not a bit better singer than he.

—Dol-drum declared "he never could see,

For the life of him, yet, why Fiddle-de-dee,

Who in B flat, or C,

Or whatever the key,

Could never at any time get below G,

Should expect a fee the same in degree

As the great Burlybumbo who sings in dou-
ble D."

Then slyly he added a little N. B.:

"If they'd have him in Paris he'd not come
to me!"

The Manager rings,

And the prompter springs

To his side in a jiffy, and with him he brings,

A set of those odd-looking envelope things,

Where Britannia (who seems to be crucified)
flings

To her right and her left funny people with
wings

Amongst Elephants, Quakers, and Cataw
Kings;

And a taper and wax

And small Queen's heads in packs,

Which, when notes are too big, you're to stick
on their backs.

Dol-drum the Manager sealed with care

The letter and copies he had written so fair,

And sat himself down with a satisfied air;

Without delay He sent them away,

In time to appear in "our columns" next
day.

Dol-drum the Manager, full of care,

Walked on to the stage with an anxious air,

And peeped through the curtain to see who
was there.

There was McFuze

And Lieutenant Tregooze,

And there was Sir Carnaby Jenks of the
Blues,

And the Tags, and the Rags, and the No-one
knows-who's;

And the green baize rose at the Prompter's
call,

And they all began to hoot, bellow and ball,
And cry "Cock-a-doodle," and scream and
squall

"Dol-drum! Dol-drum!—

Bid the Manager come!"

You'd have thought from the tones

Of their hisses and groans,

They were bent upon breaking his (opera)
bones.

And Dol-drum comes, and he says, says he,

"Pray, what may you please to want with
me?"

"Fiddle-de-dee! Fiddle-de-dee!—

We'll have nobody give us *sol fa* but he!

For he's the *Artiste* whom we all want to see."

—Manager Dol-drum says, says he

(And he looks like an owl in a hollow beech-
tree)—

"Well, since I see The thing must be,
I'll sign an agreement with Fiddle-de-dee."

Then MacFuze and Tregooze,

And Jenks of the Blues,

And the Tags, and the Rags, and the No-one
knows-who's,

Extremely delighted to hear such good news,
Desist from their shrill "Cock-a-doodle-does."

"*Vive Fiddledede!* Dol-drum and he!

They are jolly good fellows as ever need be!

And so 's Burlybumbo, who sings double D!

And whenever they sing, why, we'll all come
and see!"

So, after all This terrible squall,

Fiddle-de-dee 's at the top of the tree,

And Dol-drum and Fal-de-ral-tit sing small.

Now Fiddle-de-dee sings loud and clear,

At I can't tell you how many thousands a
year,

And Fal-de-ral-tit is considered 'small beer';

And Ma'am'selle Cherrytoes

Sports her merry toes,

Dancing away to the fiddles and flutes,

In what the folks call a "Lithuanian" in boots.

So here's an end to my one, two, and three;
And bless the Queen—and long live She!
And grant that there never again may be
Such a hallibaloo as we've happened to see
About nothing on earth but "Fiddle-de-dee!"

RAISING THE DEVIL.

A LEGEND OF CORNELIUS AGRIPPA.

"And hast thou nerve enough?" he said,
That gray Old Man, above whose head
Unnumbered years had rolled,—
"And hast thou nerve to view," he cried,
"The incarnate Fiend that Heaven defied!
—Art thou indeed so bold?"

"Say, canst thou, with unshrinking gaze,
Sustain, rash youth, the withering blaze
Of that unearthly eye,
That blasts where'er it lights,—the breath
That, like the Simoom, scatters death
On all that yet *can* die!

—"Darest thou confront that fearful form
That rides the whirlwind and the storm,
In wild unholy revel!
The terrors of that blasted brow,
Archangel's once,—though ruined now—
—Ay,—dar'st thou face THE DEVIL?"

"I dare!" the desperate youth replied,
And placed him by that Old Man's side,
In fierce and frantic glee,
Unblenched his cheek, and firm his limb:
—"No paltry juggling Fiend, but HIM,
—THE DEVIL! I fain would see!"

"In all his Gorgon terrors clad,
His worst, his fellest shape!" the Lad
Rejoined in reckless tone.—
—"Have then thy wish!" Agrippa said,
And sighed, and shook his hoary head,
With many a bitter groan.

He drew the Mystic circle's bound,
With skull and cross-bones fenced around;
He traced full many a sigil there;
He muttered many a backward pray'r,
That sounded like a curse—
"He comes!"—he cried with wild grimace,
"The fellest of Apollyon's race!"—
—Then in his startled pupil's face
He dashed—an EMPTY PURSE!!

THE KNIGHT AND THE LADY.

A DOMESTIC LEGEND OF THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE.

"Hail wedded love? mysterious tie?"
THOMSON—or SOMEBODY.

The Lady Jane was tall and slim,
The Lady Jane was fair,
And Sir Thomas, her Lord, was stout of limb,
But his cough was short, his eyes were dim,
And he wore green "specs," with a tortoise-shell rim,
And his hat was remarkably broad in the brim,
And she was uncommonly fond of him,—
And they were a loving pair!—
And the name and the fame
Of the Knight and his Dame
Were ev'rywhere hailed with the loudest acclaim;
And wherever they went, or wherever they came,
Far and wide, The people cried,
"Huzza! for the Lord and his noble domain,—
Huzza! Huzza! Huzza once again!—
Encore!—Encore!— One cheer more!
—All sorts of pleasure, and no sort of pain,
To Sir Thomas the Good, and the Fair Lady Jane!!"

Now Sir Thomas the Good,
Be it well understood,
Was a man of very contemplative mood,—
He would pore by the hour
O'er a weed or a flower,
Or the slugs that come crawling out after a shower;
Black-beetles, and Bumble-bees,—Blue-bottle flies,
And Moths, were of no small account in his eyes;
An "Industrious Flea" he'd by no means despise,
While an "Old Daddy-long-legs," whose "long-legs" and thighs
Passed the common in shape, or in color, or size,
He was wont to consider an absolute prize.
Nay, a hornet or wasp he could scarce "keep his paws off"—he
Gave up, in short,
Both business and sport,
And abandoned himself, *tout entier*, to philosophy.
Now, as Lady Jane was tall and slim,
And Lady Jane was fair,
And a good many years the junior of him—
And as he, All agree,

Looked less like her *Mari*,
 As he walked by her side, than her *Père*,¹
 Where are some might be found entertaining a
 notion
 That such an entire and exclusive devotion
 To that part of science folks style Entomology
 Was a positive shame,
 And, to such a fair dame,
 Really demanded some sort of apology.
 No doubt it *would* vex
 One half of the sex
 To see their own husband in horrid green
 "specs,"
 Instead of enjoying a sociable chat,
 Still poking his nose into this and to that,
 At a gnat, or a bat, or a cat, or a rat,
 Or great ugly things,
 All legs and wings,
 With nasty long tails armed with nasty long
 stings;
 And they'd join such a log of a spouse to con-
 demn,
 One eternally thinking,
 And blinking, and winking
 At grubs—when he ought to be winking at
 them.
 But no—oh, no! 'Twas by no means so
 With the Lady Jane Ingoldsby,—she, far dis-
 creeter,
 And having a temper more even and sweeter,
 Would never object to
 Her spouse, in respect to
 His poking and peeping
 After "things creeping;"
 Much less be still keeping lamenting, and
 weeping,
 Or scolding at what she perceived him so
 deep in.

Tout au contraire, No lady so fair
 Was e'er known to wear more contented an
 air;
 And, let who would call, every day she was
 there,
 Propounding receipts for some delicate fare,
 Some toothsome conserve of quince, apple, or
 pear,
 Or distilling strong waters, or potting a hare,
 Or counting her spoons and her crockery-
 ware;
 Or else, her tambour-frame before her, with
 care
 Embroidering a stool or a back for a chair,
 With needle-work roses, most cunning and
 rare,

¹ My friend, Mr. Hood
 In his comical mood,
 Would have probably styled the good Knight and his
 Lady:
 Him, "Stern-old and Hopkins," and her "Tête and
 Braidy."

Enough to make less gifted visitors stare,
 And declare, where'er
 They had been, that "they ne'er
 In their lives had seen aught that at all could
 compare
 With dear Lady Jane's housewifery—that
 they would swear."

Nay, more; don't suppose
 With such doings as those
 This account of her merits must come to a
 close;
 No: examine her conduct more closely, you'll
 find
 She by no means neglected improving her
 mind;
 For there, all the while, with air quite be-
 witching,
 She sat herring-boning, tambouring, or stitch-
 ing,
 Or having an eye to affairs of the kitchen.
 Close by her side
 Sat her kinsman, MacBride,
 Her cousin fourteen-times removed, as you'll
 see
 If you look at the Ingoldsby family tree,
 In "Burke's Commoners," vol. xx. page 53.
 All the papers I've read agree
 Too, with the pedigree,
 Where, among the collateral branches, ap-
 pears
 "Captain Dugald MacBride, Royal Scots
 Fusileers;"
 And I doubt if you'd find in the whole of his
 clan
 A more highly intelligent, worthy young man.
 And there he'd be sitting,
 While she was a-knitting,
 Or hemming, or stitching, or darning and
 fitting,
 Or putting a "gore," or a "gusset," or "bit"
 in,
 Reading aloud, with a very grave look,
 Some very "wise saw" from some very good
 book—
 Some such pious divine as
 St. Thomas Aquinas;
 Or, equally charming,
 The works of Bellarmine;
 Or else he unravels
 The "voyages and travels"
 Of Hackluyts—(how sadly these Dutch names
 do sully verse!)—
 Purchas's, Hawksworth's or Lemuel Gulli-
 ver's,—
 Not to name others, 'mongst whom there are
 few so
 Admired as John Bunyan, and Robinson Cru-
 soe.—
 No matter who came,
 It was always the same,

The Captain was reading aloud to the Dame,
Till, from having gone through half the
books on the shelf,
They were almost as wise as Sir Thomas
himself.

Well,—it happened one day,
—I really can't say
The particular month; but I *think* 'twas in
May,—
'Twas, I *know*, in the Spring-time,—when
"nature looks gay,"
As the Poet observes,—and on tree-top and
spray
The dear little dickey-birds carol away;
When the grass is so green, and the sun is so
bright,
And all things are teeming with life and with
light,—
That the whole of the house was thrown into
affright,
For no soul could conceive what was gone
with the Knight!

It seems he had taken
A light breakfast—bacon,
An egg—with a little broiled haddock—at
most
A round and a half of some hot buttered
toast,
With a slice of cold sirloin from yesterday's
roast,
And then—let me see!—
He had two—perhaps three—
Cups (with sugar and cream) of strong gun-
powder tea,
With a spoonful in each of some choice *eau de
vie*,
—Which with nine out of ten would perhaps
disagree,—
In fact, I and my son
Mix "black" with our "Hyson,"
Neither having the nerves of a bull, or a
bison,
And both hating brandy like what some call
"pison."
No matter for that—
He had called for his hat,
With the brim that I've said was so broad and
so flat,
And his "specs" with the tortoise-shell rim,
and his cane
With the crutch-handled top, which he used
to sustain
His steps in his walks, and to poke in the
shrubs
And the grass, when unearthing his worms
and his grubs—
Thus armed, he set out on a ramble—
alack!

He set out, poor dear Soul!—but he never
came back.

"First dinner-bell" rang
Out its euphonous clang
At five—folks kept early hours then—and the
"Last"
Ding-donged, as it was ever wont, at half-
past,
While Betsey and Sally,
And Thompson the *Valet*,
And every one else was beginning to bless
himself,
Wondering the Knight had not come in to
dress himself.—
—Quoth Betsey, "Dear me! why, the fish will
be cold!"
Quoth Sally, "Good gracious! how 'Missis'
will scold!"
Thompson the *Valet*,
Looked gravely at Sally,
As who should say, "Truth must not always
be told!"
Then, expressing a fear lest the Knight
might take cold,
Thus exposed to the dews,
Lamb's-wool stockings and shoes,
Of each a fresh pair,
He put down to air,
And hung a clean shirt to the fire on a
chair.—

Still the Master was absent—the Cook came
and said, "he
Much feared as the dinner had been so long
ready,
The roast and the boiled
Would be all of it spoiled,
And the puddings her Ladyship thought such
a treat,
He was morally sure, would be scarce fit to
eat!"
This closed the debate—
" 'Twould be folly to wait,"
Said the Lady, "Dish up!—Let the meal be
served straight,
And let two or three slices be put on a
plate,
And kept hot for Sir Thomas.—He's lost,
sure as fate!"
—Captain Dugald MacBride then proceeded
to face
The lady at table,—stood up, and said
grace,—
Then sat himself down in Sir Thomas's
place.

Wearily, wearily, all that night,
That live-long night, did the hours
go by;
And the Lady Jane,

In grief and in pain,
 She sat herself down to cry!
 And Captain MacBride,
 Who sat by her side,
 Though I really can't say that he actually
 cried,
 At least had a tear in his eye!—
 As much as can be expected, perhaps,
 From "very young fellows," "for very old
 chaps;"
 And if he had said
 What he'd got in his head,
 'Twould have been "Poor old Buffer! he's
 certainly dead!"

The morning dawned,—and the next,—and
 the next,
 And all in the mansion were still perplexed;
 No watch-dog "bayed a welcome home," as
 A watch-dog should, to the "Good Sir
 Thomas;"
 No knocker fell His approach to tell,
 Not so much as a runaway ring at the bell—
 The Hall was silent as Hermit's cell.

Yet the sun shone bright upon tower and
 tree,
 And the meads smiled green as green may
 be,
 And the dear little dickey-birds carolled with
 glee,
 And the lambs in the park skipped merry
 and free—
 Without, all was joy and harmony!

"And thus 'twill be,—nor long the day,—
 Ere we, like him, shall pass away!
 Yon Sun, that now our bosom warms,
 Shall shine,—but shine on other forms;—
 Yon Grove, whose choir so sweetly cheers
 Us now, shall sound on other ears,—
 The joyous Lamb, as now, shall play,
 But other eyes its sports survey,—
 The stream we love shall roll as fair,
 The flowery sweets, the trim Parterre,
 Shall scent, as now, the ambient air,—
 The Tree, whose bending branches bear
 The One loved name, shall yet be there;—
 But where the hand that carved it?
 Where?"

These were hinted to me as
 The very ideas
 Which passed through the mind of the fair
 Lady Jane,
 Her thoughts having taken a sombre-ish train,
 As she walked on the esplanade, to and again,
 With Captain MacBride,
 Of course, at her side,
 Who could not look quite so forlorn,—though
 he tried.

—An "idea," in fact, had got into his head,
 That if "poor dear Sir Thomas" should
 really be dead,
 It might be no bad "spec." to be there in
 his stead,
 And, by simply contriving, in due time, to
 wed
 A Lady who was young and fair,
 A Lady slim and tall,
 To set himself down in comfort there
 The Lord of Tapton¹ Hall.—

Thinks he, "We have sent
 Half over Kent,
 And nobody knows how much money's been
 spent,
 Yet no one's been found to say which way
 he went!—
 The groom, who's been over
 To Folkestone and Dover,
 Can't get any tidings at all of the rover!
 —Here's a fortnight and more has gone by,
 and we've tried
 Every plan we could hit on—the whole coun-
 try-side,
 Upon all its dead walls, with placards we've
 supplied—
 And we've sent out the Crier, and had him
 well cried—

Missing!! Stolen, or strayed,
 Lost, or mislaid,
 A GENTLEMAN;—middle-aged, sober, and
 staid;—
 Stoops slightly;—and when he left home was
 arrayed
 In a sad-colored suit, somewhat dingy and
 frayed;—
 Had spectacles on with a tortoise-shell rim,
 And a hat rather low-crowned, and broad in
 the brim.
 Whoe'er shall bear,
 Or shall send him with care
 (Right side uppermost) home; or shall give
 notice where
 The said middle-aged GENTLEMAN is; or shall
 state
 Any fact that may tend to throw light on his
 fate,
 To the man at the turnpike, called TAPPING-
 TON GATE,
 Shall receive a REWARD of FIVE POUNDS for
 his trouble.—
 (N. B.—If defunct, the REWARD will be
 double!!)"

"Had he been above ground
 He must have been found.

¹ The familiar abbreviation for Tappington Everard
 still in use among the tenantry.

No; doubtless he's shot,—or he's hanged,—
 or he's drowned!
 Then his Widow—ay!—ay!—
 But what will folks say?
 —To address her at once—at so early a day?
 Well—what then?—who cares?—let 'em say
 what they may—
 A fig for their nonsense and chatter!—suffice
 it, her
 Charms will excuse one for casting sheep's
 eyes at her!"

When a man has decided
 As Captain McBride did,
 And once fully made up his mind on the mat-
 ter, he
 Can't be too prompt in unmasking his battery.
 He began on the instant, and vowed that
 "her eyes
 Far exceeded in brilliance the stars in the
 skies,—
 That her lips were like roses—her cheeks
 were like lilies—
 Her breath had the odor of daffy-down-
 dillies"—
 With a thousand more compliments equally
 true,
 And expressed in similitudes equally new!
 —Then his left arm he placed
 Round her jimp, taper waist—
 —Ere she fixed to repulse, or return, his
 embrace,
 Up came running a man, at a deuce of a pace,
 With that very peculiar expression of face
 Which always betokens dismay or disaster,
 Crying out—'twas the Gardener—"Oh,
 Ma'am! we've found Master!"
 —"Where?—where?" screamed the lady;
 and Echo screamed "where?"
 The man couldn't say "There!"
 He had no breath to spare,
 But, gasping for air, he could only respond
 By pointing—he pointed, alas!—to THE
 POND!

—'Twas e'en so—poor dear Knight!—with
 his "specs" and his hat
 He'd gone poking his nose into this and to
 that;
 When, close to the side
 Of the bank he espied
 An "uncommon fine" Tadpole, remarkably
 fat!
 He stooped; and he thought her
 His own;—he had caught her!
 Got hold of her tail,—and to land almost
 brought her,
 When—he plumped head and heels into
 fifteen feet water:
 The Lady Jane was tall and slim,
 The Lady Jane was fair,

Alas, for Sir Thomas!—she grieved for
 him,
 As she saw two serving men, sturdy of
 limb,
 His body between them bear.
 She sobbed, and she sighed; she lamented
 and cried,
 For of sorrow brimful was her cup;
 She swooned, and I think she'd have fall'n
 down and died,
 If Captain McBride
 Had not been by her side,
 With the Gardener; they both their assist-
 ance supplied,
 And managed to hold her up.—
 But when she "comes to,"
 Oh! 'tis shocking to view
 The sight which the corpse reveals!
 Sir Thomas's body, It looked so odd—he
 Was half eaten up by the eels!
 His waistcoat and hose, and the rest of his
 clothes,
 Were all gnawed through and through;
 And out of each shoe An eel they drew;
 And from each of his pockets they pulled out
 two,
 And the Gardener himself had secreted a
 few,
 As well we may suppose;
 For, when he came running to give the alarm,
 He had six in the basket that hung on his
 arm.

Good Father John
 Was summoned anon;
 Holy water was sprinkled,
 And little bells tinkled,
 And tapers were lighted,
 And incense ignited,
 And masses were sung, and masses were said,
 All day, for the quiet repose of the dead,
 And all night no one thought about going to
 bed.

But Lady Jane was tall and slim,
 And Lady Jane was fair,—
 And, ere morning came, that winsome dame
 Had made up her mind—or, what's much the
 same,
 Had *thought about*—once more "changing her
 name,"
 And she said, with a pensive air,
 To Thomas the *Valet*, while taking away,
 When supper was over, the cloth and the
 tray,—
 "Eels a many I've ate; but any
 So good ne'er tasted before!—
 They're a fish, too, of which I'm remarkably
 fond,—
 Go, pop Sir Thomas again in the pond—
 Poor dear!—HE'LL CATCH US SOME MORE!!

MORAL.

All middle-aged Gentlemen let me advise,
If you're married, and have not got very good
eyes,
Don't go poking about after blue-bottle flies!—
If you've spectacles, don't have a tortoise-
shell rim,
And don't go near the water—unless you
can swim!

Married Ladies, especially such as are fair,
Tall, and slim, I would next recommend to
beware
How, on losing one spouse, they give way to
despair;
But let them reflect, "There are fish—and no
doubt on't—
As good in the river as ever came out on't!"

Should they light on a spouse who is given to
roaming
In solitude,—*raison de plus* in the "gloom-
ing"—
Let them have a fixed time for said spouse to
come home in!
And if, when "last dinner-bell" 's rung, he
is late,
To insure better manners in future—don't
wait!

If of husband or children they chance to be
fond,
Have a stout iron-wire fence put all round the
pond!

One more piece of advice, and I close my
appeals—
That is, if you chance to be partial to eels,
Then, *Crede experto*, trust one who has tried
—Have them spitch-cocked—or stewed—
they're too oily when fried!

END OF THE INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

THE UNLUCKY PRESENT.

An old gentleman, a merchant in Bush Lane, had an only daughter, possessed of the highest attractions, moral, personal, and pecuniary; she was engaged, and devotedly attached, to a young man in her own rank of life, one in every respect well worthy of her choice. All preliminaries were arranged, and the marriage, after two or three postponements, was fixed, "positively for the last time of marrying," to take place on Thursday, April 15, 18—.

On the preceding Monday, the bridegroom

elect (who was to have received £10,000 down on his wedding-day, and a further sum of £30,000 on his father-in-law's dying, as there was hope he soon would), had some little jealous squabbling with his intended at an evening party; the "tiff" arose in consequence of his paying more attention than was thought justifiable, to a young lady with sparkling eyes and inimitable ringlets. The gentleman retorted, and spoke slightly of a certain cousin, whose waistcoat was the admiration of the assembly, and which it was hinted darkly, had been embroidered by the fair hand of the heiress in question. He added, in conclusion, that it would be time enough for him to be schooled when they were married; that (reader pardon the unavoidable expression) she was "*putting on the breeches*" a little too soon.

On the next morning, the swain thought with some remorse on the angry feelings he had exhibited, and the cutting sarcasm in which he had given it vent, and, as a part of his *amende honorable*, packed up with great care a magnificent satin dress which he had previously bespoken for his beloved, and which had been sent home to him in the interval, and transmitted it to the lady, with a note to the following effect:—

"DEAREST . . .—I have been unable to close my eyes all night, in consequence of thinking on our foolish misunderstanding last evening. Pray, pardon me; and, in token of your forgiveness, deign to accept the accompanying dress, and wear it for the sake of your ever affectionate . . ."

Having written the note, he gave it to his shopman to deliver with the parcel; but as a pair of his nether garments happened at the time to stand in need of repairs, he availed himself of the opportunity offered by his servant having to pass the tailor's shop, in his way to Bush Lane, and desired him to leave them, packed in another parcel, on his road.

The reader foresees the inevitable *contre-temps*. Yes, the man made the fatal blunder! consigned the satin robes to Mr. Snip, and left the note, together with the dilapidated habiliment, at the residence of the lady. Her indignation was neither to be described nor appeased. So exasperated was she at what she considered a determined and deliberate affront, that when her admirer called she ordered the door to be closed in his face, refused to listen to any explanation, and resolutely broke off the match.—

BARHAM'S REMINISCENCES.

WHO MILKED MY COW? OR, THE MARINE GHOST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BATTLIN THE REEFER."

Captain the Honorable Augustus Fitzroy Fitzalban, of that beautiful ship, His Majesty's frigate *Nænia*, loved many things. He had also vowed to love and cherish another person; but what gallant spirit would yield love, even if it were as plenty as blackberries, upon compulsion? The less you give away, the more must remain to be employed in the service of the possessor. Captain Augustus Fitzroy Fitzalban had a great deal of unoccupied love at his disposal. Considering duly these premises, there can be nothing surprising in the fact, if he had a surplus affection or two to dispose of, and that he most ardently loved new milk every morning for breakfast.

Now, Captain the Honorable Augustus Fitzroy Fitzalban (how delightful it is to give the whole title when it is either high-sounding or euphonious!) had large estates and wide pasture lands, populous with lowing kine. But all these availed him not; for, though he was sovereign lord and master *pro tempore* over all as far as the eye could reach, on the morning of the 6th of June, 1826, he could not command so much of the sky-bluish composition that is sold for milk in London as could be bought for one halfpenny in that sovereign city of many pumps. The fields spread around the honorable captain were wide and green enough, but, alas! they were not pastured with mammiferous animals. Neptune has never been known to take cream to his chocolate and coffee. He would scorn to be called a milk-and-water gentleman. There is the sea-cow, certainly, but we never heard much respecting the quality of her butter.

We are careful. We will not lay ourselves open to animadversion. We have read books. We have seen things. Therefore we cannot suffer the little triumph to the little critics who were just going to tell us that all the cetaceous tribes suckle their young. We can tell these critics more than they know themselves. Whale's milk is good for the *genus homo*. We know two brawny fellows, maintopmen, who, being cast overboard when infants, were, like Romulus and Remus with their she-bear, suckled by a sperm-whale; and, when their

huge wet nurse wished to wean them, she cast them ashore on one of the Friendly Islands. We think that we hear the incredulous exclaim, "Very like a whale!" Why, so it was!

But to return to another matter of history. On the memorable morning before indicated the honorable captain, the first lieutenant, the doctor, the marine officer, the officer and the midshipman of the morning watch, had all assembled to breakfast in the cabin. They had not forgotten their appetites, particularly the gentleman of the morning watch. They were barbarous and irate in their hunger, as their eyes wandered over cold fowl and ham, hot rolls, grilled kidneys, and deviled legs of turkey.

"By all the stars in heaven," said the honorable commander, "no milk again this morning! Give me, you rascally steward," continued the captain, "a plain, straightforward, categorical answer. Why does this infernal cow, for which I gave such a heap of dollars, give me no milk?" "Well, sir," said the trembling servitor, "if, sir, you must have a plain answer, I really—believe—it is—because—I don't know."

"A dry answer," said the doctor, who was in most senses a dry fellow.

"You son of a shotten herring!" said the captain, "can you milk her?" "Yes, sir."

"Then why, in the name of all that is good, don't you?" "I do, sir, but it won't come."

"Then let us go," said the captain, quite resignedly, "let us go, gentlemen, and see what ails this infernal cow. I can't eat any breakfast without milk, and breakfast is the meal that I generally enjoy most."

So he, leading the way, was followed by his company, who cast many a longing, lingering look behind.

Forward they went to where the cow was stalled by capstan bars, as comfortably as a prebendary, between two of the guns on the main-deck. She seemed in excellent condition; ate her nutritious food with much appetite; and, from her appearance, the captain might have very reasonably expected, not only an ample supply of milk and cream for breakfast and tea, but also a sufficient quantity to afford him custards for dinner.

Well, there stood the seven officers of his Majesty's naval service round the arid cow, looking very like seven wise men just put to sea in a bowl.

"Try again," said the captain to his

servant. If the attempt had been only fruitless, there had been no matter for wonder; it was milkless.

"The fool can't milk," said the captain; then turning round to his officers despondingly, he exclaimed, "gentlemen, can any of you?"

Having all protested that they had left off, some thirty, some forty, and some fifty years, according to their respective ages, and the marine officer saying that he never had had any practice at all, having been brought up by hand, the gallant and disappointed hero was obliged to order the boatswain's mates to pass the word fore and aft, to send every one to him who knew how to milk a cow.

Seventeen Welshmen, sixty-five Irishmen, (all on board), and four lads from Somersetshire made their appearance, moistened their fingers, and set to work, one after the other; yet there was no milk.

"What do you think of this, doctor?" said the captain to him, taking him aside.—"That the animal has been milked a few hours before."

"Hah! If I was sure of that. And the cow could have been milked only by some one who *could* milk?"—"The inference seems indisputable."

The captain turned upon the numerous aspirants for lacteal honors with no friendly eye, exclaiming sorrowfully, "Too many to flog, too many to flog. Let us return to our breakfast; though I shall not be able to eat a morsel or drink a drop. Here, boatswain's mate, pass the word round the ship that I'll give five guineas reward to any one who will tell me who milked the captain's cow."

The gentlemen then all retired to the cabin, and, with the exception of the captain, incontinently fell upon the good things. Now the midshipman of that morning's watch was a certain Mr. Littlejohn, usually abbreviated into Jack Small. When Jack Small had disposed of three hot rolls, half a fowl, and a pound of ham, and was handing in his plate for a well devilled turkey's thigh, his eye fell compassionately upon his fasting captain, and his heart opening to the softer emotions as his stomach filled with his host's delicacies, the latter's want of the milk of the cow stirred up within him his own milk of human kindness.

"I am very sorry that you have no appetite," said Jack Small with his mouth

very full, and quite protectingly to his skipper; "very sorry, indeed, sir; and, as you cannot make your breakfast without any milk I think, sir, that the midshipmen's berth could lend you a bottle."

"The devil they can, younker. Oh, oh! It's good and fresh, hey?"

"Very good and fresh, sir," said the midshipman, ramming down the words with a large wadding of hot roll."

"We must borrow some of it, by all means," said the captain; "but let the midshipmen's servant bring it here himself."

The necessary orders having been issued, the bottle of milk and the boy appeared.

"Did you know," said Captain Fitzalban, turning to his first lieutenant, "that the midshipmen's berth was provided with milk, and that too after being at sea a month?"—"Indeed I did not; they are better provided than we are, at least in this respect, in the ward room."

"Do you think,—do you think," said the captain, trembling with rage, "that any of the young blackguards dare milk my cow?"—"It is not easy to say what they dare not do."

However, the cork was drawn, and the milk found not only to be very fresh indeed, but most suspiciously new. In the latitude of the Caribbean Islands liquids in general are sufficiently warm, so the captain could not lay much stress upon that.

"As fine milk as ever I tasted," said the captain.

"Very good indeed, sir," said the midshipman, overflowing his cup and saucer with the delicious liquid.

"Where do the young gentlemen procure it?" resumed the captain, pouring very carefully what remained after the exactions of John Small into the cream jug, and moving it close to his own plate.—"It stands us rather dear, sir," said Mr. Littlejohn,—"*a dollar a bottle. We buy it of Joe Grummet, the captain of the waiters.*"

The captain and first lieutenant looked at each other unutterable things.

Joe Grummet was in the cabin in an instant, and the captain bending upon him his sharp and angry glance. Joseph was a sly old file, a seaman to the backbone, and let the breeze blow from what quarter of the compass it would, he had always an eye to windward. Fifty years had a little grizzled his strong black hair, and, though innovation had deprived him of the massive

tail that whilom hung behind, there were still some fancy curls that corkscrewed themselves down his weather-stained temples, and, when he stood before the captain, in one of these he hitched the first-bend of the immense fore-finger of his left hand. He hobbled a little in his gait, owing to an unextracted musket-ball that had lodged in his thigh; consequently he never went aloft, and had been, for his merits and long services, appointed captain of the waist.

The Honorable Augustus Fitzroy Fitzalban said to the veteran mariner quickly, and pointing at the same time to the empty bottle, "Grummet, you have milked my cow." "Upossible, sir," said Grummet—bobbing at a bow; "downright impossible, your honor."

"Then, pray, whence comes the fresh milk you sell every morning to the young gentlemen?"—

"Please your honor, I took two or three dozen of bottles to sea with me on a kind o' speculation."

"Grummet, my man, I am afraid this will turn out a bad one for you. Go and show your hands to the doctor, and he'll ask you a few questions."

So Joseph Grummet went and expanded his flippers before the eyes of the surgeon. They were nearly as large and as shapely as the fins of a porpoise, and quite of the color. They had been tanned and tarred till their skin had become more durable than boot-leather, and they were quite rough enough to have rasped closegrained wood.

"I don't think our friend could have milked your cow, Captain Fitzalban," said the doctor; "at least not with his hands; they are rather calculated to draw blood than milk."

Joseph rolled his eyes about and looked his innocence most pathetically. He was not yet quite out of danger.

Now there was every reason in the world why this cow should give the captain at least a gallon of milk per diem—but one, and that he was most anxious to discover. The cow was in the best condition; since she had been embarked, the weather had been fine enough to have pleased Europa herself; she had plenty of provender, both dry and fresh. There were fragrant clover closely packed in bags, delicious oat-cakes, meal and water and fine junks of juicy plaintain.—The cow thrived, but gave no milk.

"So you brought a few dozen bottles of milk to sea with you as a venture?" continued the man of medicine in his examination.

"I did sir."

"And where did you procure them?"

"At English Harbor, sir."

"May I ask of whom?"

"Madame Juliana, the fat Negro woman."

"Now, my man," said the doctor, looking up a cautionary fore-finger—"now my man, do not hope to deceive me. How did you prevent the acetous fermentation from taking place in these bottles of milk?"

The question certainly was a puzzler. Joe routed with his fingers among his hair for an answer. At length he fancied he perceived a glimmering of the doctor's meaning, so he hummed and ha-ed, until, the doctor's patience being exhausted, he repeated more peremptorily, "How did you prevent the acetous fermentation taking place in these bottles of milk?"

"By paying ready money for them, sir," said the badgered seaman boldly.

"An excellent preventive against fermentation, certainly," said the captain, half smiling. "But you answer the doctor like a fool."

"I was never accused of such a thing, please your honor, before, sir," said tarrybrecks, with all his sheets and tacks abroad.

"Very likely, my man, very likely," answered the captain, with a look that would have been invaluable in a vinegar manufactory. "How did you prevent this milk from turning sour?"

"Ah, sir!" said Grummet, now wide awake to his danger: "if you please, sir, I humbly axes your pardon, but, that's my secret."

"Then by all that's glorious I'll flog it out of you!"

"I humbly hopes not, sir. I am sure your honor won't flog an old seaman who has fought with Howe and Nelson, and who was wounded in the sarvice before your honor was born; you won't flog him, sir, only because he can't break his oath."

"So you have sworn not to divulge it, hey?"

"Ah, sir: If I might be so bold as to say so, your honor's a witch!"

"Take care of yourself, Joseph Grummet; I do advise you to take care of yourself. Folly is a great betrayer of secrets, Joseph. Cunning may milk cows without discovery; however, I will never punish without proof."

How many bottles of this excellent milk have you yet left?"—"Eight or ten, sir, more or less, according to circumstances."

"Well! I will give you a dollar a-piece for all you have."

At this proposition Joseph Grummet shuffled about, not at all at his ease, now looking very sagacious, now very foolish, till, at last, he brought down his features to express the most deprecating humility of which their iron texture was capable, and he then whined forth, "I would not insult you, sir, by treating you all as one as a midshipman. No, your honor; I know the respect that's due to you,—I couldn't think of letting you, sir, have a bottle under three dollars—it wouldn't be at all respectful like."

"Grummet," said Captain Fitzalban, "you are not only a thorough seaman, but a thorough knave. Now, have you the conscience to make me pay three dollars a bottle for my own milk?"—"Ah, sir, you don't know how much the secret has cost me."

"Nor do you know how dearly it may cost you yet."

Joseph Grummet then brought into the cabin his remaining stock in trade, which instead of eight or ten was found to consist only of two bottles. The Captain, though with evident chagrin, paid for them honorably, and whilst the milkman *pro tem.* was knotting up the six dollars in the tie of the handkerchief about his neck, the skipper said to him, "Now, my man, since we part such good friends, tell me your candid opinion concerning this cow of mine?"—"Why, sir, I think as how it's the good people as milks her."

"The good people! who the devil are they?"—"The fairies, your honor."

"And what do they do with it?"—"Very few can tell, your honor; but those who gets it are always deservin' folks."

"Such as old wounded seamen, and captains of the waist especially. Well, go along to your duty. Look out! cats love milk."

So Joseph Grummet went forth from the cabin shrugging up his shoulders, with an ominous presentiment of scratches upon them. The captain, the Honorable Augustus Fitzroy Fitzalban, gave the marine officer orders to place a sentry night and day over his cow, and then dismissed his guests.

The honorable commander was, for the rest of the day, in a most unconscionable ill humor. The ship's sails were beauti-

fully trimmed, the breeze was just what it ought to have been. The heavens above, and the waters below, were striving to out-smile each other. What then made the gallant captain so miserable? He was thinking only of the temerity of the man who had dared to *milk his cow.*

The first lieutenant touched his hat most respectfully to the Honorable Captain Augustus Fitzroy Fitzalban, and acquainted him that the sun indicated it to be twelve o'clock.

"Milk my cow!" said the captain abstractedly.

"Had not that better be postponed till to-morrow morning, Captain Fitzalban?" said the lieutenant, with a very little smile; "and in the meantime may we strike the bell, and pipe to dinner?"

The captain gazed upon the gallant officer sorrowfully, and, as he shook his head, his looks said as plainly as looks could speak, and with the deepest pathos, "They never milked *his cow.*"

"Do what is necessary," at last he uttered; then, pulling his hat more over his eyes, he continued to pace the quarter-deck.

Now, although the Honorable Captain Augustus Fitzroy Fitzalban was the younger son of a nobleman, and enjoyed a very handsome patrimony, and his temper had been thoroughly spoiled by that process that is too often called education, yet his heart was sound, English, and noble. He revolted from doing an unjust action; yet he smarted dreadfully under the impression that he was cheated and laughed at to his very face. He did not think that Joseph Grummet had milked his cow, but he felt assured that the same milk-dealing Joseph knew who did; yet was he too humane to introduce the Inquisition on board his ship by extracting the truth by torture.

The Honorable Captain Fitzroy Fitzalban slept late on the succeeding morning. He had been called at daylight, *pro forma*, but had merely turned from his left side to his right, muttering something about a cow. It must be supposed that the slumbers of the morning indemnified him for the horrors of the night, for breakfast was on the table, and the usual guests assembled, when the captain emerged from the after-cabin.

There was no occasion to ask the pale and trembling steward if the cow had given any milk that morning.

The breakfast remained untouched by

the captain, and passed off in active silence by his guests. Not wishing to excite more of the derision of Jack than was absolutely necessary, the Honorable the Captain Augustus Fitzroy Fitzalban, when he found that the various officers whom he had invited to breakfast had sufficiently "improved the occasion," as the methodists say, turned to the first lieutenant, who was again his guest, and asked him if nothing had transpired on the over-night to warrant a suspicion as to the lacteal felony.

The first luff looked very mysterious, and not wholly disposed to be communicative upon the subject. He had been piously brought up, and was not at all inclined to be sarcastic upon the score of visions or the visitation of ghosts; yet, at the same time, he did not wish to subject himself to the ridicule of his captain, who had rationally enough postponed his belief in apparitions until he had seen one. Under these difficulties, he replied hesitatingly, that a ghost had been reported as having "come on board before daylight in the morning, without leave."

"A ghost, Mr. Mitchell, come on board, and I not called!" said the indignant captain: "By G—, sir, I would have turned out a guard of honor to have received him! I would have sooner had a visit from his spirituality than from his Excellency the Spanish Ambassador.—The service, sir, has come to a pretty pass, when a ghost can come on board, and leave the ship too, I presume, without even so much as the boatswain to pipe the side. So the ghost came, I suppose, and milked my cow?"

The first lieutenant, in answer, spoke with all manner of humility. He represented that he had been educated as a seaman and as an officer, and not for a doctor of divinity; therefore he could not pretend to account for these preternatural visitations. He could only state the fact, and that not so well as the first lieutenant of marines. "He begged, therefore, to refer to him."

That officer was immediately sent for, and he made his appearance accompanied by one of the sergeants, and then it was asserted that, when the guard went to relieve the sentries, they found the man who had been stationed over the cow, lying on the deck senseless in a fit and his bayonet could nowhere be found. When by the means of one of the assistant-surgeons, who had been immediately summoned, he had been sufficiently recovered to articulate, all

the explanation they could get from him was, that he had seen a ghost; and the very mention of the fact, so great was his terror, had almost caused a relapse.

"Send the poltroon here immediately: I'll ghost him!" cried the enraged captain. In answer to this he was informed that the man lay seriously ill in his hammock in the sick-bay, and that the doctor was at that very moment with the patient.

"I'll see him myself," said the captain. As the honorable captain, with his *cortège* of officers, passed along the decks on his way to the sick-bay, he thought—or his sense of hearing most grievously deceived him—that more than once he heard sneering and gibing voices exclaim, "Who milked my cow?" but the moment he turned his head in the direction from whence the sounds proceeded, he saw nothing but visages the most sanctimonious: indeed they, instead of the unfortunate sentry, appeared to have seen the ghost. The captain's amiability that morning might have been expressed by the algebraical term—minus a cipher.

When the skipper hauled alongside the sick man he found that the doctor, having bled him, was preparing to blister his head, the ship's barber at the time being sedulously occupied in shaving it. The patient was fast putting himself upon an equality to contend with his supernatural visitant by making a ghost of himself. He was in a high fever, and delirious—unpleasant things in the West Indies! All the captain could get from him was, "The devil—flashes of fire—milk cow—horrible teeth—devil's cow—ship haunted—nine yards of blue flame—throw cow overboard—go to heaven—kicked the pail down—horns tipped with red-hot iron," and other rhapsodies to the same effect.

From the man the captain went to the cow; but she was looking excessively sleek and mild and amiable, and eating her breakfast with the relish of an outside mail coach passenger. The captain shook his head, and thought himself the most persecuted of beings.

When this self-estimated injured character gained the quarter deck, he commenced ruminating on the propriety of flogging Joseph Grummet; for, with the loss of his cow's milk, he had lost all due sense of human kindness. But as the Lords of the Admiralty had lately insisted upon a report being forwarded to them of every punishment that took place, the number of lashes,

and the crime for which they were inflicted, the Honorable the Captain Augustus Fitzroy Fitzalban thought that a report would look rather queer running thus: "Joseph Grummet, captain of the waist, six dozen, because my cow gave no milk," or "because private-marine Snickchops saw a ghost," or "for selling the midshipmen sundry bottles of milk;" and this last imagination reminded him that there was one of this highly gifted class walking to leeward of him. "Mr. Littlejohn!" said the captain, with a voice that crawled over the nerves like the screeching of an ill-filed saw.

Small Jack touched his hat with more than usual respect to the exasperated officer, and then stepping to the windward, humbly confronted him.

The captain was too angry for many words, so looking fearfully into the happy countenance of the reefer, and pointing his forefinger down perpendicularly, he laconically uttered, "Milk this morning?" "Yes, sir."

"Good?"

The well breakfasted midshipman licked his lips and smiled.

"Grummet?" "Yes, sir."

"Tell the boatswain's mate to send him aft." "Ay, ay, sir."

And there stood the captain of the waist, with his hat in his hand, opposite to the captain of the ship. There was some difference between those two captains: one verging upon old age, the other upon manhood. The old man with but two articles of dress upon his person, a canvass shirt and a canvass pair of trowsers—for, in those latitudes, shoes and stockings are dispensed with by the foremast men excepting on Sundays and when mustering at divisions; the other gay, and almost gorgeous, in white jeans, broadcloth, and gold. There they stood, the one the personification of meekness, the other of haughty anger. However firm might have been the captain's intentions to convict the man before him by an intricate cross-examination, his warmth of temper defeated them at once, for the old seaman looked more than usually innocent and sheepish. This almost stolid equanimity was sadly provoking.

"You insolent acoundrel, who milked my cow last night?" "The Lord in heaven knows, your honor. Who could it be, sir, without it was the ghost who has laid that poor lad in his sick hammock?"

"And I suppose that the ghost ordered

you to hand the milk to the young gentlemen when he had done?" "Me, sir! Heaven save me! I never see'd a ghost in my life."

"Hypocrite! the bottle you sold the midshipman!"—"One, your honor, I brought from Antigua, and which I overlooked yesterday."

"I shall not overlook it when I get you to the gangway. Go, Mr. Littlejohn, give orders to beat to quarters the moment the men have had their time."

All that forenoon the captain kept officers and men exercising the great guns, running them in and out, pointing them here and there—sail trimmers aloft, boarders on the starboard bow, firemen down in the forehold; the men had not a moment's respite, nor the officers either. How potently in their hearts they d—d the cow, even from the tips of her horns unto the tuft at the end of her tail! Five secret resolves were made to poison her that hard-worked morning. Mr. Small Jack, who was stationed at the foremost main deck guns near her, gave her a kick every time the order came from the quarter-deck to ram home, wad and shot.

Well, this sweltering work, under a tropical sun, proceeded till noon, the captain alternately swearing at the officers for want of energy, and exclaiming to himself indignantly, "D— them! how dare they milk my cow! There must be several of them concerned. Send the carpenter aft. Mr. Wedge, rig both the chain-pumps—turn the water on in the well. Waisters! man the pumps. Where's that Grummet? Boat-swain's mates, out with your colts, and lay them over the shoulders of any man that shirks his duty! keep a sharp eye on the captain of the waist."

And thus the poor fellows had for a finish to their morning's labor a half hour of the most overpowering exertion to which you can set mortal man—that of working at the chain-pumps. When Mr. Littlejohn saw elderly Joseph Grummet stripped to the waist, the perspiration streaming down him in bucketfuls, and panting as it were for his very life, he, the said Small Jack, very rightly opined that no milk would be forthcoming next morning.

At noon the men were, as usual, piped to dinner, with an excellent appetite for their pork and pease, and a thirsty relish for their grog; for which blessings they had the cow alone to thank. They were very ungrateful.

No sooner was the hour of dinner over than the captain all of a sudden discovered that his ship's company were not smart enough in reefing topsails. So at it they went, racing up and down the rigging, tricing up and laying out, lowering away and hoisting, until six bells, three o'clock, when the angry and hungry captain went to his dinner. He had made himself more unpopular in that day than any other commander in the fleet.

The dinner was unsocial enough. When a man is not satisfied with himself, it is rarely that he is satisfied with anybody else. Now, the whole ship's company, officers as well as men, were divided into parties, and into only two, respecting this affair of the cow; one believed in a supernatural, the other in a roguish agency; in numbers they were about equal, so that the captain stood in the pleasant predicament of being looked upon in a sinful light by one half of his crew, and in a ludicrous one by the other.

However, as the night advanced, and the marine who had seen the cow-spirit grew worse, the believers in the supernatural increased rapidly; and, as one sentinel was found unwilling to go alone, the cow had the distinguished compliment of a guard of honor or two all night. The captain, with a scornful defiance of the spiritual, would allow of no lights to be shown, or of no extraordinary precautions to be taken. He only signified his intentions of having himself an interview with the ghost, and for that purpose he walked the deck till midnight; but the messenger from the land of spirits did not choose to show himself so early.

Let me hear no more any querulous talk of the labor of getting butter to one's bread—no person could have toiled more than the Honorable Captain Augustus Fitzroy Fitzalban to get milk for his breakfast.

The two sentries were relieved at twelve o'clock, and, for a quarter of an hour after, everything remained dark and quiet about the haunted cow. The captain went below and turned in, joyfully anticipative of milk and cream in the morning. He left, of course, the most positive orders that the moment the ghost appeared he should be called.

Mr. Mitchell, the pious first lieutenant, remained on deck, determined to see the sequel; told the master he was much troubled in spirit, and he thought, with all

due deference to the articles of war, and respect to the captain, that he was little better than an infidel, and an over bold tempter of God's providence. The master remarked in reply that it was an affair entirely out of soundings; but very sagely concluded that they should see what they should see even if they saw nothing.

It was a beautiful night, darkly, yet at the same time, brightly beautiful. There was no moon. The pure fires above were like scintillations from the crown of God's glory. Though the heavens were thus starred with splendors, it was deeply, though clearly, dark on the ocean. There was a gentle breeze that was only sufficient to make the sails draw, and the noble frigate walked stately and majestically onwards.

Forward on the main-deck the darkness was Cimmerian. When lights had been last there at the relieving of the sentinels, the cow had quietly laid herself down upon her litter, and seemed to be in a profound sleep; the first hour after midnight was passed, and all was hushed as death, save those noises that indicate what else would be absolute silence more strongly. There was the whispering ripple of the sea, the dull creaking of the tiller-ropes, and the stealthy step of the sentinels; these sounds, and these only, were painfully distinct. One bell struck, and its solemn echoes seemed to creep through the decks as if on some errand of death, and the monotonous cry of the look-outs fell drearily on the ear.

The first lieutenant and the officers of the watch had just begun to shake off their dreamy and fearful impressions, to breathe more freely and to walk the deck with a firmer tread, when, from what was supposed to be the haunted spot, a low shriek was heard, then a bustle, followed by half-stifled cries of "The guard! the guard!"

The officers of the watch jumped down on the main deck, the midshipmen rushed into the cabin to call the captain, and men with and without lights rushed forward to the rescue.

Deep in the darkness of the manger there glared an apparition that might more than justify the alarm. The spot where the phantom was seen (we pledge ourselves that we are relating facts), was that part of a frigate which seamen call "the eyes of her," directly under the foremost part of the fore-castle, where the cables run through the hawse-holes, and through which the bowsprit

treads upwards. The whole place is called the manger. It is very often appropriated to the use of pigs until they take their turn for the butcher's knife. This was the strange locality that the ghost chose to honor with its dreadful presence.

From the united evidence of the many who saw this ghastly avatar, it appeared only to have thrust its huge head and a few feet of the forepart of its body through the hawse-hole, the remainder of its vast and voluminous tail hanging out of the ship over its bows. The frightful head and the glaring sockets of its eyes were distinctly marked in lineaments of fire. Its jaws were stupendous, and its triple row of sharp and long-fanged teeth seemed to be gnashing for something mortal to devour. It cast a pale blue halo around it, just sufficient to show the outlines of the den it had selected in which to make its unwelcome appearance. Noise it made none, though several of the spectators fancied that they heard a gibbering of unearthly sounds; and Mr. Littlejohn swore the next day upon his John Hamilton Moore, that it mooded dolefully like a young bullock crossed in love.

To describe the confusion on the main-deck, while officers, seamen, and marines were gazing on this spectre, so like the fiery spirit of the Yankee sea serpent, is a task from which I shrink, knowing that language cannot do it adequately. The first lieutenant stood in the middle of the group, not merely transfixed, but paralyzed with fear; men were tumbling over each other shouting, praying, swearing. Up from the dark holds, like shrouded ghosts, the watch below, in their shirts, sprang from their hammocks; and for many, one look was enough, and the head would vanish immediately in the dark profound.

The shouting for lights and loaded muskets and pistols was terrible; and the orders to advance were so eagerly reiterated, that none had leisure to obey them.

But the cow herself did not present the least imposing feature in this picture of horror. She formed, as it were, the barrier between mortality and spirituality—all beyond her was horrible and spectral: by her fright she seemed to acknowledge the presence of a preternatural being. Her legs were stiff and extended, her tail standing out like that of an angered lion, and she kept a continued strain upon the halter with which she was tethered to a ring-bolt in the ship's side.

By this time, several of the ward-room officers, and most of the midshipmen had reached the scene of action. Pistols were no longer wanting, and loaded ones too.

Three shots were fired into the manger, with what aim it is impossible to specify, at the spectre. They did not seem to annoy his ghostship in the least; without an indication of his beginning to grow hungry, might be deemed so. As the shot whistled past him, he worked his huge and fiery jaws most ravenously.

"Well, said the second lieutenant, "let us give the gentleman another shot, and then come to close quarters. Mr. Mitchell, you have a pistol in your hand: fire!"

"In the name of the Holy Trinity!" said the superstitious first, "there!" Bang! and the shot took effect deep in the loins of the unfortunate cow.

At this precise moment, Captain, the Honorable Augustus Fitzroy Fitzalban rushed from his cabin forward, attired in a rich flowered silk morning-gown in which scarlet predominated. He held a pistol cocked in each hand; and as he broke through the crowd, he bellowed forth lustily, "Where's the ghost! let me see the ghost!" He was soon in the van of the astonished gazers; but, disappointed Fitzalban! he saw no ghost, because, as the man says in the Critic, "'twas not in sight."

Immediately the honorable captain had gained his station, the much wronged and persecuted cow, galled by her wound, with a mortal effort snapped the rope with which she was fastened, and then lowering her horned head nearly level with the deck, and flourishing her tail after the manner that an Irishman flourishes his shillelagh before he commences occipital operations, she rushed upon the crowded phalanx before her. At this instant, as if its supernatural mission had been completed, the spirit vanished.

The ideal having decamped, those concerned had to save themselves from the well followed up assaults of the real. The captain flew before the pursuing horns, d—ning the cow in all the varieties of condemnation. But she was generous, and she attached herself to him with an unwonted, or rather, an unwanted, fidelity. Lanterns were crushed and men overthrown, and laughter now arose amidst the shouts of dismay. The seamen tried to impede the progress of the furious animal by throwing down before her lashed up hammocks,

and by seizing her behind by the tail; but, woe is me! the Honorable the Captain Augustus Fitzroy Fitzalban could not run so fast in his variegated and scarlet-flowered silk dressing-gown as a cow in the agonies of death; for he had just reached that asylum of safety, his cabin-door, when the cow took him up very carefully with her horns, and first giving him a monitory shake, then with inclination to port, she tossed him right over the ward-room skylight, and deposited him very gingerly in the turtle-tub that stood lashed on the larboard side of the half-deck. This exertion was her last; for immediately after, falling upon her knees, and then gently rolling over, to use an Homeric expression, her soul issued from her wound, and sought the shades below appropriated to the souls of cows.

In the mean time, the captain was sprawling about, and contending with his turtle for room, and he stood a very good chance of being drowned even in a tub; but assistance speedily arriving, he was drawn out, and thus the world was spared a second tale of a tub. But there was something in the spirit of the aristocratic Fitzalban that neither cows, ghosts, nor turtle-haunted water could subdue. Wet as he was, and suffering also from the contusions of the cow's horns, he immediately ordered more light, and proceeded to search for the ghost,—prolific parent of all his mishaps.

Well escorted, he visited the manger, but the most scrutinizing search could discover nothing extraordinary. The place seemed to have been undisturbed, nor once to have departed from its usual solitariness and dirt. There was not even so much as a smell of sulphur on the spot where the spectre had appeared, nor were there any signs of wet, which, supposing the thing seen had been a real animal, would have been the case, had it come from the sea through the hawse-holes. The whole affair was involved in the most profound mystery. The honorable captain, therefore, came to the conclusion that nothing whatever had appeared, and that the whole was the creation of cowardice.

Hot with rage and agueish with cold, he retired to his cabin, vowing all manner of impossible vengeance, muttering about court-martials, and solemnly protesting that Mr. Mitchell, the first lieutenant, should pay him for the cow that he had so wantonly shot.

Blank were the countenances of many the next morning. The first lieutenant was not, as usual, asked to breakfast. There was distrust and division in his Majesty's Ship *Nænia*, and the Honorable the Captain Augustus Fitzroy Fitzalban had several severe contusions on his noble person, a bad cold, and no milk for breakfast; an accumulation of evils that one of the aristocracy ought not to be obliged to bear. Though Mr. Mitchell did not breakfast with the captain, Jack Small, alias Small Jack, alias Mr. Littlejohn, did. The only attempt of the captain that morning at conversation was as follows. With a voice that croaked like a raven's at the point of death, evidence *externe* of an abominable sore-throat, the captain merely said to the reefer, pointing his fore-finger downwards as he did the day before, "Milk?"

Mr. Littlejohn shook his head dolefully, and replied, "No, sir."

"My cow died last night," said the afflicted commander with a pathos that would have wrung the heart of a stone statue—if it could have heard it.

"If you please, sir," said the steward, "Mr. Mitchell sends his compliments, and would be very glad to know what you would have done with the dead cow."—"My compliments to Mr. Mitchell and he may do whatever he likes with it. He shot it, and must pay me for it! let him eat it if he will."

The first lieutenant and the captain were, after this, not on speaking terms for three months. Several duels had very nearly been fought about the ghost; those who had not seen it, branding those who had with an imputation only a little short of cowardice; those who had seen it, becoming for a few weeks very religious, and firmly resolving henceforward to get drunk only in pious company. The carcase of the cow was properly dressed and cut up, but few were found who would eat of it; the majority of the seamen thinking the animal had been bewitched! the captain of course would take none of it unless Mr. Mitchell would permit him to pay him for it at so much per pound, as he pertinaciously pretended to consider it to be the property of the first lieutenant. Consequently, the animal was nearly shared between the midshipmen's berth and the mess of which Joseph Grummet, the captain of the waist, was an unworthy member.

The day following the death of the cow,

Joseph Grummet was found loitering about the door of the young gentlemen's berth.

"Any milk to-morrow, Joseph?" said the caterer.—"No, sir," with a most sensible shake of the head.

"Oh!—the cow has given up the ghost!"—"And somebody else too!" This simple expression seemed to have much relieved Joe's overcharged bosom; he turned his quid in his mouth with evident satisfaction, grinned, and was shortly after lost in the darkness forward.

There never yet was a ghost story that did not prove a very simple affair when the key to it was found. The captain of the *Nænia* never would believe that anything uncommon was ever seen at all. He was, however, as much in the wrong as those who believed that they had seen a ghost. The occurrence could not be forgotten, though it ceased to be talked of.

Two years after, the ship came to England and was paid off. Joseph Grummet bagged his notes and his sovereigns with much satisfaction; but he did not jump like a fool in the first boat, and rush ashore to scatter his hard-earned wages among Jews, and people still worse; he stayed till the last man, and anxiously watched for the moment when the pennant should be hauled down. When he saw this fairly done, he asked leave to speak to the captain. He was ushered into the cabin, and he there saw many of the officers who were taking leave of their old commander.

"Well, Grummet," said the skipper, "what now?"

"Please your honor, you offered five guineas to anybody that would tell you who milked the cow."

"And so I will gladly," said the captain, pleasantly, "if the same person will unravel the mystery of the ghost." And he turned a triumphant look upon the believers in spirits who stood around him.

"I milked your cow, sir."

"Ah! Joseph! Joseph! it was unkindly done. But with your hands?"—

"We widened a pair of Mr. Littlejohn's kid-gloves, sir."

"I knew that little rascal was at the bottom of this! but there is honor in the midshipmen's berth still. What is the reason that they thus sought to deprive me of my property?"—"You wouldn't allow them to take any live stock on board that cruise, sir."

"So—so—wild justice, hey? But come to

the ghost?"—"Why, sir, I wanted to have the cow unwatched for a quarter of an hour every middle watch; so I took the shark's head we had caught a day or two before, scraped off most of the flesh, and whipped it in a bread bag,—it shone brighter in the dark than stinking mackerel;—so I whips him out when I wants him, and wabbles his jaws about. I was safely stowed under the bowsprit from your shot; and when your honor walked in on one side of the manger, I walked, with my head under my arm, out of the other."

"Well, Joseph, there are the five guineas; and, gentlemen," said the Honorable the Captain Augustus Fitzroy Fitzalban, bowing to his officers, "I wish you joy of your ghost!"

PAT'S CRITICISM.

BY CHARLES F. ADAMS.

There's a story that's old,
But good if twice told,
Of a doctor of limited skill,
Who cured beast and man
On the "cold water plan,"
Without the small help of a pill.

On his portal of pine
Hung an elegant sign,
Depicting a beautiful rill,
And a lake where a sprite
With apparent delight,
Was sporting in sweet dishabille.

Pat McCarthy one day,
As he sauntered that way,
Stood and gazed at that portal of pine,
When the doctor with pride
Stepped up to his side,
Saying, "Pat, how is that for a sign?"

"There's wan thing," says Pat,
"Ye've lift out o' that,
Which, be jabbers, is quite a mistake;
It's trim and its nate,
But to make it complete
Ye should have a soine burd on the lake?"

"Ah, indeed! pray then tell,
To make it look well,
What bird do you think it may lack?"
Says Pat, "Of the same
I've forgotten the name,
But the song that he sings is 'quack,'
'quack!'"

Scribner's Monthly.

SOLID FOR MULHOOLY.

A POLITICAL SATIRE.

[RUFUS E. SHAPLEY was born in Carlisle, Pa., August 4, 1840; graduated at Dickinson College in 1860; was admitted to the bar in 1861, and has been actively engaged in the practice of his profession in Philadelphia since 1868. He has taken a somewhat active part in politics as a speaker, but has never held any political office. With the exception of occasional contributions to newspapers, he has published nothing except "Solid for Mulhooly," which appeared in 1881, and at once became immensely popular.]

I.—MICHAEL MULHOOLY: HIS ANTECEDENTS.

Michael Mulhooly owed nothing of his greatness to high birth or early advantages. On the contrary, when he first opened his eyes his surroundings must have struck his infant mind as offering far from encouraging prospects to one about to begin life.

The ancestral halls of the Mulhoolys, situated among the bogs of County Tyrone, Ireland, consisted of a cabin of the style of architecture then fashionable in that section of the country, containing a single apartment, inhabited, at the moment of his birth, by his parents, ten rapidly-maturing pledges of their love, and two pigs, which, encouraged by the example of the elder Mulhoolys, annually contributed somewhat more than their share towards the common wealth. These humble but faithful dependents of the family joined their voices to the general welcome which greeted the arrival of the future statesman, and, as soon as he was able to crawl upon the cabin floor, treated him as a foster brother to their own latest addition to the family circle. Thus his infancy, like that of so many of his countrymen who have become leaders of men in our free and happy country, was spent in a condition of poverty and squalor not apparently conducive to exceptional mental growth, but which is, nevertheless, as experience has demonstrated, especially calculated to develop a genius for leadership in American politics.

Education, such as is derived from books, he did not acquire as he advanced towards the years of manhood, on account of circumstances over which he had no control. The fact is, there was not a school-house, or a school-teacher, and probably not a printed book of any kind, within fifty miles of his parental home. The Mulhoolys had not

learned to regard it as a disgrace that no member of the family of their acquaintance had ever learned to read and write. Had such a view of the case been suggested to them, they would, doubtless, have pointed proudly to that long line of Irish kings, from whom they, and all of their countrymen, are descended, not one of whom had ever troubled himself to acquire such useless accomplishments.

When Michael was eighteen years of age, chance brought about a change in his life which laid the foundation of his fortunes, and proved to be the starting-point in his career of greatness. Dennis Mulhooly, a distant cousin, while on a visit to the tombs of his ancestors, conceived the idea of taking the boy back with him to America, and putting him at work in his saloon, known as the "Tenth Precinct House, by Mr. Dennis Mulhooly." So Michael, not unwillingly, yet not without many tears, bade farewell to that beautiful green isle which all his countrymen from time immemorial have sworn, and until time shall be no more will continue to swear, is the finest spot of green earth on this large globe; but which, nevertheless, so many of them leave at the first opportunity, and to which so few of them ever return in the flesh; owing probably to the surprising dearth of native talent for statesmanship which they discover here as soon as they land upon our hospitable shores.

II.—HIS FIRST SCHOOL.

UPON his arrival he began at the very foot of the ladder. The "Tenth Precinct House, by Mr. Dennis Mulhooly," was not situated in what certain people would call a fashionable neighborhood, nor was it patronized by the most exclusive circles of society. Ministers of the gospel, bank presidents, and merchant princes never crossed its threshold. Public banquets to foreign potentates, men of letters and great generals, were never given in this hostelry. There were safer places in the world for a man to fall asleep in if he wished to retain his watch or pocket-book. An oyster counter, a bar, three or four chairs, and a stove, comprised all the furniture of the one low room where Mr. Dennis Mulhooly catered to the appetites of the public. Two men were all the assistants he required prior to the arrival of Michael, who was immediately installed in the responsible but unremunerative post of boy-of-all-work.

He scrubbed the floor, carried out oyster-shells, made fires, ran errands, and occasionally lent a hand behind the oystercounter and the bar. But he was happy. For the first time in his life he knew the luxury of having enough to eat, a warm place in which to sleep when it was cold, and clothing enough to cover his entire body at one and the same time. He received no wages beyond his board and clothing, but an occasional dime, earned by some menial service cheerfully performed, lit up his dreams with the rose tints of approaching prosperity and made him smile in his sleep.

But this humble bar-room, or low grogery, if you please, was the school-room in which his first lessons of life were learned, and where was revealed to his young ambition the shining ladder, like that which Jacob saw in a dream, leading up to the political Olympus upon which he was destined one day to stand and talk with the gods.

Here the party-workers of the precinct were wont to congregate to discuss the affairs of the nation; and here, prior to party conventions, occasionally came the leaders of the ward, and, sometimes, those greater statesmen whose comprehensive minds ward-limits could not confine, to make those preliminary political arrangements for the good of the country, which they call "getting in their work."

Why continue to talk of the free-school on the hillside as the hope of the Republic, when every day, under your very eyes, you see the indubitable proof that the despised grog-shop is the birthplace of statesmanship, and the malignant gin-mill the very cradle in which shall be rocked into manhood the coming American politician?

It was not surprising that the visits of these great men gave to the young Irish lad glimpses of a world which seemed very far above him, and in which he hardly yet dared to hope some day to live and move. It was not surprising that the fluency of their conversation about politics, sporting matters, and the women of their acquaintance; the richness and elegance of their clothing; the massiveness of their watch chains; the size of their seal rings; the brilliancy of their diamonds; their lavish expenditure of money, and the lordly grace with which they smoked the fragrant "Reina Victoria," and ordered Pat, the bar-keeper, to "set 'em up agin," or "open another bot," dazzled his

young imagination and fired his soul with the daring ambition to be, some day, so great a man and so perfect a gentleman.

As he approached the age of manhood, his eyes were opened to his want of education and the advantages which he might derive from being able to read and write. Nothing daunted by the difficulties before him, he set to work under Pat's instructions, in his leisure moments, to master these accomplishments. It was slow work for such a pupil, under such a tutor, but other men have become senators, judges of the Supreme Court, aye, and even Presidents, who began to study under scarcely more favorable circumstances. Michael had industry, perseverance and ambition, and, though great was his labor, great also was his reward. When he became able to spell out, in the *Police Record*, or the *Sporting Man's Own*, the chaste and graphic accounts of the latest prize-fight, he felt something of that mental exaltation with which more fortunate schoolboys read of the days and deeds of chivalry, when kings and princes contended in knightly tourney. And, as he read of these exhibitions of science and courage, he longed to be some day spoken of as a Heenan, a Morrissey, a Mace, or a Sayers. He lost no opportunity to perfect himself in the manly art, and, as opportunities for practice were not wanting in his neighborhood, before he had reached the age of manhood he had won the reputation of being the hardest hitter and most scientific sparrer in that end of the ward. Happy the youth who wisely selects his ideal of true manhood, and molds his own life in strict accordance with its example!

III.—LEARNS THE A B C OF POLITICS.

BEFORE he came of age he had commended himself to the party-workers who frequented the saloon by acting as the representative at the polls in his precinct, of a gentlemanly young clerk, who, when he offered to vote in person, was surprised to learn that he had already voted at an hour when he could have sworn he was perfecting his toilet, and who was rudely hustled from the polls, glad enough to escape being beaten and afterwards arrested on the charge of attempting to violate the sanctity of the ballot.

At the age of twenty-one Michael Mulhooly was duly naturalized. It was true that by the ordinary methods of computing

time he supposed he had only spent two years in this country; but as the records of the court showed that two highly respectable citizens, known to and approved by the court, had made solemn oath that they had personally known the applicant for upwards of five years, during which time he had actually resided in this country, and that he was well-disposed to the Government and familiar with its Constitution, it was evident that the stringent naturalization laws of the United States had not been abused.

He was now clothed in the full panoply of American citizenship. The political

"World was all before him where to choose,
And Providence his guide."

There was no office of election or appointment, from constable to United States Senator, to which he might not lawfully and hopefully aspire. His brand new certificate of citizenship was far from a disadvantage to him. Judging from the experience of so many of his countrymen, it was rather a passport to place and a title-deed to a reversionary interest in the offices which they were holding, as soon as he could dispossess them. Only the office of President of the United States was hopelessly beyond his reach; or, not hopelessly, if the rapidly-increasing foreign-born population of this country shall determine to erase from the Constitution of their adopted country that invidious discrimination in favor of native-born citizens which defaces it.

It is scarcely necessary to record the fact that Michael Mulhooly did not neglect to vote at the election immediately following his naturalization. Indeed, from his own statements, made that night while celebrating his political second birth, so great was his fear that his vote might not be properly counted in his own precinct, that he took the precaution to deposit another constitutional expression of his will in an adjoining precinct; and, to still further protect his newly-acquired rights of citizenship, he repeated this precaution against fraud in two other precincts more remote from his home. The wisdom of this course was highly commended by all his hearers; and some of them, with prophetic eye, even looked forward to the time when the country would be proud of its newly-adopted child.

Owing to a misfortune which befell Pat about this time, resulting in his temporary withdrawal from the active labors of life by reason of his mistaking the ownership of a

watch, which he said had been dropped upon the floor by a belated individual who had lost his bearings and wandered into the saloon very late one night, Michael was promoted to the post of regular bar-keeper, with a salary nominally fixed, but virtually to be determined by himself. This promotion enlarged his opportunities for prosecuting his political studies. It placed him at once upon terms of easy familiarity with the statesmen of his acquaintance who dropped in, after a night spent in emulating the moral practices of the Roman emperors, for that inspiring morning drink which Anacreon named a "cock-tail," but which Catullus always insisted, down to the day of his death, should be called "an eye-opener." Besides, it initiated him into that mystic brotherhood—that ancient, honorable and well-dressed order founded ages ago by one Ganymede, and which has, in every age, exercised such a mysterious and powerful influence over its politicians and legislators. No wonder that the poet said "Let me mix a nation's cock-tails and I care not who make its laws."

IV.—STUDIES THE *xy* *z* OF POLITICS.

At the next election he took another forward step in his political studies. Six brand-new American citizens from a neighboring city were so anxious to prove their gratitude to the government for adopting them, and so determined to put down its enemies, that, dropping all business at home, they hurried over to this city and placed their services at the disposal of the Hon. Hugh McCann, a member of the State Legislature, to whom the City Committee had given \$1,000 to place where it would do the most good. These public-spirited men were provided with lodgings over the "Tenth Precinct House by Mr. Dennis Mulhooly," and to Michael was intrusted the duty of guiding them to the precincts in which the committee had decided they could best serve their country.

One of these gentlemen had the misfortune to resemble a well-known kleptomaniac whom the police authorities of his own city were anxious to persuade to return to the sumptuous apartments which they had provided for him in the hope of curing his malady by keeping him from temptation. This resemblance struck a police officer near the polls so forcibly that he insisted upon taking him, along with Michael, to the nearest station-house for identification. To this un-

constitutional interference with a voter while in the exercise of the elective franchise Michael objected, and commenced to discuss the constitutional questions involved with so much spirit and force that the officer, overcome by his arguments, twice lay down upon the pavement, while Michael persisted in his effort to impress upon him the soundness of his own views of the case. While thus occupied a squad of policemen under the command of a sergeant came up, and mistaking the meaning of Michael's gestures, captured him, and, not without some difficulty, at last got him inside the station-house, where they preferred against him charges of assault and battery, resisting an officer, and vouching for a repeater known to them as "Big Pat." Michael's detention, however, lasted for only a few minutes, until Hon. Hugh McCann, who had heard of the misunderstanding, came to hunt him up, entered bail for his appearance, and assured him that early in the morning he would himself see the Boss, who would see Judge Coke and have the whole thing "squared." Michael had not yet reached that clause in the Constitution which referred to the office of Boss, and, therefore, he failed to understand, as clearly as he would have done a few years later, the nature of this office and the process of getting such matters "squared."

He had now won his political spurs. He had proved himself worthy of citizenship. He had given unmistakable evidences of possessing talents by which, with proper training, he could not fail to make his mark upon the political history of his country. He had voted once before he was of age; had voted four times at the election immediately succeeding his naturalization; at the following election had led to the polls six citizens whose votes it was known would be challenged, and had succeeded in persuading the election officers to receive five of them; had twice knocked down a police officer who interfered with him while he was discharging this delicate and important public duty, and was already under indictment for an alleged violation of the election laws, as well as for an alleged assault and battery upon an officer of the law. Such talents are well known to be more valuable in politics than a knowledge of Greek prosody, or familiarity with the writings of Adam Smith. Such men never fail to receive that recognition from the party leaders to which such invaluable party services entitle them, and accordingly Michael Mulhooly was immedi-

ately placed upon his Ward Committee; and, at the next election, was appointed by the court an election officer to fill a vacancy, at the instance of one of the ward leaders who was a candidate for constable. This duty he also discharged so successfully that when the returns were made up by the election officers it was found that his candidate for constable had received nearly a hundred more votes than those who kept the lists could account for or believed had been cast. Thus he commenced to comprehend those *unknown* quantities in politics which so materially affect results.

V.—AN UPWARD LEAP.

ABOUT this time he formed an acquaintance by which he was enabled, at a single jump, to mount several rounds of the political ladder which, in his young dreams, he had seen leading from obscurity to that Olympus above the clouds where the political gods sit and control the destinies of men. This acquaintance he owed partly to his personal charms, partly to his recognized position among the party leaders of his ward, and partly to his fame as an athlete who could hit straight from the shoulder, and who feared not even the formidable officers of the law. He had by this time learned how to improve his natural personal advantages by those arts of dress which gentlemen of his class so well understand. As he sauntered along the fashionable thoroughfares on Saturday afternoons when he was off duty, clad in light plaid breeches, tight at the knee and thence curving gracefully until nearly the whole foot was hidden, cut-away coat of darker plaid pattern, trim at the waist, and with shoulders projecting like the eaves of a Swiss chalet, red silk cravat, Derby hat, yellow kid gloves, and fancy-headed cane, you knew at a glance that you beheld one of those butterflies of the sidewalk known as "mashers." It was not strange, therefore, that all these advantages of person, position and reputation won the regard of a woman some years his senior, whose house, situated within a square of his saloon, was frequented by most of the political leaders of his acquaintance. Nor was it strange that, flattered by her unconcealed preference, he became a constant visitor at her house; her escort to the fashionable minstrel halls and variety shows which she loved to frequent, and stood ready at all times, like a knight of old, to throw down

the gage of battle to any who dared to dispute her right to the title of Queen of Love and Beauty. In her society, and that which she drew around her, his manners rapidly acquired much of that polish which he had formerly so much admired in his exemplars, and which afterwards contributed so largely to his own popularity and success in life.

In return for the many delicate services which she received from him she gave him a plentiful supply of pocket-money; many articles of jewelry indispensable to a gentleman in his station; a diamond shirt-stud; and, when Dennis concluded to purchase a larger saloon in another portion of the city, the necessary capital to buy out the old saloon, repaint, and refit it, and commence business for himself. That was a proud night for Michael, when, standing for the first time in front of his own bar, while the radiance of his diamond almost blinded his new bar keeper, he invited up a number of his political friends who had assembled to offer him their congratulations, and himself gave the order he had so often obeyed, to "set 'em up all round."

O Michael Mulhooly, honored representative of a wealthy and aristocratic constituency! if, dozing in thy seat in the nation's Capitol, thou didst ever cast back thy mental eye along the long line of thy many triumphs and achievements, say, was not that the supreme moment of moments, fullest of pride and gratified ambition and unutterable bliss, when thou didst, for the first time in thy life, utter that memorable order to thy trembling dependent, "Larry, set 'em up all round"?

But the most important of the many advantages which he derived from his association with that generous woman—over whose unmarked and nameless grave, alas! the winter winds now wail—was an acquaintance he formed at her house which greatly influenced his own career and materially affected the political history of his country. Among the many men of note in local politics who delighted to spend their evenings in the gay circle which she drew around her, and who welcomed Michael into their midst as the recognized favorite of their hostess, was one Blossom Brick, who was a leader of leaders in municipal politics, and whose influence was recognized in state and national conventions. Over the wine-cup and out of the confidences of the midnight revel the casual acquaintance

of these two men ripened into a close and intimate friendship, resulting from a similarity of tastes and pursuits. Blossom Brick was not slow to perceive that a man like Michael, broad of shoulder, muscular, fearless and always ready for a fight, could be of service to him in many ways. In the early days of their acquaintance this was proved to him in a manner which he could not soon forget. Late one night, just after they had parted at Michael's door, while Brick was waiting to hail some passing cab, a poor devil whom he had caused to be discharged from the Custom-House for voting contrary to his wishes in a ward convention, rendered desperate by the prospect of starvation for himself and his little family, and maddened by the rum which he had been drinking, suddenly sprang upon the unsuspecting leader, felled him with a powerful blow, jumped upon him, and threatened to avenge the wrongs for which the law gave him no redress by scattering upon the pavement the brains that toiled so ceaselessly for the public. For an instant Blossom Brick was compelled to look death squarely in the face, and, realizing his imminent danger, his cry for help rang sharply out on the stillness of the night and the lonely street. Fortunately it was heard by Michael, who sprang out just in time to save his friend from a terrible blow; and then he punished the assailant so severely with his fists and his boots that the poor devil had to be taken to a hospital, where he lay for six weeks in a fever, during which time one of his children died, and his wife, turned into the streets with her baby at her breast, was compelled to seek shelter in the almshouse to save herself and her infant from starvation.

Blossom Brick, knowing of Michael's many talents for politics, and desiring to extend his own empire over the ward in which the Tenth Precinct House was situated, undertook, not unwillingly, the task of instructing him further in the mysteries of practical politics—a task for which he was pre-eminently qualified.

VI.—A MODERN STATESMAN.

BLOSSOM BRICK had commenced life by learning a respectable trade; had married a respectable girl as poor as himself, and for nearly ten years had earned an honest living for himself and his family by hard work. He owned the small house in which

he lived, having bought it out of his savings, and employed two workmen, by whose labor and his own he was able to make from \$1,200 to \$1,500 a year. Somehow he drifted into politics, for which he rapidly acquired a taste, and, after serving as a delegate in several conventions, was himself nominated for the Municipal Legislature, and elected. To defray his expenses he was compelled to mortgage his little house for half its value. As the office paid not one cent in salary or fees, and his income in the best of times was but a small one, his neighbors were surprised that he would pay so much for an honor which they were certain he could not afford to buy at any such price. They were also surprised to observe that he soon almost wholly neglected his business, and devoted, not only his days, but also his nights, to his public duties and political pursuits. But what surprised them most of all was to see that, as his business fell off, his income, in some unexplained way, was growing larger daily. The butcher, the baker and the grocer could not fail to note that his bills with them were more than twice as large as they formerly had been, and that they were promptly paid on presentation. Inside of a year the mortgage on the house was paid off, and the house itself was thoroughly repaired, repainted and re-furnished. Two of the children were sent to boarding-school, and both himself and his wife dressed in a manner which indicated the possession of considerably more money than was necessary to support the family in their present style of living. When his term expired, he was re-nominated and re-elected; but owing to the liberality and popularity of his opponent, a wealthy manufacturer, it was generally understood that his campaign expenses were largely increased and that his re-election had cost him about \$2,000. He still ostensibly carried on his business, and continued to employ two workmen, but he had ceased to give it his personal attention, and it was very evident that he could not, from their labor, make much more than sufficed to pay his shop expenses. Where, then, did this largely-increased income come from? That was the question one neighbor would ask of another, when talking, as neighbors will talk, of the affairs of their fortunate neighbor. But while they continued to talk and wonder, he continued on in his strangely prosperous career and grew richer every year. At first he bought a

house adjoining his own; then a vacant lot on the other side of his house; then two houses on the opposite side of the street, and before the close of his third term he was known to own twelve houses in the ward which he represented. He was re-elected again and again almost without opposition, so completely had he got the working politicians of the ward, who busy themselves at delegate elections and go to conventions, under his control. His constituents could not fail to see, however unobservant they were, that he was now a man of considerable wealth. He wore a diamond stud worth at least \$1,000; he drove a pair of fast horses every fine afternoon to the park, and bought wine with the liberality of a coal-oil prince; his wife dressed in silks and velvets, and his contributions to various political organizations, independent of his expenses when a candidate for re-election, amounted to fully twice as much as he could possibly have made out of his business when he worked at it from morning till night. But he seldom even looked into the shop now, although the sign still remained up and the two workmen continued to come and to go, and to talk of the business as though it was their own. Those of his constituents who examined his record could not fail to observe some things in it worthy of attention. They saw that whenever a bill was up involving the outlay of a large sum of public money, he invariably voted in favor of the expenditure; that whenever a public improvement was proposed, he was an advocate of the improvement; that the Committee on Streets, of which he was a member, was constantly reporting bills to open, pave and grade streets, some of which no mortal eye had seen, and no mortal foot had ever trodden or would have any occasion to tread for years to come, and many of which appeared only on the city map as spaces between imaginary lines leading from No-where to No-place. They also saw that when any corporation or citizen desired legislation of pecuniary advantage, his services were, in some way, and at some time, bound to be secured, or the desired legislation failed; for Blossom Brick had become the acknowledged leader of the Municipal Legislature. He came to look upon his ward as a property which he owned, or as an empire which he had the right to rule, as with a rod of iron. No man in it could hope for any appointment except through him, and no man in it dared be a candidate

even for school director without his permission. He even came to look upon the whole city as, in a large measure, his own private property. He made daily visits to each department of the city government and demanded appointments for his followers and the removal of those who disobeyed him, as though the departments had been created for his exclusive benefit.

He lived but for the public. In order that the people might make no mistakes he dictated what nominations should, or should not, be made. To save the people trouble, he selected in advance their candidates for legislators, for congressmen, for judges. He did not hesitate to direct legislators, congressmen and judges how they should discharge their public duties. His devotion to his party knew no bounds. At every important election he organized a campaign club, which bore his name, and paraded a thousand uniformed men, bearing torches, and marching with the precision of veterans. When his form was seen advancing at the head of this formidable column, briefless young barristers on the side-walks, filled with vague yearnings for political fame, knelt in spirit before his power, and well-fed millionaires standing at the windows of their club-house nodded approvingly to each other and said, "There goes a man whom the country could not afford to lose." Such devotion to the public deserved the public gratitude, and that gratitude was displayed in asking him no questions as to where his money came from, or how he could grow rich by serving them without any salary. Nor was he insensible of the debt of gratitude which the people owed him; and he did not hesitate to avail himself of the opportunity to extend his empire over three other wards as large as his own. He came in time to speak of himself and his political associates as "We, the people."

VII.—A DIGRESSION.

WHEN one man owns and dominates four wards or counties he becomes a Leader. Half a dozen such Leaders combined constitute what is called a Ring. When one Leader is powerful enough to bring three or four such Leaders under his yoke he becomes a Boss, and a Boss wields a power as absolute, while it lasts, as that which George III. wielded over the thirteen colonies until they ungratefully rebelled against him and commenced to murder his soldiers

and take away their muskets and bayonets. The Leaders, the Ring, and the Boss combined, constitute the modern system of American politics which has been found to work so successfully in all large cities, especially in those which are fortunate enough to have secured a working majority of Leaders from Ireland. It has also been tried with encouraging results in several of the oldest and largest States of the union; and even with all the disadvantages of American birth and prejudices, some men have been found who could rule their own States, with a fair measure of success, for many years, by combining in themselves at once all the functions of the Leaders, the Ring, and the Boss.

The great merit of this system is that it takes from the people all the trouble of self-government and imposes that burden upon the Leaders, the Ring, and the Boss, compelling them to assume all the worriment of selecting proper public servants and all the responsibility of managing public affairs, while it preserves, in unimpaired purity, the form of a "government of the people, by the people, and for the people."

It is true that there are still to be found in this country some very honest people who are so slow to learn that they cry out against this system and prefer the methods of their grandfathers, who, for want of something better to do, were willing to select their own school directors, constables, judges, legislators, governors, and Presidents, notwithstanding the anxiety and labor which it involved, as well as the risk of their making unwise selections.

It is also true that there are many disappointed office-seekers whom the Leaders, the Ring, and the Boss have, in their combined wisdom, found unfitted for the public service, who go about declaiming against what they call Ring-rule and Boss-rule, and magnifying what they pretend are the evil results of the operation of this beneficent system. The impartial historian of our times, while appreciating their real motives, will doubtless give them a patient hearing, and for the instruction of posterity will set down at some length their objections, and the arguments adduced in support of them. In this sketch of a distinguished representative of this system it will be sufficient to give the following specimens to show what obstacles the Leaders, the Ring, and the Boss have to overcome in their unselfish efforts to serve an ungrateful people.

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J. M. GOFFIN, SCULPTOR, 17, RUE DE LA HARPE, PARIS.

The Political Joke.

"THE POLITICAL Joke."

BY J. M. GOFFIN.

NEW YORK: 1875.

These malcontents say:

"Such devotion to the public service, if exercised only for the benefit of the public, would be sublime in its unselfishness. But it would still be a despotism, pure and simple. That it is exerted, not for the good of the people, but for the exclusive benefit of the Leaders and Bosses themselves, is self-evident."

"It does not require an inspiration of genius to perceive that when a man makes from twenty to a hundred thousand dollars a year out of an office that pays no salary and does not allow car-fare or postage-stamps as perquisites, he makes it *aliunde*."

"It does not require a revelation from Heaven to demonstrate that such a mathematical miracle can be performed only by Theft, for official corruption is Theft, pure and simple."

"A man would not be entitled to letters patent of the United States for the discovery that when a million of dollars is squandered in contracts controlled by three or four Leaders, who grow mysteriously rich during the transaction, they have stolen at least a portion of that money, no matter how loudly they pray in church, or how much honesty and patriotism they profess in public."

"When a common day-laborer, in twenty years devoted exclusively to politics, becomes, not only a Boss, but also a millionaire, it is perfectly safe to conclude that he is a thief, as well as a tyrant and an enemy to society; and, though the statute of limitations may save him from the penitentiary, it cannot protect him against the just detestation of all honorable men."

VIII.—A POLITICAL GAMALIEL.

AN astute and experienced politician once gave an applicant for a responsible and lucrative office a letter which secured his appointment, and was thus laconically worded:

"DEAR TIT: The bearer understands addition, division and silence. Appoint him!
"Your friend, BILL."

The writer of that letter was more than an epigrammatist; he was a philosopher who had sounded the profoundest depths of politics and who deserves immortality. Addition! Division! Silence! In those three words are contained all the wisdom of

modern politics. Quite recently, however, we have been taught to embody all three in a single word—REBATE!

Blossom Brick understood every possible meaning and combination of these words. He had never studied political economy, but he had studied the people. For twenty years he had lived upon them and grown rich from offices that paid him not a cent in salary or fees. He knew nothing of logical forms or methods, but he knew the tree by its fruits. From political results, his mind jumped to political axioms. His conversation became epigrammatic. It was not scholarly, or elegant, or refined; but it was forcible, frank, easily understood, and full of worldly wisdom. It contained the germs of a system of political philosophy not recorded in books. Like a female savage who knows nothing of the modesty of clothing, he spoke without shame of the things he did without blushing.

Michael Mulhooly, so to speak, sat at the feet of this modern political Gamaliel, and learned wisdom. He treasured up his sayings as the words of Socrates and Plato were treasured up and transmitted to posterity by their disciples. Some of these sayings are worthy of being recorded. Here are a few specimens:

In speaking of the people and the little share they actually have in governing themselves, through popular elections, he said:

"In politics the people are blind asses who think they can see through brick walls; they are only dangerous when they kick."

"They are all right. Only make them *believe* they rule and they are happy."

"The government means, not those who vote, but those who receive, count and return the votes."

"Elections are ratification meetings which We hold to indorse our nominations."

"Election laws are marked cards with which We cheat the opposition."

"A man's right to vote depends upon what heading the judge sees on his ticket."

"It matters less how many votes you have than how many you poll; it matters less how many you poll than how many you get counted."

"One election officer well in hand is worth a score of voters on the half shell."

"The result of an election is only a ques-

tion of figures. A stroke of the pen before the figures 99 is as good as the votes of a hundred millionaire taxpayers, if you're smart enough to get away with it."

"It is therefore more important for you to see the election officers than the voters of your Precinct."

"It is, after all, only a question of money. Here's a rule you can bet your bottom dollar on, and the man who invented it was smart enough at figures to make a million dollars out of politics in ten years. Divide the number of votes necessary to make your election absolutely certain, by the number of Precincts in which you have, or can make, the election officers solid, and then you know just what work you must get in in each Precinct. Then multiply the number of Precincts you've got to make solid by the cost per Precinct, and you know just about what the job 'll cost."

"What We want all the time is a solid election-officer, a solid jury, a solid judge, and a solid governor, in case of slips, and the people may be d——d."

In speaking of the way in which nominations are made he said:

"Party rules are the reins, and party spirit the bit, by which We drive the people all the time."

"A scratcher is a traitor—to Us."

"The temporary chairman is the convention. He's an 8 to 7 man all the time."

"If you can't make a nomination yourself, be sure to name your man; but be d——d sure he's honest enough—to divide."

"Put up a slate you want broken and get in your real work behind it. When the people have broken your slate with their heels they take a rest, and everything's lovely."

"The meanest thing in the world is a Ring—that counts me out."

"If you want office, young man, kneel to the Boss first, then to the Leaders, then to the people, and afterwards to the Lord, if you have any spare time left!"

In speaking of bribery and corruption, he said:

"A man who's d——d fool enough to call in witnesses to see him take a bribe deserves the extreme penalty of the law."

"The man who gives a bribe *can't* tell and the fellows who divide it *won't*; so the law protects the boys all the time."

"Oaths of office are the most useful things I know of—they make people believe in Us."

"The man who intimates that I can be bought insults me—not the fellow who talks biz."

"The larger the divisor, the smaller my share; therefore I want as few in the pot as possible."

"Official advertising is the Pain-Killer of Politics."

"Give the people plenty of taffy and the newspapers plenty of advertising—then help yourself to anything that's lying around loose."

"A chunk of meat will cure the bark and the bite of a dog; therefore if you don't know how to silence a Reformer, it's your own fault."

"Honesty is the best policy by all odds—when you're in a hole."

"It's cheaper to buy with promises than with cash."

And once, when there were signs of a rebellion against one of their candidates, he said solemnly:

"IF THE PEOPLE EVER TUMBLE TO OUR GAME,—HELL WILL BE TO PAY!"

IX.—THE MACHINE.

UNDER the tuition of such a master, Michael Mulhooly could not fail to make rapid strides in the study of practical statesmanship. As a member of the Ward Committee, as the proprietor of a saloon which was becoming the party headquarters of the Ward, as well as the precinct, and as the intimate friend of so powerful a Leader as Blossom Brick, his influence grew so rapidly that in a short time he was chosen as the representative of his Ward in the City Committee. From this vantage ground he could survey the whole political field, and study the party organization in all its divisions and sub-divisions. He saw that it was a political machine as complicated, as ingenious, as perfect as the works of a watch—that it had its little wheels and big wheels all moving within and upon and around each other in perfect harmony and with a common purpose; that it had its regulator, its hair-spring, its balance-wheel, and its great, strong main-spring which kept the whole in motion, in obedience to the will of the master-spirit, who kept the key and understood its use. He proceeded to study it, somewhat after the manner of an apprentice who undertakes to study the works which he must be able some day to make, and who, therefore, holds them up between

his eye and the light and, having thus gained a comprehension of them as a whole, proceeds slowly and carefully to take them to pieces, examining each wheel and pinion so as to understand its composition, form, function and relation to every other part, and then endeavors slowly and carefully to put them together again, so that they will once more perform their perfect work.

He saw that the party organization was composed primarily of Precinct Committees, Ward Committees, and the City Committee, and, secondarily, of conventions to place in nomination candidates for various offices to be chosen at elections held by the people; and that all these various members or parts of the organization were provided for and governed by a system of laws called Party Rules, which operated like the Constitution and laws of a great Commonwealth. He saw that while this perfect party organization was ostensibly created to insure the success of the party, and, thereby, the good of the people, it had been so ingeniously devised as to compel obedience on the part of the great body of voters, while it placed the entire control of the whole machinery in a central head or master-spirit, composed of one man, or two men, or half a dozen men, according to circumstances; or, in other words, of the Leaders, the Ring, and the Boss. He saw, also, that however the Party Rules might be modified from time to time, in the apparent interest of the great body of voters, in their practical operation they would still be found to contribute only toward strengthening the power of those who, by the natural tendency of party organizations towards centralization of power, might, from time to time, constitute the Leaders, the Ring, and the Boss.

He saw that by this system, the Leaders, the Ring, and the Boss practically nominated all candidates, and as—where the party is largely in the majority, and the voters can be kept in the traces—a nomination is equivalent to an election, they therefore, practically appointed all public officers, under the form of an election by the people. He saw that this system necessitated a species of competitive examination, not contemplated by the advocates of civil service reform, but calculated to strengthen the system and perpetuate the power of those who control it. He saw that one who would enter the lists as a candidate must give satisfactory proofs that he had already rendered valuable services to Them; that no other

man could fill the place with such advantage to Them; and that he would at all times, and under every circumstance, implicitly obey Their orders, irrespective of consequences, legal, moral, social, or political. He saw that if, for instance, one desired to be a candidate for judicial honors, he must be able to give undoubted assurances, either by his past record, or by some satisfactory pledges, that he would hold his office as of Their gift, and might be at all times safely and privately conferred with by Them, so as to be instructed how to further Their interests in matters falling within the scope of his judicial functions.

He soon saw that this whole system was founded on (a) the tendency of every voter to work in the traces, and vote for any man ostensibly nominated by the party; (b) the strict enforcement of the Party Rules; and (c) the judicious distribution of the 4,036 regularly salaried offices in the various departments of the city government, with a salary list of \$6,595,625.50; the various municipal, State and national offices to which only perquisites and *aliunde* profits are attached; the various appointments which may be, from time to time, controlled in the various State and national offices, such as the Custom-house, Post-office, Treasury, &c., and of the various contracts for public work, involving the outlay of millions of dollars given to contractors who are willing not only to Rebate, but also to properly control at all times the thousands of workmen whom they employ in the public service. His estimate was that, directly and indirectly, nearly ten thousand persons were employed, and nearly \$10,000,000 expended annually in the public service through these various channels.

He next endeavored to learn something about how these offices were distributed, and for that purpose he made up a list of the members of the City Committee, and the occupation of each member, with the following result, viz.:

CITY COMMITTEE.

Ward.	Member.	Occupation.	Salary.
1.	Dennis McNulty,	Department of Taxes.	\$2,500.
2.	Michael McCann,	" Water.	2,000.
3.	Patrick McBride,	" "	3,000.
4.	Timothy McCrory,	" Streets.	1,800.
5.	James McElwee,	" Fires.	2,000.
6.	Owen McPeak.	" Wharves.	1,900.
7.	Michael Mulhooly,	" "	"
8.	James McPodd,	" Health.	2,250.
9.	John McGuiggen,	" Markets.	1,800.

Ward.	Member.	Occupation.	Salary.
10.	Tim O'Houlahan,	Department of Sewers.	\$2,000.
11.	Blossom Brick,	Municipal Legislature.	?
12.	James O'Rafferty,	Department of Parks.	2,200.
13.	Michael McGaughey,	" " Taxes.	2,500.
14.	Thomas McNabb,	Dep't of Public Build'n's.	2,350.
15.	John Smith,		
16.	Patrick O'Donahugh,	Department of Fires.	2,000.
17.	James Kelly,	" Schools.	?
18.	Michael Mulligan,	" Streets.	2,200.
19.	Bernard McCoul,	" Wharves.	1,900.
20.	James McGinnis,	" Water.	2,000.
21.	Robert Lannigan,	Candidate for Municipal Legislature.	

He also made up a similar list of the Presidents of the various Ward Committees, and the occupation of each, with the following result, viz.:

PRESIDENTS OF WARD COMMITTEES.

Ward.	President.	Occupation.	Salary.
1.	Dominick McGrody,	Department of Fires.	\$1,500.
2.	Daniel McMackin,	" Wharves.	1,200.
3.	Thomas McCue,	" Health.	1,400.
4.	John McTee,	" Streets.	1,200.
5.	Michael McLaughlin,	" Sewers.	1,000.
6.	James O'Dowd,	" Taxes.	1,250.
7.	John O'Toole,	" Parks.	1,000.
8.	Patrick O'Rourke,	" Water.	1,300.
9.	Bernard O'Leary,	" Markets.	1,400.
10.	Sandy McDermott,	Dep't of Public Build'n's.	1,000.
11.	Patrick Kelley,	Department of Justice.	1,200.
12.	Timothy McElhone,	" Police.	1,000.
13.	James O'Donnell,	" Treasury.	1,500.
14.	John McFall,	" Comptroller.	1,200.
15.	Dennis McCrystal,	" Schools.	?
16.	John McCrossin,	" Public Build'n's.	1,200.
17.	Michael McGahey,	" Parks.	1,000.
18.	Larry McCusker,	" Water.	1,200.
19.	James McGurrity,	" Taxes.	1,500.
20.	Hugh McDaid	Contractor on Streets.	?
21.	John Brown,	Candidate for Municipal Legislature.	

He did not attempt to make up a complete list of the five hundred and thirty members of the various Ward Committees, or of the Chairmen and members of the five hundred and thirty Precinct Committees, or of the two secretaries of each of these City, Ward and Precinct Committees, or of the many local Leaders, for whom there is no room on Committees, but who render valuable services in Ward, District and City Conventions, in return for the appointments which they hold.

His examination, though imperfect, had been carried far enough to show him these important results:

1. That nearly every member of the City Committee and of the various Ward Committees held a lucrative position by the appointment of some Leader whose orders he was compelled to obey.

2. That, as these Committees fix the times and places for holding Conventions, select the temporary Chairmen to organize them, and decide all disputes and appeals, they practically control all Conventions.

3. That every one of these four thousand and thirty-six Department employees is presumed to be able to go to a Convention when ordered to do so, or to send in his place a person who will obey orders; and that these appointees, as well as the thousands of others in other offices and employments, are so distributed through the different Wards, as to be able, when acting in concert, to control a large majority of all the Wards.

4. That the Leaders had, in one way or another, obtained control of one Department of the City Government after another, until more than four-fifths of all the men employed directly and indirectly in the public service and paid by the public money were under their immediate orders.

5. That the Leaders were themselves subject to the orders of the Boss, who had made most of them, and without whose favor they would be comparatively powerless.

6. *That the Boss was the Great Supreme.*

X.—THINKS OF HIMSELF.

MICHAEL MULHOOLY's reflections, based on his political observations, resolved themselves into the form of elementary rules which he would probably have put into something like this shape:

1. To succeed, you must be useful. Therefore make yourself useful at the polls. It may be done in many ways.

2. Attach yourself as soon as possible to a Leader. The greater his power the better; and the more useful you can be to him the greater will be your reward. Whoop for him all the time!

3. Secure the control of your Precinct at the earliest possible moment. Setting 'em up freely and frequently for the boys, is the best way to begin.

4. Then extend your influence to the adjoining Precinct, and so on from one to another, until you can control a majority of the Precincts of your Ward. To do this, you must form combinations with men like yourself, and secure employment for others in return for the services you render the Leaders.

5. When you have gained the control of

your own Ward, you are yourself a Leader with a big L, and are entitled to something soft.

6. From this time forward, the more candidates you help to nominate and the more men you get appointed by them, the higher your rank among Leaders and the more abundant your harvest.

7. Always remember that in politics the Boss is God!

He was now in a position which he thought entitled him to some reward for his labors. He had represented his Ward in the City Committee for nearly a year; had on several occasions voted on important questions, according to Blossom Brick's wishes—the highest law that he then knew; had friends for whom he had secured employment, and who would stand by him in every Precinct of the Ward, and consequently felt that, with the favor of the Boss, he could easily secure a majority of the delegates to a Ward Convention. Without that favor, he knew it would be useless for him to attempt anything.

He looked over the entire field to see what position within his reach would best enable him to make money and, at the same time, to extend his political influence. He saw that if he asked for and received an appointment in one of the City Departments his salary would be limited, his perquisites small, his time no longer his own, and that he would lose his independence and make no headway towards that leadership to which he aspired. He saw that to obtain a seat in the State Legislature he would have to defeat the sitting member, who was popular with the party workers, and useful to the Leaders, whom he had faithfully served for two sessions. He saw also that, even if he could secure the nomination, his campaign expenses would more than consume his whole salary, while the chances for an inexperienced legislator to make anything *allunde* would not be good. He fully realized that he was too young in politics to hope for any valuable city office. But he saw from the example of his friend Blossom Brick that if a member of the Municipal Legislature failed to make his position pay, both pecuniarily and politically, he could blame no one but himself. He also saw that there would be a chance for him to enter this body from his Ward if he could secure the Boss's approbation. The member at that time, J. Augustus Dootson, Esq.,—a young lawyer whose prepossessing

appearance, perfect taste in pantaloons and positive genius for leading a German, had secured him a rich wife with a handsome income and a brown-stone house on a fashionable square—had been nominated by the Leaders as a means of conciliating certain wealthy tax-payers of the Ward who had been seized with the Reform-fever and had threatened to overthrow the Leaders and their system. But this young gentleman, upon taking his seat, had endeavored to walk alone, or, in the language of Blossom Brick, "to set up in business for himself," consequently it was not probable that those whom he had thus insulted when they sought to guide his inexperienced legislative footsteps, would favor his re-nomination. Michael, therefore, concluded that as he might go further and do much worse, he would suggest the subject of his own candidacy for this office to his friend Blossom Brick. This he did without delay and found that the idea was highly commended by that sagacious statesman. It was accordingly determined that the subject should be diplomatically opened to the Boss, and that Michael, who had never seen Him, should be presented on the first favorable opportunity. A few days later Blossom Brick called and took the young aspirant for legislative honors to learn His pleasure.

XI.—THE BOSS.

MICHAEL had heard so much of Him, of His power, and of His mighty wrath when offended, that his legs naturally shook when they were about to usher him, for the first time, into that august Presence. He was not quite certain that he would not find Him seated upon a throne, clad in regal purple, wearing a crown of diamonds, and surrounded by all the splendor of royalty.

When he entered the modestly furnished private office where this Great Ruler received His reports from His ten thousand faithful subjects, and issued those secret orders which were the cause of so much happiness or misery, by which men were set up or destroyed at His awful pleasure, his sense of relief was scarcely less than his feeling of disappointment to see a plainly-dressed, ordinary-looking man, reclining negligently in an arm-chair, with His feet resting on the top of a table before Him, laughing and talking like any ordinary mortal, with two

or three plainly-dressed, ordinary-looking men, who wore their hats in His presence, and did not perceptibly tremble when they addressed Him.

The conversation related to a certain member of Congress who was seeking a re-nomination, and had declared, as some one stated, that he intended to return to Congress with the Boss's permission, or without it. At this remark the Boss's face flushed hotly, and, turning angrily towards Blossom Brick, He said, with a slight accent that assured Michael he was about to approach a fellow-countryman: "D'ye hear that, Brick? Didn't I make him befoor, just to plaze you, and didn't I tell ye the whipper-strapper 'd be agin Us?"

"Indeed you did," replied Brick, "and now We've got to teach him a lesson. We'll show him that We make Congressmen."

Then calling up Michael, he introduced him to the Boss, who bade him "sit down," and, without changing his position, said, "Mi friend Brick tells Me you'd like to go till the Municipal Legislature from your Ward. I can tell you wan thing—I'm agin Dootson. I don't like him. I made him befoor, as me friend Brick'll tell you, and now he's putting on airs, and I mane till punish him. I'd like to know where he'd have been but for Me." Then turning to one of the other gentlemen, he said: "D'ye know that after all I did for that fellow Dootson, I sint for him whin the bill till pave Goodenough shreet was up, and tould him I was much interisted in it, and that I'd thank him till vote for it. And what d'ye think he answered Me? That the respectible people of his Ward were opposed till it, and therefore he couldn't do it. Then I tould him to go back till the respectible people of his Ward and ask them till renominate him, but that I'd be agin him anyhow. And d'ye know he hasn't spooked till Me since then? Sometimes I think I'll give up polatics intirely. The more ye do for some people, the more ungrateful they are till ye."

The gentleman addressed laughed, and said, "Oh, you always say that."

Then the boss, who was evidently smarting under the recollections of the ingratitude with which He was treated, put on His hat, commenced to pull on his overcoat, and Blossom Brick said, "Come, Mike, let's go!" and the interview terminated. Michael himself had not spoken a word, and he went away entirely uncertain as to whether the Boss intended to "make him," or not.

But though the interview had not been all that he might have desired, it was, nevertheless, of great political significance. He had climbed to the radiant summit of the political Olympus; had stood at the very foot of the throne; had listened to the hurtling of the direful thunderbolts hurled wrathfully down towards the earth in his very presence, and had talked, face to face, with the great Jove Himself.

XII.—FEEDS WITH THE GODS.

A FEW days later Michael Mulhooly was bidden to a banquet of the Gods.

An invitation came from a gentleman whom he had never seen, but of whom he had frequently heard as a favorite contractor, who furnished half a million dollars' worth of supplies to the city, to an excursion and banquet given to the Boss, and such of the Superior Deities and such of His most highly-favored subjects as He might indicate it was His pleasure to have invited.

It was a banquet worthy of the Gods. Everything that could charm the eye, delight the ear, tempt the palate, please the stomach and elevate the soul was provided most bountifully. Everything was arranged so as to convey some delicately-suggested compliment to the political Father of Gods and men. Fragrant beds of many-colored flowers arrested the eye, and showed His monogram worked in the sweetest and most beautiful rose buds, as though nature had busied herself to do Him honor. Birds of gorgeous plumage, half-hidden in ivy-covered bowers, called out His name to every passer-by, as though the pleased universe could not keep the joyful secret of His presence. The music consisted of the old songs and national melodies that He most loved to hear, and which, in His hours of relaxation, He was wont to hum softly to Himself. Wine, sweet as the honey of Hymettus, and cold as the snows that melt on the top of Mount Hyblas, flowed from gigantic bottles labeled, in letters of pure gold, "The Boss"—His own favorite brand, named after himself. The toasts proposed were all variations of one theme—the honor due from men and Gods to Him, and the speeches all took up and repeated this refrain in all the varieties of tone and semitone, like a musical symphony.

The guests being of His own selection were worthy of his presence. With the ex-

ception of Michael Mulhooly, a Judge, a Governor, and the liberal Amphitryon of the feast, none were present except those Superior Deities who presided over Departments, or whose dominions consisted of not less than two or three Wards. Blossom Brick, as His acknowledged favorite, sat at His right hand and whispered in His ear, from time to time, those brilliant inspirations of statesmanship that were constantly flashing like meteors across his own mighty mind.

Juno and Minerva were, of course, absent. Even lovely Venus herself had not been invited. It was not customary to bid to these stag-banquets Terpsichore or Thalia, Melpomene or Urania, or any of their talented sisters, and even Hebe was forbidden to show her pretty face and trim, lightly-clad figure on such occasions. Not that the female divinities were put wholly out of mind; for the conversation would sometimes drift from graver themes to such lighter subjects as the size of Terpsichore's ankle, or the perfect swell of Venus's matchless bust. But their conversation dwelt mainly on weightier matters, such as the political affairs of men and the destinies in store for them. It was customary, too, on such occasions to determine who, among the sons of men, by reason of their superior fidelity, were entitled to political rewards; and who, on account of their disloyalty, were especially deserving of punishment. These were also considered fitting opportunities for the Superior Deities to ask for those political favors for their friends which, in His moments of greatest good humor, He was accustomed to distribute among them.

The hours glided imperceptibly by, and, as the day began to wane, the Boss, soothed and melted by the flatteries which rose around Him, looked approvingly towards Michael Mulhooly and said once or twice with emphasis, "I'm fur 'im. Yis, I'm fur 'im," and then added angrily, "I mane to tache young Dootson what it costs to defy Me. I'll show him what the respectable people of his Ward can do for any wan that's agin Me!"

This was a decree of Fate. It affected the destiny of a great people, shook a continent and materially altered a nation's history.

XIII.—AN M. L.

MICHAEL MULHOOLY was duly nominated and elected to the Municipal Legislature. When his campaign was over he found that it had cost him considerably more than he had expected to be called upon to pay for the honor to which he aspired; and at first he failed to see clearly how he was to get back the \$1,400, which he had expended in paying his assessment, in his contribution to the "Michael Mulhooly Club," in the purchase of a diamond for the Boss, and in several other investments of a confidential character, which it is not necessary or proper to particularly set forth.

But before he had been in his seat many months several opportunities occurred, of which he was not slow to take advantage, which enabled him to make up all he had spent and to lay the foundation of his fortune.

The firm of Stone, Lime & Co., of which the Amphitryon of the feast was a member, impressed with the influence which must of necessity be wielded by one whose relations with the Boss were so intimate as Michael Mulhooly's, enlisted that rising statesman's interest in passing an ordinance which would result in their furnishing a large quantity of material for some public works, and promised, in the event of his success, to leave with him a contribution of \$5,000, to be expended in any way which he might deem for the best interest of the party to which they were all so devotedly attached. He did his work so well and disposed of the fund so advantageously that over \$2,500 of it remained in his hands for future distribution.

Not long afterwards the firm of Iron, Steel & Co. conceived the project of building for the city a bridge, at a cost of \$1,500,000. Understanding the kind of argument which could be most successfully used to secure the passage of legislation of this character, they named a price which was \$250,000 larger than the sum which would yield them a clear profit of \$250,000 on the work. The project was, at first, violently opposed, and then the wisdom of their allowing themselves so large a margin became apparent. Their confidential agent sought out Blossom Brick, who was one of the strongest opponents of the measure, when it was first proposed, and in the course of two or three short interviews on the street presented the case in so new and favorable a light

to that discerning statesman, that he immediately moved the appointment of a sub-committee to ascertain and report, "What would be the probable increase in the taxable value of property in twenty-five years by reason of the proposed improvement," of which sub-committee he was appointed Chairman. Their report was so favorable and showed so clearly that in less than a hundred years the public would be so fond of this bridge that they would insist on having another one just like it, at no matter what cost, that the measure passed the House by a majority of two votes. It subsequently passed the Chamber, of which Michael Mulhooly was a member, by a still closer vote. The firm's confidential agent subsequently reported to his employers that the whole of the \$250,000 had been distributed in ways that they were not required by law to know anything about. The private memorandum which he afterwards tore up, showed a list of initials set opposite various sums ranging from \$25,000 down to \$200. Upon it were these letters and figures:

"B. B., \$25,000."

"M. M., 7,500."

Later in the year the M. & V. C. R. R. Company desired the privilege of laying their tracks through certain streets and the transfer of a certain unused tract of land belonging to the city, upon which they proposed to build a freight depot. The necessary legislation was regarded by the company as of such value that the sum of \$50,000 was placed in the hands of Sander-son Oily, Esq., the regular counsel for the company, to be expended by him in wine, cigars and matches for the refreshment of the members of the Committee on Street, and the Committee on Railroads while listening to his elaborate argument to prove that the more privileges a city grants to railroad companies the richer the citizens become; and that the less unimproved real estate it owns the less money must be raised by taxation to pay for the removal of the brick-bats and tomato-cans that necessarily accumulate in large quantities upon such unimproved and worse than useless property. His arguments were so unanswerable that the desired legislation was secured: but, being a lawyer, he kept no memoranda of the items in which he had expended this large sum. Blossom Brick, however, in talking over the subject with Michael Mul-

hooly, declared that he himself had paid out less than half the sum put up in his hands, and yet had brought over all the members he had agreed to fix, and had put away \$8,000 in government bonds which "couldn't squeal." He also added that if Michael didn't know better how to measure the men he undertook to make solid he ought to go to farming, and that it was nothing but his own d——d stupidity he had to blame for having only \$2,500 left for himself.

Of course, as soon as Michael Mulhooly had fairly entered upon his duties as a legislator he commenced to speculate in stocks of all kinds and especially in Street Passenger Railway Stocks—the favorite investment of legislators—and made daily visits to the office of his brokers. When one is a legislator one is constantly liable to suspicion and frequently in danger of investigating committees. There are people who are ready to swear that a legislator is a bribe-taker as soon as he shows symptoms of the too-common complaint of growing rich without work. There are people who can not be made to understand how the business of a bar-room that never could be made to pay \$1,500 a year can be made to yield an annual income of \$15,000 as soon as its proprietor becomes a member of the Municipal Legislature; or how a lawyer, whose practice never before would pay his office-rent, can, by wholly neglecting his office to attend the daily and nightly meetings of his Committees, live like a prince and buy wine like a Grand Duke. Nevertheless, such apparent miracles are of by no means rare occurrence. Therefore, when one is thus liable to be misjudged it is a great satisfaction to be able to refer to that lucky rise in P. T. & X., which netted nearly \$10,000 clear, and to hint at the probability of realizing inside of six months a quarter of a million out of the Bully-Boy-Put-Your-Money-Down-Here Mine. Of course the mine is too far away, and too deep, to be investigated; and no respectable broker will open his books and exhibit a customer's account to any impertinent newspaper reporter.

But, however it happened, as the years went on Michael Mulhooly grew fat in body and pocket. After entering upon his second term he sold out the saloon, bought real estate, and told the canvasser for the City Directory that his occupation was "Gentleman." Under the generous living in which he indulged, and the summer-like

calm of the soul begot of a still and quiet conscience, he gradually developed that rotundity of person which is almost invariably found to accompany and indicate a genius for statesmanship. As he walked the streets, splendid from head to foot in shining broad-cloth, white cravat, white overcoat, white hat, diamond shirt-studs, yellow kid gloves, and patent-leather boots; turning the scales at 230; slick, oily, rotund, and smiling; bowing to the right hand and to the left with something of the dignity of a duke and the grace of a Brummel; now stopping to press the hand of a hard-working constituent, and impress him with the honor of a great man's notice; now inviting "the boys" into a neighboring saloon, and now stopping a Judge to inquire after the health of his Honor's family, it was not strange that he seemed, both to his constituents and to himself, as one whom the people justly delighted to honor.

His political influence also grew with the expansion of his fortune, mind, and body. He was now high in the rank of Leaders, and his knees no longer shook when he entered the presence of the Boss. He had served faithfully those who had "made" him, and they found no fault with him for having likewise served himself. He was the undisputed master of his own Ward. There was not a Precinct whose active party-men he had not provided with places, and from which he could not, at any time, command the delegate. This was true of even the two Precincts which included within their boundaries the fashionable avenues occupied mainly by bank-presidents and millionaires. It is true that his acquaintance with such men was not of a strikingly intimate character; but such men rarely go to delegate elections, and when they do, their votes count for so little that they are seldom counted at all.

Up to this time Michael Mulhooly's public career had been like a cloudless summer day. He would probably have been satisfied to remain for some years longer in this position of honor and usefulness had he not seen rising just above the political horizon a cloud scarcely larger than a man's hand. But he knew that it threatened a storm, and from boyhood he had been noted for that rare foresight which taught him how to seek shelter in rainy seasons. For some time what was called the "Reform movement" had been advocating the election of what was also called "a better class" of men to

the Municipal Legislature. Not that this movement in the slightest degree affected the certainty of his own re-nomination and re-election, for his hold upon the party was too strong and the party majority was too great to make it possible to defeat him in his Ward. But he saw that this Reform movement, by concentrating all its forces upon this one point, might secure control of both branches, elect both Presidents, and thus be enabled to re-construct all the standing Committees. In the event of such a change occurring he would be removed from the Chairmanship of his Committee, to which he owed his political power and his opportunities for usefulness to himself and his friends.

He therefore concluded that it was time for him to look for promotion. He had been a citizen for nearly ten years; had faithfully served his party during all that time; had by his own industry and talents become a gentleman of leisure and a taxpayer; was worth at least \$100,000, and, therefore, he felt that he was entitled to enter a broader and a higher field of usefulness, and he determined to be a candidate in his District for a seat in the Congress of the United States.

XIV.—A GREAT PUBLIC DANGER.

THE Congressional District in which Michael Mulhooly lived was composed of five Wards. It had been represented for one term by Harold Hartly Gilfoil, Esq., a gentleman of large wealth, who, knowing nothing of political methods, delegate elections, and District Conventions, but desiring to hold an official position at Washington for the gratification of his two marriageable daughters, thought the simplest and surest plan was to pay \$5,000 for the honor to Tim O'Hoolahan, Barney McGhoul, and Paddy O'Rourke, a committee who agreed to place in his hands, for that sum, the certificate of his nomination by the party Convention. The agreement was carried out to the letter by each of the contracting parties, and, as the majority in the District was nearly nine thousand, he was duly elected without further trouble, and with comparatively little additional expense. He continued to contribute liberally to all the party organizations and associations in his District, but, when he had done that, he considered that he had faithfully discharged his full duty to his constituents-by-purchase, and would not en-

ter a department to ask for a single appointment. Nor did he feel bound to break the fashionable calm of his existence by useless efforts to make himself heard by uninterested and inattentive Members on the floor, or by the almost indiscernible spectators in the far-distant galleries.

He thus made two fatal mistakes. The party-workers who make nominations considered that the main object and purpose of sending a representative to Congress, is to secure through him the appointment of the greatest possible number of men from his District to positions in the Navy Yard, the Post-office, the Treasury, the Custom-House and the various Departments at Washington. On the other hand, business men and people of intelligence, who care nothing for and know nothing about these appointments, and the important part they play in practical politics, believe that a Congressman should have broad, profound and decided views of his own on all questions affecting the policy of the national government at home and abroad, and that he should be able to impress those views upon his colleagues and upon the Country. It was evident, therefore, that however widely these two classes differed on this subject, they entirely agreed that Hon. Harold Hartly Gilfoil was a failure as an M. C. and ought not to be re-nominated. He was, nevertheless, a candidate, and hoped that, through the agency of Tim O'Hoolahan, he might be again able to buy a certificate for a second term, as he was accustomed to buy a pug dog for his daughter, or a new coupé for his wife.

The Reform element of the party, led by men of wealth, culture and character, had determined to nominate and elect Mr. Henry Armor, whom they considered in every way worthy of such a position, and who, by his eloquent speeches and scholarly articles, published in the magazines to which he was a contributor, was recognized as the leader of the Reform movement. Though still a young man, he had given unmistakable evidences of the possession of talents of the very highest order, and had already won a national reputation as an orator. He possessed all the advantages of good birth, an admirable education improved by foreign travel, large means, which enabled him to practice the profession of his choice without being dependent upon it for his livelihood, an acquaintance with most of the literary men and prominent statesmen of the

country, and a large circle of intimate and admiring friends, to whom his modesty, genial manners, purity of heart, manliness of character and brilliant intellect had greatly endeared him.

He was an irreconcilable enemy of the new school of politics of which Michael Mulhooly was the perfect type. He believed in the almost obsolete methods of his fathers, and contended that the people not only had the right to select their own servants for themselves, but also that they had the right to do it without the aid, instrumentality, agency, or dictation of any Leader, or set of Leaders. He professed to believe that the people themselves could select more honest and more capable public officers than ever had been, or ever would be, selected for them by the Leaders, the Ring, and the Boss, however exceptionally qualified for the discharge of this duty many of them might be, after a few years' residence in this country, by reason of their foreign birth. He claimed that as the stockholders of a bank choose their Board of Directors, and as the Directors in turn choose a President and a Cashier, on account of their proved capacity and integrity, and not on account of their political views, so the Mayor, Comptroller, and Treasurer of a great city should be selected, not because of their services to this party or to that, but because of their special qualifications for these offices and their approved fidelity to the people and to the high trusts reposed in them by the people. He even advocated that un-American idea known as Civil Service Reform, which teaches that the clerks and letter-carriers in the Post-office ought not to be turned out every time a new postmaster is appointed, and their places filled by others who, though able to go to conventions, know nothing of the new duties required of them; and that clerks in the United States Treasury Department who have been twenty years in the public service are not necessarily unfitted to remain and unworthy of trust because they do not belong to the same political party which has happened by an 8 to 7 vote to elect the incoming President.

He even went beyond these impracticable dreamers and taught seditious doctrines of the most dangerous character. While admitting that in a Republic great political parties are necessary to promote great political doctrines, he contended that the natural and inevitable tendency of every party is, in the course of time, to permit the

entire control of the party to fall into the hands of some selfish man, or set of men, and thus to become corrupt and unworthy of public confidence; and that, just as destructive thunder-storms are necessary in nature to purify the atmosphere from pestilential and deadly vapors, so the occasional defeat of the party in power is essential for its own purification, and to break off the corrupt hold of party dictators and remand back to the people the power wrested from them. He contended that this party purification could not be effected by amendment of the party rules, or tinkering at the party machinery, because the party rules and the party machinery are, and always must be, completely under the control of these party dictators. He claimed that the hope of the country for the future was in the Independent Voter, who would antagonize his party when he found that it was becoming corrupt, and in the "Scratcher," who would not hesitate at any time to erase from his ticket the name of an improper candidate improperly placed upon it. He often said, "The Independent Voter and the Scratcher are the country's safest, cheapest and best doctors. You must starve the Boss system to death to kill it." He boldly attacked those party dictators whom he called "our political gods of Irish parentage," and he denounced Boss-rule as an insult to a free people, a disgrace to American civilization, and the shame of our age and country.

These dangerous views—in which he was sincere, however much mistaken—he advocated in eloquent, scholarly and plausible speeches which attracted universal attention, and made not a few converts.

It was, therefore, manifestly unsafe to permit such a man to attain any position of influence and power in his party. His success would not only greatly extend his opportunities for preaching and promulgating these seditious doctrines, but it would be also at once an insult and a menace to those who had done so much to build up the party and promote its success.

The great Leaders and the Boss held a solemn council. They felt that a grave public danger was impending over the party and the country, and They determined that his nomination must be prevented at any cost. Just at this opportune moment Blossom Brick suggested that Michael Mulhooly, who had proved his fidelity to Them and to Their system in numberless ways, and who would have his own Ward solid to start with,

would be the best man They could find in the District to support for this nomination. The emergency was indeed a grave one, and this suggestion at the time proved to be a masterpiece of statesmanship. They saw at once that They could fill Michael Mulhooly's place with a man of equal fidelity, and that by promoting him to Congress his influence would be extended over five Wards, and that They would thus be able to control a large number of valuable appointments, which had been wholly lost to Them by the utter incapacity of Hon. Harold Hartly Gilfoil.

The Boss, according to his custom, spoke first and spoke briefly. He said, "I'm fur 'im;" and Blossom Brick replied, "That settles the business. We're solid for Mulhooly."

It was, therefore, immediately determined that Michael Mulhooly should be the next Congressman from that District, and accordingly the decree went forth through every Department under Their control, and to the remotest corners of Their dominions.

XV.—THE CANVASS.

MICHAEL MULHOOLY at once set to work to canvass his District, in a manner which indicated that he thoroughly understood his business. He did not waste his time hunting up ministers of the gospel, or bank presidents, or the ostensibly masculine leaders of fashionable society. He knew that the people who dwell in courts and alleys and unfashionable streets, outnumber ten to one those who live in brown-stone and marble palaces,—and out-vote them all the time. And he knew methods of appealing to the more numerous classes, far more effectively than by speeches, or public meetings, or the publication in the newspapers of cards signed by "thousands of our business men and best citizens." In company with some local Leader familiar with the people, he visited every bar-room in every Precinct of his District, having previously notified the proprietor to inform as many of the workers as he could reach that the Honorable Michael Mulhooly would be at the saloon on such an evening, to meet and consult with his friends. He endeavored to convince those whom he thus met, that he was qualified for a seat in the Congress of the United States, by treating and drinking with them every five minutes, and by assuring them, during the short

intervals between drinks, of his intention to take care of "the boys," and by promising innumerable appointments, from \$3,000 clerkships in the Treasury Department down to the less responsible employment as day laborer in the Custom-House. He well knew that these were arguments which proved his fitness for Congressional honors far more conclusively than the most learned discussion of national issues. He seldom left a bar-room without the most satisfactory assurances of the success of his arguments: these assurances being conveyed to him through such expressions as "Three cheers for our next Congressman," "You bet the boys are all with you," and "We're solid for Mike Mulhooly all the time."

[The use of such arguments Henry Armor and his friends did not understand.]

Thus he spent his nights, seldom reaching his bed until near day-break. But his most scientific work was done in the day-time, when with the assistance of Blossom Brick, the other Leaders and the Boss, he endeavored to make sure that those whom he saw at night should be "solid for Mulhooly all the time," by preventing them from being anything else. This was done by selecting the delegates who were to run in each Precinct, and by setting right the officers who were to conduct the primary elections. It is in this kind of work that the genius for leadership is displayed to the greatest advantage. To pick out a man who can be relied on, and who can carry his Precinct against all opposition; to select a man who can induce the opposition to run him in a Precinct which they are certain to carry, and who will betray them when he enters the Convention; to make such arrangements with the election officers, that a Precinct which cannot be carried in any way will yet return friendly delegates—these are the strategic movements which betray political generalship, and show that the master hand of the great Leader, or the greater Boss, has not been idle. These are the scientific movements on the political chess-board, by which pawns are made knights and bishops and queens before the movement is discovered by the adversary, and which decide political battles. And that political chess-pawn whose scruples prevent him from jumping a square, contrary to the laws of the game, when the Great Player indicates that He wishes such an advantage of position, need not hope for reward or favor. His usefulness on the political chess-board is ended.

[Of this kind of political chess-playing Henry Armor and his friends had no knowledge.]

But the most important part of the contest yet remained to be accomplished. The temporary chairman who would organize the Convention had not yet been elected, and to capture him was to hold the key to the situation; for, in the language of Blossom Brick, "The temporary chairman is the convention. He's an 8 to 7 man all the time." If a candidate has failed to elect a majority of the delegates, but has secured the temporary chairman, it is his own fault, or that of the person selected for that position, if he does not secure the nomination.

Under the Rules, that officer was elected by the members of the City Committee from the five Wards which constituted the Congressional District. It was, therefore, necessary to make sure that three of these five committee-men would vote for John O'Doyle an ex-member of the Legislature, with large experience in organizing Conventions, and at present a Street Commissioner, who had been selected for this responsible position by Michael Mulhooly. The gentlemen upon whom the duty of making this selection devolved were—

1. Tim O'Hoolahan,
2. Owen McPeak.
3. Daniel McGrody.
4. Dominick McTee.
5. James Sullivan.

O'Hoolahan at this time held a position in the Department of Sewers, but was in the interest of Hon. Harold Hartly Gilfoil, and it was understood that he was prepared to purchase the temporary chairman with cash if it could be done within reasonable limits. McPeak was the member from Michael Mulhooly's Ward and had been recently appointed by him to a clerkship in the Treasurer's office and could therefore be relied on.

McGrody was an assistant engineer in the Department of Fires, but, having been discharged from a situation in the Department of Taxes, about a year before, for acting contrary to Blossom Brick's orders, it was doubtful whether he could be induced to vote for any one in whom Blossom Brick was interested. McTee was an appointee of the Boss in the Department of Public Buildings, but it was feared that O'Hoolahan would secure his vote with money, even if he had to give up his situation, which paid

him only a small salary. Sullivan had recently been discharged from the Department of Health, and was at this time a candidate for the nomination for the Municipal Legislature.

McPeak's vote was, therefore, the only one which could be relied on. It was absolutely necessary to secure two more votes, and, to guard against accidents, an additional vote if possible. When a member of the City Committee finds that his vote is indispensable, he places a high value upon it and takes advantage of the situation. And now began a series of interviews, and negotiations as delicate and as guardedly conducted on both sides, as those diplomatic interviews between the representatives of great powers, upon which hang the fate of empires.

Sullivan was offered, first, a \$2,000 clerkship in the Department of Water, which he refused; then an Inspectorship in the Department of Streets, with opportunities to make *aliunde* \$5,000 a year, which he also refused; and, finally, when nothing else would satisfy him, he was assured of the nomination which he desired, whereupon he agreed to vote for any person whom the Boss might name, and promised to be forever afterwards His most dutiful servant.

McTee was sent for and told what was expected of him, whereupon he declared that he couldn't support his family on the small salary he was getting, and intended to resign. He was told to do so and left, swearing that he was "agin Mike Mulhooly all the time." A day or two later, however, he was again sent for, and upon being offered the \$2,000 clerkship in the Department of Water, which had been refused by Sullivan, gladly accepted it, and swore that he had been "solid for Mulhooly all the time." Thus three votes were now promised, but, in order that no mistake might be made, a brother of McGrody was given a place in the Department of Parks as an overseer of laborers, and thus a fourth vote was secured. The five Committeemen met and elected Hon. John O'Doyle temporary Chairman to organize the Convention.

[Of these diplomatic interviews and of this strategic movement Henry Armor and his friends knew nothing.]

To judge from the talk one heard in counting-houses, in the private offices of bank-presidents, at the clubs, and on the church steps, the nomination of Henry

Armor was inevitable. It was universally agreed by all the good people one met in such places that his popularity was so great, his capacity so well known, his character so spotless, and the propriety of placing him where his great talents could be devoted to the good of his country, so manifest, that the mere suggestion of his candidacy was deemed equivalent to a positive assurance of his triumphant election over all opposition.

The primary elections were duly held, and after a careful canvass of the results, it was claimed by Mr. Armor's friends that he had certainly elected sixty-one out of the ninety-seven delegates, or twelve more than were necessary to nominate him, after conceding all doubtful and contested Precincts to his two opponents. It had not been expected that the combined opposition would show so much strength, but the result was in every way most satisfactory, and his nomination on the next day but one was considered a foregone conclusion.

XVI.—THE CONVENTION.

WHEN the hour for the Convention to assemble came it was found that Michael Mulhooly's friends had possession of the hall, and that the doorkeepers, who had been appointed by the temporary chairman, refused to admit any delegates except those whose names appeared upon a printed list, which had been prepared by the Chairman of the City Committee. It was found that by this manoeuvre but forty-two of the Armor delegates, or seven less than a majority, were admitted to the room. Those who were refused admission were told that they would have to go before the Committee on Contested Seats, which would be appointed immediately after the calling of the Convention to order, and establish to the satisfaction of the Committee their right to sit as delegates.

Promptly at 11 o'clock the temporary chairman rapped sharply on the table and declared that he had been delegated by the City Committee, in accordance with section 1 of Rule III. to organize the Convention, and he thereupon appointed as temporary secretaries John McNulty and Michael Dugan. The Chairman then directed one of the secretaries to call the roll from the printed list which had been prepared by the Chairman and secretaries of the City Committee. An examination of this printed list

showed the Armor men that, according to their reports, the names of nineteen Armor delegates had been left off, and the names of nineteen Mulhooly men placed on the list in place of those omitted.

Honorable Ingersol Aspenwall, a venerable gentleman who had represented his government at two European Courts, rose and courteously called the Chairman's attention to the fact that there were several mistakes made in the names of the delegates from his own Ward: that in the seventh Precinct the name of Patrick Dugan, who had received but seventy-three of the votes cast, had been inadvertently substituted for that of Mr. Howard Fielding, for whom one hundred and twenty-two votes had been polled, and to whom the election officers had given the certificate; and also that the name of Mr. Brantley Livingstone, who had been elected in the thirteenth Precinct without opposition, was not to be found on the printed list, but in its place he found the name of Dennis Mooly who had not been mentioned or voted for.

Here a gentleman, evidently laboring under great excitement, rose, and brandishing his arms in a threatening manner, said: "Mr. Prisidint, it's a dom'd lie, and it's mesilf Dennis Mooly as knows it, an' sez it, and I'll throw any mon out of the wundy that sez I'm not a dacently illicted diligate. I'm fur Mike Mulhooly, and that's what's the mather." The speaker continued to brandish his arms, but his voice was drowned in the vociferous cheers for Mr. Mulhooly.

"Mr. Chairman," continued Mr. Aspenwall, not noticing the threat to throw him out of the "wundy," "I cannot suppose that these irregularities and mistakes were intentionally made by the Chairman of the City Committee, but—"

THE CHAIRMAN: "For the information of the gentleman the secretary will read Section 5 of Rule IV."

The secretary read as follows:

"Section 5. The election officers of each Precinct shall, on the day after the primary election, furnish duplicate returns of the votes cast for delegates to the chairman and secretaries of the City Committee, who shall sit at the Committee Rooms between the hours of 12 M. and 2 P. M. on that day for the purpose of receiving such returns; and they shall from the duplicate returns so presented to them make up a list of the delegates who appear to have been elected to each Convention, and shall furnish a printed copy of said list to the

Temporary Chairman of such Convention before 9 o'clock of the day for holding the Convention, which list shall be the roll of the Convention until corrected by the adoption of the report of the Committee on Contested Seats."

THE CHAIRMAN: "The gentleman will, therefore, see that if such mistakes as he alludes to have been made, the Chair is powerless to correct them, but they must be passed upon by the Committee on Contested Seats, which will be selected in the manner prescribed by the rules as soon as the secretary has finished calling the roll."

MR. ASPENWALL: "But the Chair must see that the gentlemen who have been regularly elected—nineteen of them, I am informed—have not only been excluded from the hall, but they have not even been notified of this action, or that there is any dispute about their right to their seats; and, therefore, they came here without having given the notice required by the rules to entitle them to appear as contestants, and without having prepared the requisite petition to entitle them to be heard by the Committee. But what is still worse is that nineteen other gentlemen, some of whom were not even voted for by the people, have been placed on the roll as delegates—have been admitted to the hall—are allowed to participate in drawing the Committee on Contested Seats, and, as no notice has been served that their seats are contested, may even sit on that Committee and refuse to hear those whose seats they have wrongfully taken. The manifest unfairness, injustice, and irregularity of such a proceeding must—"

THE CHAIRMAN: "The gentleman is out of order. The Chair does not make the rules. Its only duty is to interpret and enforce them, and that it proposes to do fairly and honestly."

MR. ASPENWALL: "I move the appointment of a Committee—"

THE CHAIRMAN: "The gentleman is again out of order. Under the order of business laid down in Section 2 of Rule V., no motion, except to take a recess, is in order until the report of the Committee on Contested Seats has been made to the Convention. The Chair will be compelled to refuse to recognize any gentleman until the calling of the roll is finished. The secretary will proceed with the call of the roll."

When the secretary had finished, several gentlemen rose and attempted to call at

tention to the omission of the names of regularly-elected delegates and the substitution of others, and great confusion and excitement followed. For fully fifteen minutes the Chairman continued to pound on the table with a hammer which he used for a gavel, and to try to get the delegates to take their seats. For some time it looked as though a detachment of police would have to be sent for to clear the Hall. Finally, in a temporary lull, the Chairman succeeded in announcing that the first business in order was the selection of the Committee on Contested Seats, and directed the secretary to read section 3 of Rule V., which was in these words:

"Section 3. Immediately after the calling of the roll has been concluded, a committee of seven delegates, to whom shall be referred, without debate, all questions relative to contested seats in the convention, shall be drawn in the following manner:

The secretary shall write upon separate slips of paper, of equal size, the names of all delegates whose seats are uncontested (and no delegate's seat shall be considered as contested unless the notice provided for in section 8 of Rule 4 shall have been given) and when the slips shall have been thus prepared, they shall be handed to the temporary Chairman and be by him examined and counted, and if he shall find them to be correct he shall then place them in a hat or box and see that they are thoroughly shaken and mixed together. One secretary shall then draw a slip from the hat or box and hand it to the temporary Chairman, who shall announce the name appearing thereon to the Convention, which name shall be forthwith recorded by the other secretary. Any delegate may then peremptorily challenge the right of the person so drawn to serve upon said committee, whereupon the name so challenged shall be marked 'Challenged.' Another slip shall be then drawn, and the name thereon announced and recorded, and so on, until but seven slips remain in the hat, when the seven slips so remaining shall be handed to the temporary Chairman, who shall announce the names which appear thereon as the members of the Committee on Contested Seats, and no challenge shall be allowed to any of the said seven names so drawn."

This rule had been recently adopted because the old rule, which allowed the temporary Chairman to appoint this Committee, was found to invariably result in the selection of a Committee wholly in the interest

of the candidate favored by the temporary Chairman, and in the unseating of a sufficient number of delegates by the Committee, to secure a majority in favor of the fortunate candidate. In theory, the new rule was admitted to be perfectly fair, as it left the selection of the Committee almost entirely to chance. But persons were not wanting who contended that its practical operation was no better than that of the old rule, which made the temporary Chairman "an 8 to 7 man all the time." They alleged that this rule was only used as a screen, behind which to perpetrate the old-fashioned frauds, and that the Chairman and Secretaries invariably managed to draw a majority of the Committee favorable to their candidate. They contended that it was the easiest thing in the world to do so by giving the seven slips previously agreed upon some slight peculiarity of size, shape or color; or by mis-calling the names; or by secreting these slips under the hat-band, or in the sleeve—tricks which could be easily performed without discovery, by one not possessing the skill of a sleight-of-hand performer. Of course, these complaints were always made by defeated and disappointed candidates.

The drawing then proceeded according to the rule, and resulted in the selection of the following persons, viz.:

Fred. M. Finnel,	an	Armor	delegate.
James Smith,	"	"	"
Edward Whitley,	a	Gilfoil	"
James Kelly,	"	Mulhooly	"
Patrick Donohue,	"	"	"
John McGinnis,	"	"	"
Terrence McGlue,	"	"	"

The Committee, therefore, stood four for Mulhooly, two for Armor, and one for Gilfoil. The Armor and Gilfoil delegates had never before been in a Convention, and knew nothing of their duties as members of such a Committee, while the Mulhooly men were experts. All four held positions in Departments controlled by the Boss, and could be relied upon not to lose a trick.

The Committee immediately retired, and after selecting James Kelly as Chairman, announced that they would hear all persons claiming seats in the Convention, including those who had not given notice or prepared petitions according to the Rules. This spirit of fair-dealing was highly commended. They were in session for nearly two hours, and finally reported in favor of the sitting dele-

gates and consequently against the nineteen Armor delegates, who had been prevented from entering the Hall. The Armor members made a minority report, but the Convention adopted the report of the majority by a vote of fifty-one to forty-six, and by the same vote elected Hon. Samuel Snort, President, and made the temporary secretaries officers of the Convention.

The Convention being thus organized, the President announced that nominations were now in order, and called for the pledges required of candidates by section 9 of Rule V., which was in these words :

"Section 9. No candidate shall be placed in nomination or voted for in any Convention, until he shall have signed and filed with the Chairman the following written pledge, which shall be in all cases read to the Convention :

"I pledge my honor that I will abide by the decision of this Convention, and support its nominee or nominees; and that I will not under any circumstances run as an independent candidate, or permit my name to be used as a candidate for the office of —, by any other party, association, meeting, or committee."

The pledges of Mr. Michael Mulhooly, and Hon. Harold Hartly Gilfoil were then handed up and read, but no response was made to the call for Mr. Armor's pledge.

Hon. Emanuel Fairweather then nominated Hon. Michael Mulhooly, and paid a glowing tribute to his personal worth, his party service, and his spotless record in the Municipal Legislature. Hon. Harold Hartly Gilfoil was also nominated, but the name of Henry Armor was not mentioned. A ballot was immediately taken, which resulted as follows :

Mulhooly, 51.
Gilfoil, 4.

The Armor delegates did not vote. The President then declared that the Honorable Michael Mulhooly had received fifty-one votes, and as this was a majority of all the delegates present and a majority of forty-seven of all the votes cast, he was duly nominated as the candidate of the party for Congress from that District. A committee was thereupon appointed to wait upon the candidate and announce to him the action of the Convention. They found him in Tim O'Leary's saloon across the street, and when, five minutes later, they entered the

Hall, Terrence McGlue leading him by one arm and Patrick Donohue by the other, the enthusiasm of the Convention knew no bounds. Delegates stood upon chairs and benches, waving their hats and cheering for "Mike Mulhooly" for fully fifteen minutes, while the Armor delegates sat in sullen silence and the successful candidate stood bowing and smiling at the front of the platform and endeavoring to obtain a hearing. Finally, when the excitement had in a measure subsided, he spoke as follows :

"I'm proud of the unexpected honor you've done me, and I thank yez all for it. As it was unsolicited on my part, I feel that the honor you've done me in nominating me for Congress is one any man might be proud of. And I'm not ashamed to say I am proud of it. [Cheers.] I'm not a public speaker, but I'm one of the bye's and I'm for the bye's all the time. [Cheer after cheer greeted this utterance.] And I mane, if ilicited, to take care of the bye's. [This brave and manly declaration of principles provoked still greater enthusiasm.] I point to my past record for the truth of what I say. And so, thanking you once more, I'll be glad to see ye all across the way, at Tim O'Leary's saloon."

Having reached his climax, like a true orator he bowed and retired. When he reached the floor he was surrounded by his devoted followers, who were anxious to shake hands with their next Congressman, who was not ashamed to say he was one of the "bye's" and "for the bye's all the time." They followed him across the way to Tim O'Leary's, where case after case of wine was opened, and the rejoicings over their great victory lasted all through the day, and late into the night.

Thus Michael Mulhooly was nominated in strict accordance with the Rules of his party. According to all its traditions he had won his nomination fairly, was entitled to the support of every true party-man, and to have voted against him would have been a political sin to be atoned for only by years of repentance.

Nevertheless, the same afternoon the sixty-one Armor delegates who claimed to have been elected, met, organized and adopted a resolution denouncing the proceedings of the regular Convention held in the morning, and declaring that Henry Armor, Esq., was the regular nominee of the party in the District for Congress.

XVII.—THE VOICE OF THE PRESS.

THOSE newspapers which the Reformers claimed belonged to, or were controlled by, the Ring, indorsed the nomination of Michael Mulhooly in the most earnest manner. They spoke of him as the regular nominee of the party, and referred to the Armor delegates as "kickers" and "bolters," and dismissed their Convention and their nomination as unworthy of consideration.

The *Argus-Eyed* said :

"Michael Mulhooly, the regular nominee of the party, is a man of the people, who, by industry and perseverance has risen from an humble station to a position which any man in this great city might feel proud to hold. His career in the Municipal Legislature gives assurance that he will not misrepresent his District in the National Legislature and we predict his election by a magnificent majority."

The *Dawn of Day* said :

"It is seldom that a party Convention so well expresses the party's will. The people of this District desired the nomination of Mr. Michael Mulhooly because they had tried him and found him in every way worthy of their confidence. They felt that his abilities and public services merited this recognition, and that his experience in public affairs peculiarly qualified him for the higher and broader field of national politics. We say: Gentlemen of the Convention, well done!"

The *Boss's Own* said :

"No man in this District is better qualified for a seat in Congress than Mr. Michael Mulhooly. He was our choice first, last, and all the time, and the action of the Convention is, therefore, gratifying to us."

The *Voice of the People* said :

"That Mr. Michael Mulhooly is worthy of this new honor, no one who knows him will doubt or question. That he will be elected by a large majority which will be a credit to himself and to his District, we feel sure. The people of this country are at last commencing to understand the difference between practical statesmanship that brings forth fruit and the barren political Miss-Nancyism, of which Mr. Henry Armor, who received the empty honor

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of a so-called nomination by a few 'kickers,' is a fitting representative."

The *Public Watch-Dog*, after paying a high tribute to the distinguished talents of the regular nominee, said :

"The action of the score or two of kickers who, after participating in the proceedings of the Convention and finding themselves hopelessly in the minority, proceeded to hold a Convention and nominate a candidate of their own, would be unworthy of notice were it not that such action is always a dangerous precedent, which should not go unrebuked. No man has a right to ask to be sent as a delegate to a Convention who is not willing to be governed by the party rules, and to abide by the decision of the majority. No man is fit to be a candidate who will encourage such dishonorable conduct on the part of his delegates. Fidelity to the party is a duty which every good citizen owes to his party for the sake of its principles, and in order to assure its success; and that duty is not discharged by fidelity only when the action of the party is in accordance with our individual wishes or preferences. If the minority is to be encouraged to bolt as soon as it discovers that it is the minority party, organization is at an end, and party success a matter of chance. We trust that a rule will be adopted compelling every delegate, before he receives his credentials, to remain in the Convention and abide by the decision of the majority, whatever that decision may be."

Such was the public sentiment as reflected in all the journals of the city, except one.

The *Truth-teller*, a journal which catered to the tastes of those people who sympathized with the Reform movement, after complimenting the seceding delegates on the manliness and independence of character which they had displayed, and indorsing their nominee as one pre-eminently worthy of public trust, and pre-eminently qualified to represent his District, said :

... "But who, on the other hand, is the Ring candidate for a seat in the Congress of the United States of America, and what his antecedents? No honest man can answer that question truthfully without a blush of shame. But it is a question which must be asked and must be answered without mincing words.

"A bog-trotter by birth ; a waif washed up

on our shores; a scullion-boy in a gin-mill frequented by thieves and shoulder-hitters; afterwards a bar-tender in and subsequently the proprietor of this low groggery; a repeater before he was of age; a rounder, bruiser, and shoulder-hitter; then made an American citizen by fraud after a residence of but two years; a leader of a gang of repeaters before the ink on his fraudulent naturalization papers was dry; then a ———'s ———; then a corrupt and perjured election officer; then for years a corrupt and perjured member of the Municipal Legislature, always to be hired or bought by the highest bidder, and always an uneducated, vulgar, flashily-dressed, obscene creature of the Ring which made him what he is, and of which he is a worthy representative; such, in brief, is the man who has been forced upon the party, by the most shameless frauds, as its candidate for the American Congress. This is filthy language, but it is the only way in which to describe the filthy subject to which it refers, and every man who reads it must admit that it is only the simple truth.

"Is it possible that the American people are compelled to scour the gutter, the gin-mill and the brothel for a candidate for Congress? Is it possible that the Ring which has already plundered the city for so many years, and which has so long abused our patience with its arbitrary nominations of the most unworthy people, for the most honorable and responsible offices, will be permitted to crown its infamies by sending to Congress this creature, who represents nothing decent, and nothing fit to be named to decent ears?"

"There is one point of view, however, in which this nomination, monstrous as it is, may prove to be a public blessing. It will rouse the people to throw off the yoke of this Ring of Confederate Thieves under which they have patiently staggered and groaned for years. It will show them that, monstrous as Ring-rule is, as a scheme of plunder, it is more monstrous as a despotism which makes a free people its slaves, and laughs at the shame and stripes it puts upon them. It will show them that the notorious Blossom Brick told the simple truth when he said 'party rules are the reins and party spirit the bit by which We drive the people.' It will provoke the American people to rise in their majesty and say to each one of these Bosses—the worst of whom are always uneducated, unscrupulous and characterless foreigners—We invited you here to find a refuge, not to build an empire; We welcomed you as strangers, not as rulers; We adopted you as citizens and in return you have made us

slaves, and have fattened upon us for years, and have kicked us when we dared to ask for but an equal share with yourselves in the control of this, our own government; but the end has come. Go! Choose between the obscurity from which you came and the prisons which your crimes have prepared for you. Choose, but choose quickly!"

This article produced a profound impression upon the Leaders, the Ring and Boss, if it did not upon the people. It meant business and threatened danger.

XVIII.—TROUBLE.

At noon that day a conference of the Leaders and the Boss was held at His private office. They looked at each other significantly and each waited for the other to speak. Finally, some one hurled a verbal thunderbolt at the editor of the libelous sheet. Then another and another followed in quick succession. Their wrath was like that mighty wrath that raged upon Olympus when the Giants dared to assail it and disturb its serenity with their clamor.

Then Blossom Brick uttered those memorable words:—

"IF THE PEOPLE EVER TUMBLE TO OUR GAME—HELL WILL BE TO PAY!"

His practical mind did not waste itself in impotent wrath. He looked forward to the possible results which this publication might bring about. He saw in it more than an insult: it was a menace. It meant rebellion. The people, the "blind asses" as he was wont to call them, are never dangerous so long as they are deceived, but he knew how great the danger is from the moment when they begin to kick. His suggestions commanded instant attention. The sense of insult was forgotten in the sense of danger which settled down upon them like an invisible cloud. They began to realize that their power was in danger—that their rule was threatened—that their gigantic schemes for the public good might come to naught if such public utterances were allowed to be repeated with impunity. They said, "If this licentiousness of the press is not speedily rebuked and curbed, which one of us will be safe?"

Then they sent for their candidate Michael Mulhooly, whose ambition had brought all this trouble upon them. He came, as slick, oily, rotund and smiling as ever. He had read the *Argus-Eyed*, the

Dawn of Day, the Boss's Own, the Voice of the People, and the Public Watch-Dog, but he had not read the *Truth-teller*. It was shown to him. He took it up with a smile, which gradually faded from his face. He laid the paper down and was evidently not pleased with what he had read. He looked first at one, then at another, and finally at his watch, and said, "If I can find the _____

_____ I'll put a head on him!" He made the too common mistake of supposing that when one has been charged with crime by a newspaper the best way to disprove the charge is to "put a head on" the editor.

Then they sent for their favorite lawyer, Theoptolimus Sly, Esq., a small man with a big voice, who was as certain to make a noise in the world as though he had been a dinner-gong. He came promptly, in obedience to orders, as he always did, and comforted them with the assurance that the article was undoubtedly a libel, and that the editor could be arrested for it.

Then the Boss Himself sent a messenger for Judge Coke, whom he had "made," and who wanted to be re-"made" shortly. He, too, came in obedience to orders, as he, too, always did. He was closeted with the Boss for an hour, and after he had gone the Boss said, "I've fixed it." This was another decree of Fate.

That afternoon Mr. Carson Cleaver, the editor-in-chief of the *Truth-teller*, was arrested on the charge of libel, and held to bail in the sum of \$2,000. A bill of indictment was immediately sent before the Grand Jury and returned "a true bill," and Theoptolimus Sly, Esq., announced that the defendant would be tried the next day and "railroaded,"—a technical term of the Sessions which signifies a modern mode of administering justice so expeditiously that one accused is arrested, tried, convicted, sentenced and put at a felon's work-bench before he has time to sneeze, or to say, "God bless me, where am I?"

Judge Coke, however, was not on the bench the next morning—his term was not to commence until the following Monday—and the defendant, Mr. Carson Cleaver, was notified that his case would not be called for trial that day, but would be tried, God willing, on the following Monday. Thus the impending sword of Justice was temporarily stayed.

XIX.—JUSTICE.

ON Monday Mr. Carson Cleaver appeared in court with his counsel. Mr. Michael Mulhooly also appeared with his counsel. In addition to Mr. Theoptolimus Sly, who was always as willing to be heard as a dinner-gong, there had been retained to assist the District Attorney, who was generally seized with a nervous attack at the sight of a newspaper, two distinguished criminal lawyers, Mr. Gandy Grip and Mr. Bowles Bowser.

Gandy Grip was a leader in his profession. He had come to the bar with meagre educational and social advantages, but possessing what proved to be of much greater value to him—a profound knowledge of the criminal classes and their habits, derived from his early associations, and an exceptional capacity for attracting clients, which insured his success. This rare business tact was at once displayed by his giving a supper to all the court officers and deputy-sheriffs of his acquaintance, which resulted in establishing so good an understanding between them that they recommended him to all criminals who came under their charge, and he divided with them all the fees which he was thus enabled to earn. The worldly wisdom of this arrangement was speedily demonstrated by the fact that when older lawyers than himself were still wrestling hopelessly with the problem of how to pay office rent out of office receipts, he was enjoying a lucrative practice, and carrying on his person and in his pockets diamonds enough to have stocked a jewelry store, received by him from clients with more diamonds than cash. In a short time his reputation became so firmly established that no thief or burglar in the city would go to work with any degree of confidence without first ascertaining that Gandy Grip was in town, and that his services could be secured at a moment's notice. He could demolish a witness by a single question, and his powers of vituperation were so transcendent that the critical audiences who frequented the sessions placed him in the front rank of living orators. He confined himself so exclusively to criminal or quasi-criminal practice, that he would not have entered a common pleas or equity court without sending up a letter of introduction to the presiding judge. He knew better than any detective on the force how to recover stolen bonds, and in doubtful di-

voice cases he was regarded as the highest living authority. But he was pre-eminently great in securing verdicts. When he was engaged in the trial of a case there was not a sporting man in town who would not give long odds that if he did not get a verdict he would at least secure a disagreement of the jury.

Bowles Bowser, his colleague, was also a criminal lawyer of note. Having no taste for office practice he found that he could more advantageously employ his office hours in the neighboring bar-rooms studying human nature than in poring over abstruse and contradictory law books. While he was, therefore, somewhat weak on law, he was correspondingly strong in disorderly-house cases. Had there been a defect in the pleadings large enough to have driven a circus band wagon through it with ease, he would probably not have found it in a life-time with the aid of a microscope; but his skill in "fixing" juries was so perfect that older lawyers frequently retained him as a silent colleague on account of this exceptional talent. It was evident, therefore, that the prosecutor meant business.

As soon as Judge Coke had settled himself comfortably in his seat, and the clerk had satisfied himself as to the condition of his voice by calling over the list of jurors, the counsel for the prosecutor advanced to the bar of the court—Mr. Sly in advance, and as eager as a dinner-gong to make himself heard; Mr. Bowser, following, and nodding encouragingly to a juror of his acquaintance; and Mr. Grip bringing up the rear and unlimbering his heaviest guns for the engagement; and one after another reminded the court—although it was the first day of Judge Coke's term—that the case of *The People against Carson Cleaver* had been fixed for trial, and that they desired that the defendant might be at once arraigned and required to plead, so that the case could proceed to trial without delay. The court having been satisfied by the assurances of three such eminent counsel, and by an encouraging but nervous nod from the District Attorney, that Mr. Carson Cleaver ought to be called upon to answer what wrong he had done the people, instructed the clerk to interrogate him upon this subject. This duty the clerk proceeded to discharge with his most tremendous frown and in the very lowest notes of his register, believing that no criminal, however hardened, could endure this terrible

ordeal without confessing his guilt, and he looked both shocked and disappointed when Mr. Carson Cleaver, in a tone of cool indifference, replied, "Not guilty," without even looking towards him.

Before the clerk had entirely recovered his breath and his countenance, the counsel for the defendant rose and said that his client was unprepared for trial, although anxious for it; that he proposed to sustain his plea of "Not guilty," by proving that the prosecutor himself was guilty of all the crimes with which he had been charged in the alleged libelous publication, and that, as he would be compelled to summon a very large number of witnesses in order to establish every charge he had made, he would require a week for this preparation, and would willingly appear on the next Monday and make good his charges, or take the consequences.

This application, as well as the implied assault upon the integrity of their client, so incensed the prosecutor's counsel that they endeavored to address the court in chorus, and to demonstrate that the application was nothing less than the most monstrous attempt to trifle with justice that had ever been witnessed by each of them individually, and by all of them collectively, in a court of Justice. Finally, when these gentlemen had ridden down the defendant and the defendant's counsel, and trampled over each other in their precipitate charge upon the court, to prevent it from permitting Justice to be trifled with in its presence, Judge Coke looked encouragingly at the District Attorney, who, finding that some effort was also expected of him to defeat this contemplated attempt to trifle with Justice, suggested that, as the defendant had been notified on the preceding Wednesday that his case would be tried on this day, and had, therefore, had five days in which to prepare, and had made no attempt whatever to prepare, it did, indeed, look like an attempt to trifle with Justice.

Judge Coke, who by this time seemed to have some suspicion that there was really an intention on the part of some one to trifle with Justice, and in his own presence, remarked, angrily, that as no "legal" ground had been laid for a continuance, he thought the counsel for the prosecution were right, and that the application looked very much like an attempt to trifle with Justice. Warming up with his subject, he continued, that "when an editor publishes

so gross a libel on a citizen, and especially on one so favorably known to the community and to the court, he ought to be prepared to prove the truth of his foul charges on the spot, or to take the consequences. He was certainly entitled to no *favours* from the court." Whereupon, throwing back his head angrily against the back of his chair, he ordered the trial to proceed.

The counsel for the defendant made another attempt to procure delay, but was promptly rebuked by the court for his repeated attempts to trifle with Justice, and was ordered to "go on," whereupon he sat down.

The clerk, having pulled himself together after his first discomfiture, looked at the defendant with an expression which indicated that he meant to be even with him and to break his stubborn spirit before he was through with him, and proceeded to call a jury. As each juror approached the box the counsel for the prosecution put their heads together and looked at a paper and then at the juror, and if they did not apparently find the juror to their liking, one of them whispered to the District Attorney, who nervously requested the juror to "stand aside;" this being a privilege which the law still gives that officer in cases in which he is determined to convict, and prefers what Blossom Brick called a "solid jury."

In this manner the calling of the jury proceeded until the following twelve men were chosen, viz.:

1. Patrick McGlaughlin.
2. James McShane.
3. John McTighe.
4. James McRody.
5. Timothy McMunn.
6. John McGuiggan.
7. Dennis McShiel.
8. Michael McFinn.
9. John McGittigen.
10. Larry McQuade.
11. James McAtee.
12. James McNamara.

The challenges on both sides having been exhausted, nothing remained to do but to swear the jury, whereupon the clerk, casting another glance at the defendant as though to assure him that he would yet regret his hardness of heart, in the most solemn and impressive manner administered the oath to "well and truly try the issue joined be-

tween the People and Carson Cleaver, the defendant, and a true verdict to give, according to the evidence, So help you God!"

Then Bowles Bowser winked significantly to Gandy Grip, and Blossom Brick whispered to the Boss, "Solid all the time!" Theoptolimus Sly subsequently told the District Attorney that he need not be afraid that the defendant had "got any work in on them," as five of the jury were in public employment, and the other seven were, as he was assured by Mr. Grip and Mr. Bowser, "all right."

The District Attorney then rose, and in a somewhat embarrassed and nervous manner, stated the nature of the crime which the defendant was charged with having committed against the people, and sat down, evidently greatly relieved. To prove the publication, two witnesses were called, who testified that they knew the defendant to be the editor of the *Truth-teller*, and that they had bought copies of the issue which contained the libelous article, which they had also read, and understood to refer to the prosecutor.

Then Mr. Michael Mulhooly was called, and, leaving his seat, he stepped into the witness-box, drew off his yellow kid gloves, smiled at the judge, bowed encouragingly to the jury, and solemnly swore to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, *so help him God!* He took up the copy of the paper by one corner as though it would soil his hands if he took a fair hold of it, and declared that he had read the libelous article, and, so far as it related to himself, there was not one single word of truth in it from beginning to end, but that it was an infamous lie, as everybody who knew him could not help but know.

He then turned with a defiant air toward the counsel for the defendant, who, to the astonishment of everybody, declined to ask any questions. It had been expected that he would attempt to riddle the prosecutor by a rapid fire of questions, as damaging as a discharge of grape and canister, in reference to where he came from and how he knew it; how old he was and who told him so; what he did for a living and how he managed to do it; what crimes he had been guilty of and how he had got out of prison, and similar questions, such as prosecutors are accustomed to look for from those gentlemen, who are specially sworn to see to it that no attempt to trifle with Justice shall ever succeed, where they can

prevent such a misfortune from happening to her.

When the prosecutor's counsel announced that they had closed their case, the counsel for the defendant rose and said that he had hundreds of witnesses to call, but that they were not in the court-room, because the prosecutor was so anxious to have his character vindicated, that he insisted upon a trial when he knew they were all absent. He added, that he would ask the jury to say, that no editor should ever be called upon to answer the charge of libel, for a publication concerning the official conduct of a public officer, or the character of a candidate for a high and honorable office, until he has been given a decent opportunity to be heard by his witnesses;—that no man who claims to be libeled, and is unwilling to give his adversary a week in which to prove the truth of what has been published, is entitled to the sort of vindication which a verdict, under such circumstances, would give him. He therefore asked the jury to show their condemnation of this premature and indecent prosecution, by promptly acquitting the defendant. And then, without another word, he sat down.

This extraordinary language evidently produced no effect upon the jurors; but the countenances of the court, of the counsel for the prosecution and of the prosecutor himself, showed that they now realized that they were indeed witnesses of an unmistakable attempt to trifle with Justice. Judge Coke looked as though he felt called upon to rebuke it immediately and in the most decided manner. Mr. Gandy Grip, however, came to the rescue of the court and of that blind goddess whom he so profoundly worshipped, and to whom he so frequently and so eloquently appealed, and proceeded to resent the insult which had been offered to her in his presence in a speech which was beyond doubt the greatest effort of his life. For two hours he poured forth a torrent of vituperation against the counsel for the defendant, the licentiousness of the press, and the unmanly and cowardly libeler who sat unmoved before him; which provoked repeated outbursts of applause from the crowd which filled every part of the court-room. Then, with the consummate art of the great orator, he turned to the innocent subject of this heartless libeler's calumny and portrayed his early struggles with adversity; his slow but gradual steps toward a higher sphere than that in which he was born; his

great public services; his many virtues; his honorable ambition, and his gradual ascent up the ladder of Fame, "until," said he, "like Excelsior, he lies on the mountain top, 'midst the snow and ice of public scorn, frozen to death by this vile defamer's calumnious breath." This beautiful and pathetic figure of speech touched the hearts of his jury, and two or three commenced to use their pocket-handkerchiefs and the backs of their hands freely; while Michael Mulhooly was not ashamed to be seen wiping a tear from his manly eye. Then, having reached his hearers' hearts, in tones of withering scorn he dwelt upon the conduct of the defense in standing over the prostrate form of their victim and reiterating the false and wicked charges which they could not call a single living witness to substantiate.

When he closed no one present supposed that the defendant's counsel would attempt to reply.

But he rose and spoke substantially as follows:

"I presume I need not call witnesses into the box to prove what every man on the jury knows. I need not call witnesses to tell you that this prosecution has been brought by a ring of confederated thieves, who have ruled and plundered this city for years, for the purpose—"

Here Judge Coke interrupted him and said sharply, "Counsel must confine their remarks to the evidence in the case and not refer to public rumor."

"What stronger evidence," continued the lawyer, "What stronger evidence is there in this very case that these rumors are true and that what I say about the purpose of this prosecution is true, than that furnished by the indecent manner in which it has been forced to trial, and by the presence in this court-room of the very Chiefs of that Ring, who are the real prosecutors, seeking protection for themselves, and not vindication for this prosecutor?"

"I will not permit this line of argument," angrily interrupted the Judge.

"I am sorry that it displeases the court," replied the lawyer, "but I am compelled to discharge my duty to this defendant, irrespective of judicial pleasure or displeasure."

"Repeat it if you dare," said the Judge, "and I'll forthwith commit you for contempt."

The lawyer bowed and continued, "It is not my duty to direct the court what it shall, or what it shall not do. But it is my duty

to say to this jury all that in my conscience I believe ought to be said on behalf of my client about this case and its surroundings; and that I shall continue to say, respectfully, but fearlessly, whatever may be the consequences. I will, however, remind this honorable court that fair-play is a part of the unwritten law of this land, and that no prosecutor can hurry a defendant to trial without his witnesses, and then ask that his motives shall not be commented upon by counsel, or considered by the jury as a part, and a most material part, of the case. And I will also remind this honorable court that the prosecutor and the defendant are not the only persons interested in this trial. Back of the prosecutor sit his friends, whom I arraign as the real prosecutors; and back of this defendant stands the great community, who will not permit wrong to be done in the name of Justice, and to whom not only this jury, but also your Honor, must answer for the manner in which Justice is administered this day in this her sacred temple."

The Judge looked at him sternly for a moment, then resumed his pen and the lawyer continued:

"I put it to the conscience of each man on this jury whether I have uttered one word but the simple truth. There is not a man in that box who does not know the political condition of this city and the manner in which it has been ruled and robbed for years by a band of political bandits, to which this prosecutor belongs, and which has the effrontery to come here and endeavor to force the conviction of an editor, in the absence of his witnesses, because he dared to attack them.

"I do not intend to discuss either this article, or the testimony of the prosecutor. Until you have been permitted to hear the defendant's witnesses you cannot determine whether he published a libel, or the truth. If he published a tissue of lies he deserves the severest penalty of the law. If he published the truth he deserves and will receive the thanks of the whole community. But you dare not convict him—you have no right to try him—when he stands here and says, 'Give me but one week and I will prove that every word I published about this man was the truth.' Would an innocent and wronged prosecutor, conscious of his innocence, and of his ability to establish it, in the face of such a challenge insist upon a trial? Would he not rather say, 'I, too, am

on trial. Take a week—take a month, if you need it,—and then I will meet you and prove that you have wronged me!' But when a prosecutor, who is a public officer and a candidate for a still higher office, runs into a court of Justice, hot, breathless, and trembling, and says, 'For God's sake convict this man before he can get the witnesses here to prove that I am a thief!' he ought to be lashed out of the court-room with whips made of the scorn and indignation of all honest jurors. Yet you are asked, in just such a case, to render a verdict of guilty against the defendant. I pity the man who lends himself to-day to such an act of injustice, and who must meet to-morrow, face to face, an outraged community, and answer for the manner in which he has kept his oath and discharged this great public duty."

Then Judge Coke charged the jury substantially as follows:

He said that the case was a perfectly simple one, and the duty of the jury so plain, that they could not go astray. If they believed the testimony for the prosecution—and he did not see how they could disbelieve it without violating their oaths—the defendant was guilty of publishing the wickedest libel he had ever read. No attempt was made to deny the publication, but the defendant, through his counsel, reiterated the vile charges in open court. Having had five days in which to prepare for his trial, he came into court without a single witness, and asked to be acquitted, not because his guilt had not been proved, but because the court had refused to grant any longer delay. It was seldom that a lawyer so far forgot his duty to himself and to the court, as to make such a shameful and cowardly assault upon a prosecutor as that to which they had been compelled to listen. It was more than an outrage; it was an insult to the jury and to the court. He felt called upon to say thus much to the jury on the subject, and he would afterwards consider what further notice the court ought to take of what was nothing less than a gross contempt. He then handed the bill of indictment to the jury, instructing them to do their duty like men and not be intimidated by threats of public opinion.

The foreman took the bill from the clerk, looked at the rest of the jurymen, who nodded affirmatively, and then reported a verdict of "Guilty," which was recorded.

Judge Coke immediately ordered the defendant to stand up for sentence, whereupon his counsel rose and began—"I desire to move—"

"Sit down, sir!" said Judge Coke. "You have grossly insulted the court and misbehaved as an attorney. I did not compel you to take your seat at the time, because you were addressing the jury on behalf of a defendant who was upon trial. But I will not permit you to address the court again in this case. If the defendant himself has anything further to add, I will hear him."

While the defendant and his counsel were conferring, the Boss sent to Mr. Theoptolimus Sly a slip of paper, on which he had written:

"We'll spoil all. Tell Judge to allow motion for new trial and delay. Will explain."

Mr. Sly read it and handed it to Mr. Grip, who also read it, and passed it up to the Judge. He too read it and said, "If the purpose of the defendant's counsel was only to make the ordinary motion for a new trial I will allow it to be made in writing, and filed with the clerk. In the meantime the defendant will renew his bail. Crier, adjourn the court!" Whereupon the crier declared that the court stood adjourned, and the Judge came down and shook hands with Michael Mulhooly, Blossom Brick, and the Boss.

Thus Justice was done and Michael Mulhooly was vindicated. The verdict of a jury of his countrymen had declared that his character was as white and spotless as the ceiling of the temple of Justice itself, which had just been newly calcimined.

XX.—A JUDGE CHALLENGED.

The next morning in the *Truth-teller* appeared the following double-led leader:

JUDGES, HALT!!!

"Almost any evil in a Republic can be endured with some degree of patience except that of a corrupt or slavish Judiciary. When Judges, forgetful of their manhood and their oaths, lend themselves to oppression and become the pliant tools of tyrants, they may be very sure that the people will not be slow to redress such intolerable wrongs, and that they will, if forced to the extremity, enter the temple of Justice and tear down the dishonor-

ed and forsworn priests who have desecrated the sacred altars and trample them under foot in the mire of the streets. *Salus populi suprema est lex.*

"This solemn warning is especially addressed to Judge Coke.

"It is within the personal knowledge of the editor and of two of his friends that, immediately before the warrant for his arrest was issued, the head of the Ring sent a message for Judge Coke, who immediately went to the Boss's private office, where he remained closeted with him for nearly one hour. Did he go there in obedience to orders, to receive orders that the editor must be convicted at all hazards? What actually passed at that interview can be known only to Judge Coke himself and to one other person. But immediately after the termination of that interview a warrant for libel was issued against the editor, and he was bound over, a bill at once sent before the Grand Jury, and the intimation given out of the intention on the part of prosecutors to 'railroad' him. For some reason not difficult to understand when it is known that Judge Coke was not then upon the bench, and that his term would not begin until the next Monday, the case against the defendant was postponed until the very day upon which Judge Coke's term began, and he was then immediately forced to trial, notwithstanding his demand for one week's time in which to procure his witnesses, and his solemn avowal that he would in exactly one week from that day appear and prove the truth of every word he had published, and show that, so far from being guilty of publishing a libel, he had discharged a sacred duty to the public by exposing the utter unfitness of Michael Mulhooly to represent the District from which he is a candidate, in the Congress of the United States. We do not now allude to Judge Coke's rulings, upon the trial, because a motion for a new trial is pending, and this is not the proper place for its discussion.

"But if Judge Coke's prompt obedience to the message from the Boss—to whom he owes his seat, and to whom he must look for a re-nomination—in connection with what followed his visit forces people to believe that Judge Coke is the mere creature of the Ring and executes its orders, under the pretense of administering Justice, Judge Coke has no one but himself to blame; and, being thus suspected, he would show greater wisdom than he has hitherto displayed, if he would at once abandon the judgment-seat before the people drive him from it.

"It is, unfortunately, a matter of common belief that Judge Coke is not the only Judge upon the Bench to-day whom the Ring feels

safe in approaching in secret, and instructing in advance about cases to be tried in which its creatures are parties. A Judge who would take a bribe is not more despicable than one who is willing to be thus approached and directed how to administer, not justice, but injustice.

"To all judges we now call, Halt! The people will no longer tolerate such infamous practices.

"If Judge Coke thinks we have done him any injustice we challenge him to call us forth with to account for this pointed and solemn warning, deliberately given."

No notice was ever taken of this challenge because its author had been convicted according to law as a common libeler of mankind.

XXI.—ONE WAY TO RUN A CAMPAIGN.

MR. HENRY ARMOR entered upon his campaign in a manner which indicated clearly that he did *not* understand his business. He did not visit bar-rooms, or drink with and treat the party-workers, or hunt up and consult with the election-officers, or endeavor to conciliate the "boys" by promising them appointments. Nor did he call upon the Heads of Departments and seek to induce them to issue orders to their subordinates relative to the amount and kind of work which they were required to do in their respective Precincts. He probably would have said that a man who would resort to such methods to secure his election to any office was unfit for the office and unworthy of public trust. It is doubtful whether he could have told the name of a single member of the City Committee, or of a President of a Ward Committee in his District. As he had been nominated by sixty-one out of the ninety-seven delegates, who, according to his belief, should have composed the regular Convention, and also by the Reform Association; and as he had subsequently been endorsed by every minister of the gospel and bank president in his District, and by "Thousands of Our Business men, Tax-payers and Most Respectable, Intelligent, Wealthy, Prominent and Influential Citizens," as he was informed by the large posters which met his eye at every corner, he considered his election almost a political certainty.

His friends, believing that his eloquence could not fail to convince the voters of his

fitness for Congress, organized a series of meetings to be held in each Ward, and made arrangements for a grand ratification meeting to be held at the Academy of Music on the Saturday night immediately preceding the election. At each of these meetings Mr. Armor spoke in his usual scholarly, elegant and eloquent manner. His friends all declared that his speeches were unquestionably the ablest that had ever been made in the city. The *Truth-teller* devoted a full page each morning to these meetings, and published verbatim reports of his speeches. The other newspapers, however, regarding such matters as uninteresting to their readers, disposed of them in something after this fashion:

"The kickers and bolters held a meeting last night at ——— Hall, which was addressed by Henry Armor and others."

Many an ambitious young member of the bar who had devoted weeks to the preparation of a speech which he regarded as a master-piece of oratory, was surprised on getting out of bed before daylight in anticipation of reading his own polished sentences in print, to find that he and two or three as distinguished orators as himself, had been bunched like asparagus-sprouts, by some unappreciative reporter, in that stereotyped phrase, "and others."

No attempt was made by the Committee which was charged with the management of Mr. Armor's campaign to effect any organization of the voters in his interest, beyond the formation of a club in each Ward, called the "Young Men's Reform Association." These clubs were composed of young lawyers, storekeepers and clerks in banks, counting-houses and insurance offices. Each member wore a high silk hat, dark clothes, white gloves and a badge of white satin, upon which was printed in gilt letters the number of the Ward, the name of the association and a peculiar device.

When these five clubs all turned out, parading about two thousand handsome and handsomely-dressed young men, they attracted universal admiration, and the ministers of the gospel, bank presidents and "Thousands of Our Business men, Tax-payers, and Most Respectable, Intelligent, Wealthy, Prominent and Influential Citizens," felt that the country was certainly safe.

On the appointed night the "Grand Ratification Meeting in Favor of Reform and of the Election of Henry Armor, Esq.," was

duly held. The Academy of Music was crowded from floor to ceiling and presented a brilliant spectacle. In the middle of the stage, and immediately over the orator's table, hung suspended an enormous copy of the old Liberty Bell, around the rim of which appeared the familiar inscription: "PROCLAIM LIBERTY THROUGHOUT ALL THE LAND, UNTO ALL THE INHABITANTS THEREOF." Upon the body of the bell blazed out in dazzling letters of light, formed of innumerable gas-jets, this inscription —

NO KING
NO CLOWN
SHALL RULE
THIS TOWN.

The front of the stage was crowded with ministers of the gospel, bank presidents and "Thousands of our Business men, Tax-payers, and Most Respectable, Intelligent, Wealthy, Prominent and Influential Citizens."

Honorable Ingersoll Aspenwall presided, assisted by a large number of Vice-Presidents, whose combined wealth was said to exceed \$100,000,000.

When Mr. Armor was introduced, the vast audience rose and gave him a right royal greeting. So great was the enthusiasm that even ladies stood upon the seats waving their handkerchiefs and fans, and some of them, carried away by the novel excitement of the occasion, grew hysterical. Old gray-haired gentlemen on the stage so far forgot themselves that they pounded with their canes and threw up their hats like school-boys. Finally, when he could be heard, Mr. Armor began with these words:

"I do not mistake the meaning of this greeting. It is not merely a compliment to the speaker, or an indorsement of your candidate. It has a deeper significance. It is the death knell of Boss-rule. It is the shout of victory which a free people sends up over its new declaration of independence. It means that you have resolved from this day forward to govern the City yourselves, without the assistance of any self-appointed Boss, whether native-born, or foreign-born."

As each sentence rang out, clear and distinct as the note of a bugle, it was answered by cheer after cheer, to assure the orator that he had read the hearts of his hearers aright and had uttered their sentiments.

He continued:

"I do not war against individuals. It is not the Boss who happens to be in the ascendency to-day that I antagonize. It is the Boss of to-day—of to-morrow—of all time who is my enemy; it is the Boss in the City, the Boss in the State, the Boss in the Nation against whom I would have you wage unending war. It is the Boss system which I arraign as the curse of the country and the shame of our age. By this system the public servants are made the masters of the people. By this system the ten thousand employees of the City are made ten thousand arms with which the Boss of the City rules the whole community. By this system the twenty thousand servants of the State are converted into twenty thousand hands with which the Boss of the State holds the commonwealth by the throat. By this system the hundred thousand employees of the Nation become a hundred thousand bonds which the National Bosses bind upon the people of the Nation, converting them into slaves bound to obey their imperial orders.

"The opportunity which it gives a corrupt Boss to plunder the people is one of the least of the many evils which flow from the system. It begets corruption in every branch of the public service and tempts every man in office to become a thief. It teaches that official dishonesty is no crime—that official perjury is no sin—that to override the will of the people and to trample upon the sanctity of the ballot is the highest duty of American citizenship. It breeds universal corruption, and fosters in the rising generation an utter disregard of law, of morality and of common decency in everything pertaining to politics. It is like that most loathsome of diseases, which creeps from limb to limb, and from individual to individual, until the whole community is a community of lepers. Boss-rule is political leprosy. There can be no political health where it is permitted to exist.

"It cannot be cured; it must be extirpated. There is no remedy which you can apply and say, 'Lo, the sore is healed!' You need not hope to purge your party from it by amending your party rules. You can do that only by purging it of these political lepers, and that can be done only by starving them to death. When honest men learn that they owe a higher duty to their City, their State, and their country than they do to their party, they will have found the only

antidote for this poison. When they apply this antidote freely at the ballot-box by voting down the political leper and his candidate, the day of deliverance will not be far off. When the independent voter and the scratcher shall have grown so strong that they can and will prevent the election of every unworthy candidate who has managed to secure a nomination, Boss-rule and Ring-rule can be crushed out. They exist only upon the spoils of office, and grow strong only when their party is largely in the majority. Their power is based solely upon the devotion of honest voters to the party. They preach the political religion of 'fidelity' to party and, like false priests, grow fat upon the fruits of their preaching. The dishonest official whose pockets stand out with his stolen wealth considers it an unpardonable sin for an honest man to scratch his ticket. Fidelity to party, wherever the Boss system exists, is treason to yourself, your country, your God. There is but one true political religion for honest men to practice, and that is to vote for an honest man because he is honest, and to vote against a dishonest man no matter what party claims him as its candidate—to keep an honest man in office as long as you can, no matter what party put him there, for fear a less honest man may take his place. I believe that the honest citizens in every community outnumber ten to one the class from which Bosses are bred, and when the honest citizens of this country learn this religion and practice it, Boss-rule will be no more."

For nearly two hours the orator continued to delight his audience with such "rhetorical fireworks and political generalities," and, as they had come to hear just such sentiments, they were wrought up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. When he had finished, every man and woman present insisted upon shaking him by the hand and assuring him of his triumphant election. That night when he left his club, where a banquet had been given in his honor, he entertained no doubt that he would be elected by several thousand majority.

XXII.—ANOTHER WAY.

HENRY ARMOR, however, was deceived by surface indications. He knew nothing of the power of the Leaders, the Ring and the Boss. The "I made 'im" is no idle boast, nor is the "I'm fur 'im," an empty promise. The Boss's "I Will" is the

Leaders' "We Must," and when They determine to "make" a man, he is as good as made; when They determine to unmake he is already undone.

The first law of an army is unquestioning, implicit obedience. Not infrequently has the disregard of, or the failure to execute, an apparently trifling military order, caused the defeat of a great army—the downfall of an empire—the overthrow of a civilization—the opening of a new volume of the world's history.

The Leaders, the Ring, and the Boss command an army composed of elements as dangerous as those which make up the crew of a pirate ship. The instant the slightest sign of weakness is shown, each man aspires to be commander, and is willing to sink the ship and all on board rather than to forego his own ambitious schemes. Therefore, disobedience, or want of obedience, means danger, not only of defeat, disaster and ruin, but also—as the Reformers believe—of the PENITENTIARY. A repulse may prove to be a rout. The loss of a single member of the Municipal Legislature may mean re-organization—re-arrangement of Committees—INVESTIGATION, and—who can tell what? It is imperatively necessary, therefore, that every man shall be taught that to fail is to betray, to disobey is to rebel; and that to do either is to invite political death. Punishment is more than a duty; it is an absolute necessity for self-preservation.

There are also dangers from without as well as from within. The Leaders, the Ring and the Boss are required to practice eternal vigilance. They are compelled to do more than simply to repel hostile assaults; they must punish them with political annihilation. Their power to be preserved must be feared. It must be proved to be even greater to punish than to reward. Therefore, it does not stop at removing an insubordinate from place—withdrawing from a disobedient editor all patronage—placing insurmountable obstacles between a too independent candidate and the object of his ambition; it pursues its victim like a remorseless, an implacable, an inexorable Fate. For those assailants whom such punishments cannot reach others are provided. What cannot be done directly is done by indirection. The vengeance of the Leaders, the Ring and the Boss is like the Vendetta which received its name in Corsica, but which was a religion among the ancient Scandinavians, and has been practiced in

every age and in every country to redress those wrongs for which the law provides no remedy. Its agencies are as numerous, as secret, as dangerous as those employed today by the Nihilists of Russia, or those which were practiced by the Thugs of India prior to 1837. Its punishments even extend to the destruction of private character—the invasion of the family circle—the assault upon womanly honor, and violence to life and limb. Few persons comprehend the power which a single man with a million dollars can exert, if he will. In every large city is to be found a class of men who form the secret police of the Leaders, the Ring and the Boss, executing Their will without fear, knowing that they stand as a shield between Their agents and the law. If the secrets of the “mysterious disappearances” of which we read were all disclosed—but fortunately, perhaps, the dead cannot speak.

Henry Armor not only failed to understand the power of the Leaders, the Ring and the Boss, against which he hurled his polished and not wholly harmless sentences, but he also failed to comprehend the necessity which demanded his defeat. The contest, owing to the tendency of the people to run to extremes, had assumed so serious a shape that it rendered doubtful the election of three, and possibly of five candidates for the Municipal Legislature in the District. The Reform assault, therefore, threatened not only to drive in the line of skirmishers, but also to endanger the safety of Their whole army, and made the overthrow of Their empire possible. The ascendancy of the Reform Association, at all events, meant a standing menace to the power and safety of the Leaders, the Ring and the Boss, and, therefore, They said, “We must destroy them to save Ourselves.” It was the *delenda est Carthago* of the Romans.

The Leaders the Ring and the Boss, were not idle. They also held meetings—not to make converts, but to encourage the rank and file and to conceal the manner in which Their skirmishers, Their sharpshooters, Their guerillas, Their bush-whackers and Their light-cavalry were engaged and the mode in which They had determined to handle Their troops and give battle.

Neither Michael Mulhooly, nor Blossom Brick, nor the Boss spoke at any of these meetings. Their time and talents were more usefully employed. They were wholly occupied in strengthening their wavering lines; in compelling submission where They

discovered signs of insubordination; in exhausting the possibilities of each Department; in laying out the exact work expected of each one of the many hundreds of employees in the District, and in arranging all those countless details with election officers, window-book men and committees to bring out the vote, which go so far in a close contest towards conquering success.

One of the first steps which was taken was to make an example of those employees of Departments not directly under Their control, who had been led into acting with the Reform Association by reason of its professed respectability and by the plausible argument that as Henry Armor was a candidate of the party, although an independent one, he could be supported by every party-man without infidelity to the party. Against such offenders They acted promptly and decidedly.

Henry White, a clerk in the Department of the State Treasury, was one of the first victims. He had paraded with the Reform Association of his Ward and had acted at a public meeting of the Association as one of the secretaries, and had read a series of resolutions strongly indorsing Henry Armor, and, of course, by implication condemning the Boss. He had not been long enough in office to know any better. His offence was a glaring one, and nothing but his official head would appease the wrath which he had unconsciously aroused. Accordingly the Boss called promptly upon the Head of the Department—made known His will—refused to take a denial or listen to an apology, saying only “I’ll tache ’im,” and as He could not be offended with impunity, although the Department was not under His control, that very afternoon Mr. White, on leaving the office, received an official envelope which he discovered contained a written notice of his dismissal. It was a thunderbolt from a cloudless sky. He had just taken a small house and furnished it, mainly on credit, and was daily expecting his young wife to be confined with her first baby. He read the letter over again and again, seeking in vain to find some explanation of his offence, in the lines which told only too plainly of his punishment. With a heavy heart he sat down at the supper-table which she had prepared, according to her custom, to welcome him after his day’s work, and pleaded a headache as an excuse for the depression which he could not wholly conceal from the

watchful eyes of the poor little woman to whom he was lover, hero, and almost God. That night, while sleep made many another aching heart temporarily forget its woes, she refused to him her blessed consolation. He heard the solemn tones of the great town-clock slowly counting off the hours of the long night. He listened impatiently to his own cheap clock ticking away, one by one, the seconds, each one of which brought him one step nearer the moment when he could meet his chief face to face, and demand an explanation of this heavy punishment for a fault of which he was ignorant. He looked at his young wife, sleeping in blissful ignorance of the great trouble which the next day's sun would surely disclose, dreaming of the baby that was soon to gladden, like a kind message from the Great Father, their humble but happy home; and then the silent, scalding-hot tears one by one—but, Pshaw! why waste any sympathy upon a fool who expected to live by a system which he was not willing to obey as a slave?

Of course he thought when morning came that in that one night he had lived through ten years of misery. Of course he hurried to the department, still hoping that the God to whom he prayed for his wife and unborn child, might find some means of arresting the calamity. Of course the ostensible Chief of the Department received him kindly and explained to him the crime which he had committed, and expressed his regret that he had been compelled to thus summarily dismiss him. Of course he grew indignant at this his first lesson in practical politics, and denounced his dismissal as an act of tyranny, wicked, disgraceful and cruel; and then, suddenly thinking of his home, of his wife, and of how he was to provide food and nursing and doctor, broke down utterly, and sobbing like a child, told of his great necessities and promised to submit in the future, and to do anything in his power to repair the wrong he had done; and was told, kindly but frankly, that nothing could be done, as his place had already been filled. Of course he went away cursing the system, and praying God to visit on the Boss something of the misery which he caused others to suffer, and stopping every acquaintance whom he met on the street to tell his story, receiving sympathy from all, and from some the consoling assurance that "he ought not to have been such a d—d fool." Of course some of his hearers, warned by his example,

endeavored to make amends for their own indiscretions by going from one saloon to another where there was a prospect of meeting any of the Leaders and hurraing for "Mulhooly all the time." Of course, when he was at last compelled to go home, tired, hungry, and sick at heart, and to tell his poor young wife all, the shock brought on — Well, Nature has not provided us with a sufficient supply of tears to meet the demand made upon our sensibilities by the miseries brought upon the innocent and helpless by the follies of our fellow-men.

A few such examples are sufficient to strike terror to the hearts, not only of the employees of the leaders, the Ring and the Boss, but also of all who are in the public service and whom Their vengeance can possibly reach.

Their next task was to raise sufficient money to defray the expense of electing Michael Mulhooly, and it was an easy one.

Henry Armor, indorsed as he was by bank-presidents and millionaires, who according to their own views, had contributed most liberally to his campaign fund, would have been greatly astonished had he been told that a sum nearly three times as large as that which had been subscribed by his wealthy friends had been raised without difficulty to secure his defeat.

Blossom Brick, as Chairman of a sub-Committee of the City Committee, took upon himself the, to him, agreeable duty of collecting this fund. Lists were always ready for use on such occasions, containing the name of every man directly or indirectly employed under the city government, with the amount of his salary, or an estimate of the Rebates and *aliunde* profits attached to his office, set opposite his name. It was customary to levy an assessment varying from one to five per cent. upon the estimated salary of each. With a salary list of \$6,595,625 one per cent. upon this sum would amount to \$65,956. Even if but two-thirds of those who were requested to pay their assessments responded—and it is a dangerous thing for any man to refuse to comply with so obviously just a request—over \$40,000 could thus be raised in a few days. Allowing a proper percentage of this sum for natural leakage while passing through the hands of those charged with its collection—and surely those who labor day and night for the party without any ostensible salary ought not to be expected to account for every cent—it will be readily seen that, if Blossom Brick's rule

for estimating the cost of securing an election is correct, there still would remain a very large sum to be used in making the requisite number of election officers "solid." In this rule Blossom Brick placed implicit faith. He laughed when other people talked about relying upon public meetings and speeches to carry an election, and repeated one of his favorite expressions, "An election officer well in hand is worth a score of voters on the half shell."

Having raised this fund he also took upon himself the, to him, agreeable duty of disbursing it. One of his peculiarities in managing this responsible part of a campaign, for which he was noted, was that he never allowed any portion of such a fund to remain unexpended, or turned over any surplus to the Committee for a reserve fund. On the contrary, he invariably had bills outstanding, and claims of his own for bills which he had felt compelled to pay out of his own pocket. This proved how thoroughly he did his work.

Upon him also mainly devolved the delicate and responsible duty of conducting those diplomatic negotiations; not only with election officers, of whom he was so fond, but also with that valuable body of statesmen, such as Hon. Hugh McCann, Piggy Degan and Pud. Muldoon, who were especially skilful in bringing out voters even in Wards in which they did not reside, and where they were supposed to have no very extended acquaintance. It is sufficient to say that when such work was done by Blossom Brick it was well done; and that he highly commended Michael Mulhooly for the assistance which he rendered in more than one case of peculiar delicacy and difficulty.

Each Precinct was carefully and accurately canvassed, and at a private meeting of the Leaders, the Ring and the Boss, held on the Saturday evening when Mr. Henry Armor was delighting the large audience in the Academy of Music with his rhetorical display, They were able to point out exactly the amount and character of work which was still necessary to be done in certain Precincts to insure success.

On the night before the election—so admirably had Michael Mulhooly's campaign been managed—the sporting men commenced to bet heavily on his election.

XXIII.—THE RESULT.

At ten o'clock on election morning, it was evident that Henry Armor was polling an exceedingly strong vote. At two o'clock p. m. bets of \$1,000 to \$500 that his majority would not be less than two thousand, were offered at the Clubs without takers. At four o'clock p. m. the afternoon papers published reports of disturbances at several voting places in the District. When the polls closed there seemed to be no doubt of the election of the Reform Candidate, but by a much smaller majority than his friends had predicted. For the last hour, in a number of Precincts, the Mulhooly voters rallied in such strength and numbers around the polls, as to prevent any other voters from approaching the window.

Toward nine o'clock p. m. rumors commenced to come in, of frauds in counting the returns and of carrying off the ballot-boxes by bodies of armed men, who declared that the Armor election officers contemplated making false returns in favor of their candidate. In one of these Precincts an election officer was shot, and in another, two citizens who were assisting the election officers to defend the ballot-boxes were reported to have been mortally wounded. At two o'clock a. m. a number of Precincts were yet to be heard from, no returns having been made, owing, as was alleged by Michael Mulhooly's friends, to the attempt of a body of armed roughs in Armor's employ to count their candidate in.

Michael Mulhooly and Blossom Brick were up all night, driving from one voting place to another, encouraging their election officers to stand firm and not to allow Mulhooly to be counted out. At daylight Blossom Brick ordered Patsey Maguire—at whose saloon they had just arrived, worn out by their arduous labors—to open a basket of wine, and invited up some twenty members of the "Michael Mulhooly Campaign Club"—who had also been engaged all night in guarding the sanctity of the ballot—to drink to the health of their "next Congressman, Hon. Michael Mulhooly."

When the official returns were all in and counted it was found that, notwithstanding the unprecedented frauds which were alleged to have been committed in the interest of the Reform candidate, Michael Mulhooly was elected by a majority of three hundred

and seventy-nine votes, and, consequently, he received the certificate of election.

Thus were the Leaders, the Ring and the Boss vindicated by the people.

Mr. Armor's friends were astonished at the result and indignantly denied the charges of fraud made against them. They claimed that their candidate had been elected by more than one thousand majority, and had been deliberately counted out. Steps were immediately taken to contest Mr. Mulhooly's seat. A Committee was appointed to canvass the District; a large fund was subscribed to defray the necessary expenses, and a number of eminent counsel were employed to prepare the proper petition and present the case at the opening of the next session of Congress. The *Truth-teller* from day to day published the details, which it claimed would establish the most wicked and stupendous scheme to over-ride the will of the people that had ever been perpetrated or attempted in the city. A number of election officers were arrested and held to bail, and one of them made an affidavit that he had been paid \$150 by Blossom Brick, in the presence of Michael Mulhooly, to alter the returns so that they would show a gain of fifty votes for Mulhooly. It was announced that upon this affidavit a warrant would be issued for the arrest of both these gentlemen, but no such warrant was issued, on account of the sudden disappearance of the man who had made this affidavit. This singular conduct on his part gave color to the allegation of Blossom Brick that it was only a "put-up job," and that the man had been paid by Armor's friends to make the affidavit and then "skip," so as to enable them to cover up their own frauds.

As the session of Congress drew near, each party claimed to have secured overwhelming evidences of frauds committed by the other side. The contest, however, was never to be made, owing to the sudden death of Mr. Henry Armor, who, notwithstanding his peculiar political views, had won the regard and esteem of many of the best people in the community, by whom his loss was sincerely mourned.

The night before Mr. Michael Mulhooly's departure to take his seat in the American Congress, the Michael Mulhooly Campaign Clubs tendered him a serenade, and made a street parade, marshalled by Hon. Hugh McCann, Piggy Degan and Pud. Muldoon, and carrying transparencies upon which were various striking and original mottoes.

Two of these transparencies, borne side by side, were so peculiar and suggestive that this sketch of a distinguished representative of the system which will fill so important a page of the political history of the country cannot be more fittingly concluded than by reproducing their mottoes:

MIKE
MULHOOLY
M. C.
BY THE GRACE OF
THE GODS.

A
GOVERNMENT
OF
THE PEOPLE
BY
THE PEOPLE
AND FOR
THE PEOPLE.

The Leaders, the Ring and the Boss, and Their thousands of dependents, had been truly SOLID FOR MULHOOLY.

THE RETORT.

OLD BRON, who taught the village school,
Wedded a maid of homespun habit;
He was as stubborn as a mule,
And she as playful as a rabbit.
Poor Kate had scarce become a wife
Before her husband sought to make her
The pink of country polished life,
And prim and formal as a Quaker.

One day the tutor went abroad,
And simple Katie sadly missed him;
When he returned, behind her lord
She shyly stole, and fondly kissed him.
The husband's anger rose, and red
And white his face alternate grew:
"Less freedom, ma'am!" Kate sighed and
said,
"O, dear! I didn't know 't was you!"

GEORGE F. MORRIS, 1802-1864.

A NEW name for tight boots—corn cribs.

LORD DUNDREARY.

[This most interesting and amusing personage,—the embodiment of elegant, aristocratic inanity—was first introduced to the public as a subordinate character in the drama of the "American Cousin." In the hands of Sothorn, who considerably elaborated it, the character soon became celebrated, and is regarded as the greatest professional success of that distinguished actor. Dundreary has secured a permanent place in literature, as a perfect type of a character that still exists and is not likely soon to become extinct.]

LORD DUNDREARY'S LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:—

"Any fellah feelth nervouth when he knowth he 'th going to make an ath of him-thelf."

That's vewy twue—I said so the other night you know—and I—I've often thed tho before. But the fact is—ewewy fellah dothn't make an ath of himself, at least not quite such an ath as I've done in my time. I—don't mind telling you, Mr. Editor, but pon my word now—I—I've made an awful ath of mythelf on thome occathuns. —You don't believe it now—do you? I—thought you wouldn't—but I have now—*weally*. Particularly with wegard to women. —To say the twuth that is my weakneth.—I 'spose I'm what they call a ladies' man. The pwetty cweachaws like me—I know they do—though they pwetend not to do so. It—it's the way with some fellahs—There was hith late Majesty George the Fourth—I never thaw him mythelf you know, but I've heard he had a sort of way with him that—that no woman could wesist.—They used to call him a cam—what is it? A camelia—no camel leopard, no—chamelion isn't it? that attracts people with its eyes—no, by the way that—that's the bwute that changes color—it couldn't have been that you know,—Georgius Wex—never changed color—he—he'd got beyond blushing, he had—he only blushed once—early—vewy early in life, and then it was by mistake—no, cam—chameleon's *not* the word—What the dooth is it? Oh stop—it begins with a B. By the way it's 'stonishing how many words begin with a B. Oh, an awful lot. No—no wonder Dr. Watts talked about the—the busy B. Why, he's more work than all the west of the Alphabet—However the word begins with a B, and it's Bas—Basilose—yes that's it—stop, I'd better look it out in the Dictionary to

make certain.—I—I hate to make mistakes—I do—especially about a thimple matter like this. Oh, here we are—B. Basilica.

No it—that can't be the word you know—George was king, and if—if Basilica means a royal palace—they—they might have been—welations—but that's all—no it isn't—Basilica—it—it's—Basiliak—yes, I've got it now—it's Bathilithk.—That's what His Majesty was—a Bathilithk and fascinated fair cweachaws with his eye. Let me see—where was I?—Oh I reckomember—or weckolect—which is it? Never mind, I was saying that I was a ladies' man. I wanted to tell you of one successful advenchaw I had—at least when I say successful, I mean it would have been, as far as I was concerned—but of course when two people are engaged—or wather—when one of 'em *wants* to be engaged, one fellah by himself can't engage that he'll engage affections that are otherwise engaged. By the way, what a lot of 'gages that was in one then-tence, and yet—it seems quite *fruitless*—Come, that's pwetty smart, that is,—for me.

Well, as I was saying—I mean as I meant to have said—when I was stopping down at Wockingham with the Widleys, last autumn, there was a mons'ous jolly girl staying there too. I don't mean *too* girls you know—only—only *one* girl—But stop a minute—Is that right? How could *one* girl be stopping there *two*—What doosid queer expressions there are in the English language . . . Stopping there two—I It's vewy odd I—I'll swear there was only one girl—at least the one that I mean was only one—If she'd been two, of course I should have known it—Let me see now, one is singular, and two is plural—well, you know, she *was* a singular girl—and she—she was one too many for me.—Ah I see now—that accounts for it—one *two* many—of course—I *knew* there was a two somewhere. She had a vewy queer name, Miss—miss—Missmiss no, not Miss Missmiss—I always miss the wrong—I mean the right name, Miss Chaffingham—that's it—Charlotte Chaffingham.—I weckomember Charlotte, because they called her Lotty—and one day at bweakfast—I made a stunning widdle—I said—'Why is Miss Charlotte like a London cabman—?' Well, none of them could guess it.—They twied and twied, and at last my brother Sam, who was in England then,—he gave a most stupid anther. He said, "I know," he said, "She's like a London cabman because she's got a *fair back*."

2



Mr. E. A. Tothern.

Did you ever hear anything so widiculous? Just as if her face wasn't much prettier than her back?—Why I could see that for I was sitting opposite her.—It's twue Sam was just behind her, offering some muffins, but—you know he'd seen her face, and he weally ought to have known better. I told him so—I said, "Tham, you ought to be athamed of yourthelf, that'th not the anthwer."

Well, of course then they all wanted to know, and I—I told 'em—ha, ha!—My answer was good—wasn't it?—Oh, I forgot I haven't told you—well—here it is—I said—

"Miss Charlotte is like a London cabman, because she's a Lotty Chaffingham," (of course I meant, lot o' chaff in him)—D'y'e see?—Doosid good I call it—but would you believe?—all the party began woarwing with laughter all wound.—At first I thought they were laughing at the widdle, and I laughed too, but at last Captain Wagsby said (by the way I hate Wagsby—he's so doosid familiar).—Captain Wagsby said—"Mulled it again, my Lord." From this low expvession—which I weckolect at Oxford I thought that they thought I had made a mithtake and asked them what they meant by woarwing in that absurd manner.

"Why, don't you see, Dundreary," some one said—"It won't do—you've forgotten the lady's sex—Miss Charlotte can't be said to have any chaff in *him*. It ought to be chaff in *her*"—and then they began to woar again. Upon my word now, it hadn't occurred to me certainly before, but I don't see now that it was such a mistake. What's the use of being so doosid particular about the *sense* of a widdle as long as it's a good one? Abthurd!

Well, after bweakfast we went out for a stroll upon the lawn, and somehow or other Miss Chaffingham paired off with me.—She was a doosid stunning girl, you know.—A fellah often talks about stunning girls, and when you see them they're not so stunning, after all; but Lotty weally was a doosid stunning girl—fair eyes and beautifully blue ha—no! blue hair and fair—I (confound it, I always make that mistake when there's more than one adjective in a thentence)—I mean fair hair and beautifully blue eyes, and she had a way of looking at one, that—that weally almost took one's bweath away. I've often heard about a fellah's falling in love. I never did so mythelf, you know—at least not that I weckomember—I mean

weckolect—before that morning. But weally she did look so jolly bweaking her egg at bweakfast—so bewitching when she just smashed the shell all wound with her thpoon before she began to eat it—I, I weally began to feel almost thpoonney mythelf. Ha, ha! there I am at it again: I weally must bweak mythelf of this habit of joking: it's vewy low, you know—like a beathly clown in a b—beathly pantomime—I oughtn't to have said beathly twice, I know.—A fellah once told me, that if—if a man says the same adjective twice in one thentence he's taught ological. But he's wrong—you know—for I often do, and I'm sure I never was taught anything of the kind.

However, Lotty was a stunning girl, and we walked all about the lawn, down into the shwubbery to look into some bush after a wobbin-wedbweast that she said built a nest there, and sure enough, when we got to it, there was the little weddin-wob—I mean wobbin-wedbweast looking out of a gweat lump of moss, and as it was sitting there very quiet, I thought to myself, I—I'll have you, old cock—(I heard afterwards that it was a hen, so 'twas a vewy good thing I didn't say tho out loud, you know), and thinking Lotty would be pleased if I caught it, I thwust my hand in as quick as I could, but you know those little wedding—wobbin—web-bweasts are so doosid sharp, and I'm dashed if it didn't fly out on the other side.

"You thtupid man," Lotty thaid—"Why you—you've fwitened the poor little thing away."

I was wather wild at first at being called thtupid, that's a sort of thing *no* fellah likes, but, dash it, I'd have stood anything from Lotty—I—I'd have carried her pwayer-book to church—I'd have parted my hair on one side—or—no—yes—I think I'd have even *thaved off my whiskers* for her thake.

"Poor dear little wobbin," she said—"It will never come back any more—I'm afraid you've made it desert."—Made it *desert*—what did she mean by that? I thought she meant the eggs—so taking one up, I said, "You—you don't mean to thay they eat these speckly things after dinner?" I said.

"Of course not," she weplied—and I think I had hit the wite nail on the head, for she began to laugh twemendously, and told me to put the egg quietly in its place and then pwaps the little wobbin would come back. Which I hope the little beggar did.—At the top of the long walk at Wockingham there is a summer-house—though why so

called I don't know, for I've been down there hunting at Christmas—and there it is just the same then.—However, this summer-house is built up of twunks of twees in what they call twellis work—all twisted together, you know, in a sort of very perplexthing way and lined with bark.—Now I think of it—I think it's called—wustic work—I s'pose because it's only found near gentlemen's houses.—However it's a jolly sort of place with a lot of ferns and things about, and behind there are a lot of shrubs and bushes and pwickly plants which give a sort of rural or *wurual*, which is it?—blest if I know—look to the place, and as it was very warm, I thought if I'm ever to make an ath of myself by pwoposing to this girl—I won't do it out in the eyes of the sun—it's so pwecious hot. So I pwoposed we should walk in and sit down, and so we did, and then I began:

"Miss Chaffingham, now, don't you think it doosid cool?"

"Cool, Lord D.," she said; "why, I thought you were complaining of the heat?"

"I beg your pardon," I said, "I—I—can't speak vewy fast (the fact is that a beathly wasp was butthing about me at the moment) and I hadn't quite finished my thentence.—I was going to say, don't you think it's doosid cool of Wagsby to go on laughing—at—at a fellah as he does?"

"Well, my Lord," she said, "I think so too; and I wonder you stand it. You—have your remedy, you know."

"What wemedy?" I said. "You—you don't mean to say I ought to thwash him, Miss Charlotte?"

Here she—she somehow began to laugh, but in such a peculiar way that I—I couldn't think what she meant.

"A vewy good idea," I said. "I've a vewy good mind to try it. I had on the gloves once with a lay figure in a painter's studio—and gave it an awful licking. It's true it didn't hit back, you know—I—I did all the hitting then. And pwaps—pwaps Wagsby *would* hit back. But if—if he did anything so ungentlemanlike as that, I could always—always—always—"

"Always what, my Lord?" said Lotty, who was going on laughing in a most hystewical manner.

"Why I could always say it was a mith-take, and—and it shouldn't happen again, you know."

"Admirable policy, upon my word," she said, and began tittering again. But what the dooth amuthed her so I never could

make out. Just then we heard a sort of rustling in the leaves behind, and I confess, I felt wather nervouth.

"It's only a bird," Lotty said; and then we began talking of that little wobbin-wed-bweast, and what a wonderful thing Nature is—and how doosid pwetty it was to see her laws obeyed. And I said, "Oh! Miss Chaffingham," I said, "if I was a wobbin—"

"Yes, Dundreary," she anthered—vewy soft and sweet. And I thought to myself—"Now's the time to ask her—now's the time to—" I—I was beginning to wuminate again, but she bwought me to my thenses by saying—

"Yes!" interwogatively.

"If I was a wobbin, Lotty—and—you were a wobbin——" I—exclaimed—with a voice full of emothern.

"Well, my Lord?"

"Wouldn't it be jolly to hatch one's eggs for breakfast?"

The above wasn't quite what I was going to say, but just at that moment there was another rustling behind the summer-house, and I thought I heard a thort of thtified laugh. I started to my feet—for haven't wobberies been often committed in these kind of places? I thought of Wush, Burke, Manning, and a lot of other athathins, and thnatching up the only weapon at hand—my umbwella (a jolly little green silk one, without which I never go out), I wushed behind into the shwubbery. By Jove! I never did such a thing before; and I'll take vewy good care it's the last time. The beathly bwambles caught me in all diwecthuns—about my coat—about my wethcut—about my—in short, everywhere—and one of those confounded fungus things—a thort of imitathun muthroom, called a puff-ball—exploded under me when I fell, and covered me with powder. I was in an awful thtate. The worst of it was, I might have just as well stopped where I was. There was no fellah behind the thummer-houth; but, confound it all—when I looked in at the window there I thaw that bwute Wagsby in his leather overalls with that beathly fishing-rod of his talking to Lotty.

"What's the wow, Dundweawy?" said he, gwinning at me out of the little window.

"What's the wow?" I said. Why that's the vewy thing I wanted to know.—I heard a sort of—sort of wustling behind here, and I wushed in to see what it was, but I can't find anything at all except a lot of b—beathly pwickly plants and a muthroom that—

that goes off with a bang by thpontaneous combustion!

"Haw haw, ha ha," said Wagsby and began laughing again in a dweadfully idiotic sort of way—"hee hee!—what a stunning lark!"

"I tell you what," I said, "if that was a lark, it must have been a stunning one to make all that wow."

Upon this he began to wear again—and said—"No, old fellow" (I—I hate a man who calls me old fellow—it's so beathly familiar)—"All right," he said, "it was only Tow, Sir."

"And what the dooth is Tow, sir?" said I.

"Towzer—my dog—he ran on before me after a rabbit, and chased it into the shrubbery—and here he is—lie down, Towzer—lie down, sir!"

And then I heard a great yelping and bow-wow, and a howwid gweat Newfoundland monthter rushed upon the scene.

It's vewy lucky I had my little gween umbwella with me, for the moment I came out of the shwubbery this disguthing quadruped—this Towzer—jumped upon me, and I had the gweatest difficulty in maintaining my equilibrium.

"It—it's only his play, my Lord—down Towzer, down!" cried Wagsby, gwinning like a baboon.

"Hang his play, sir," said I—"conthider my waistcoat." So he whistled and called the bwute away, and then explained that he had come down from the Hall on purpose to fetch us back (confound him), as they had just awwanged to start on one of those cold-meat excursions—no, that's not the word, I know—but it has something to do with cold meat—pic—pickles is it?—no, pickwick? pic—I have it—*picnic*—that's it—they wanted us to go picklicking—I mean picknicking with them.

Here was a dithappointment.—Just as I thought to have a nice little flirtathun with Lotty—to be interwupted in this manner! Was anything ever so pwovoking? And all for a picnic—a thort of—of early dinner without chairs or tables, and a lot of flies in the muthtard! I was in *such* a wage!

"We're going to pull up the river," said Wagsby. "I've got an outrigger down at the ferry.—Of course you'll take an oar, my Lord?"

"O certainly," said I. I didn't exactly know what he meant then, for you see I'm not a boating man; but as for taking an oar—any fellah can do *that*, I thought—

they're not so vewy heavy.—'O yes," I said—"I—I'll take an oar—*t*—two or thwee, if you like."

At this he began laughing again, and was going to offer his arm to Lotty, but I—I wouldn't have that at any pwice.—So I pointed out Towzer to him, who was at that moment scwaping up the flowerbeds, and playing the dooth with the gewaniums.

"Don't you think you'd better look after your dog, captain?" said I; and while he went off to collar it, I took Miss Chaffingham under my pwotection, as we walked to the Hall; but Wagsby was close at hand, and of course I couldn't say all I wanted—I had lost my opportunity, and, I fear, made an ath of mythelf.

Could I help it? I thwow mythelf, Mr. Editor, on your mercy for an anthwer, and wemain

Yr most obedt. servant,
DUNDREARY.

LORD DUNDREARY AT BRIGHTON,

AND THE "WIDDLE" HE MADE THERE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:

ONE of the many popular delusions wesppecting the Bwitish swell is the supposition that he leads an independent life—goes to bed when he likes—gets up when he likes—d—dwesses how he likes, and dines when he pleases.

The public. are gwossly deceived on this point. A weal swell is as m—much under authority as a p—poor devil of a pwivate in the marines, a clerk in a Government office, or a f—fourth form boy at Eton.

Now I come under the demon—demonima—(no—thtop—what is the word?) dom—denom—d—denomination—that'th it—I come under the d—denomination of a swell—(in—in fact—a *howwid* swell—some of my friends call me, but that'th only their flattewy) and I assure you, Mr. Editor, a f—fellah in that capacity is so much wewstained by rules of f—fashion—that he can scarcely call his eye-glath his own. A swell, I take it, is a fellah who t—takes care that he swells, as well as swells who swell as well as he (there's thuch a lot of thwelling in that thentence—ha ha—it's what you might c—call a *dusting* definition).

What I mean is, that a f—fellah is obliged to do certain things at certain times of the year whether he likes 'em or no.

For instance, in the season I've got to go to a lot of balls, and dwums, and tea-fights in town that I don't care a bit about—and to show myself in the Park wegularly ewevy afternoon, and latht month I had to victimize mythelf down in the countwy—shooting—(a bwutal sort of amusement—by the way)—well, about the end of October ewevy one goes to Bwighton—n—no one knowth why—that'th the betht of it—and so I had to go too—that's the wortht of it—ha ha!

Not that it's such a b—bad place after all—I d—daresay if I hadn't *had* to go I should have gone all the same, for what is a f—fellow to do who ithn't much of a sportsman just about this time? There'th n—nothing particular going on in London except that widiculous cawickachaw of me at the Haymarket, (which I told Sothern the other day, at bwakfast, was weally too bad)—there'th no one at the clubs, and ewevything is b—beathly dull, so I thought I would just run down on the S. Eastern Railway to be—ha ha! Bwighton'd up a bit—(come, th—that's not bad for an impromptu!)

B—Bwighton was invented in the year 1784 by his Woyal Highness George P—Pwince of Wales—the author of the shoe-buckle, the stand-up collar (a b—beathly inconvenient and cut-throat thort of a machine), and a lot of other ecthploded things.

He built the Pavilion down there, which looks like a lot of petrified onions fwom Bwobdignag clapped down upon a guard-house. It was sold to the Town for some fifty thousand pounds in 1849—and if I may v—venture to wemark on the twansaction, I think the T—Town wath thold about the thame time. However, there'th a jolly sort of garden attached to the building, in which the b—band plays twice a week, and every one turns in there about four o'clock, so I went too—(n—not two o'clock you know but f—four o'clock.) I'm vevy fond of m—martial music mythelf. I like the dwums and the t—twombones, and the ophicleides, and all those sort of inthtwuments—yeth—ethpethally the bwass ones—they're so very exthpiring, they are. Thtop though, ith it exthpiring—or p—per—thpiring?—n—neither of 'em sound quite right. Oh! I have it now—it's inthpiring—that'th what it is; b—because the f—fellahs *bweathe* into them. That weminds me of a widdle I made down there (I—I've taken to widdles lately—and weally it'th a vevy harmleth thort of a way

of getting thwough the morning—and it amuthes two f—fellahs at onth, because if—if you athk a fellah a widdle, and he can't guess it—you can have a jolly good laugh at *him*, and—if he—if he *doth* guess it, he—I mean you—no—that is the widdle—stop—I—I'm getting confuthed—where wath I? Oh, I know; if—if he *doth* guess it . . . however—it ithn't vevy likely he would—so what's the good of thuppothing impwobabilities?) Well—thith was the widdle I made—I thed to Sloper—(Sloper's a fwiend of mine—a vevy good thort of fellah Sloper is—I d—don't know exactly what his pwofession would be called, but hith uncle got him into a b—berth where he gets f—five hundwed a year—f—for doing nothing—a—somewhere—I forget where—but I—I know he does it)—I thaid to Sloper—“Why is that f—fellow with the b—bassoon l—like his own instwument?” and Sloper said, “How—how the *dooth* should I know?” (Ha ha!—I—I thought he'd give it up!) So I thaid to Sloper, “Why, b—because they both get *blown*—in time.” You th—thee the joke of course, but I don't think Sloper did thomehow: all he thed was—“V—vevy mild, Dundreary,”—and t—tho it was mild—thertainly f—for October, but I d—don't thee why a f—fellow should go making wemarks about the weather instead of laughing at m—my widdle. In this pwomenade that I was speaking of, you see such a lot of thtunning girls ewevy afternoon—dwessed twemendous swells, and looking like—yes, by Jove! l—like angels in cwinoline—there'th no other word for it. There are two or thwee always *will* l—laugh, somehow, when I meet them—they do now *weally*. I—I almost fancy they wegard me with intewest. I mutht athk Sloper if he can get me an intwoduction. Who knowth? pwaps I might make an impwession—I'll twy—I—I've got a little conversathonal power—and *thetecal* new wethcoats.

I'm thopping at the Bedford—you know my bed-room window overlookth the Parade and—and the bwiny deep. Are you f—fond of thwimming? I am—vevy, that is in shallow water, where you can k—keep one toe at the bottom. Of courth I—don't go out of my depth. That's a—a sort of th—thing no fellah should do—unless he f—falls overboard, and then he shouldn't stay there longer than he's absolutely obliged. It's getting wather chilly in the watter just now, so I twied the other day to devise

plan by which I might continue my sea bath and yet keep out the cold. I'll tell you what I did: I—I never said a word to any one on the matter, but I just went over to Hannington's shop one morning, and I took one of the young men there aside—and I thaid to him, "Aw—I—a—want a few yards of blanket."

"Beg pardon—my Lud"—(confound it they all know me there)—beg pardon, of *what* did you say?"

"Of blanket," I repeated.

"Beg pardon, my Lud—did you mean blanketing for ironing out fine linen upon?"

"Fine linen be—be *washed*,"—I said—"I mean blanket thuch as you put on beds."

"Beg pardon—certainly, my Lud—Mr. Selvage! best Witneys this way if *you* please"

So they bwrought me some jolly fluffy looking stuff, and I asked for six yards of it, when one of the men (confound his impudence) began to gwin. "Beg Ludship's pardon," said he, "but these are what we term 'Witney' blankets—and we couldn't cut them—but we can do you a pair at thirty-nine and sivinpince."

"All wight," I said.

"Well, not quite white," said Mr. Selvage, "but as near as the wool can be bleached."

"What the dooth do you mean?" I thaid, "didn't I t—thay all wight?—I—I'll take 'em—I mean you may send them to Messrs. Melton and Tweed (my tailors)—and look here—don't you give me any b—beathly copper change out of the two pounds or I'll never come here again."

By this time you will have p—perceived what my object wath in b—buying blankets. I wanted to have a b—blanket b—bathing suit made—coat, wethcoat, and t—t—trowsers to wear in the water:—w—wathn't that a thtunning notion? ha! ha! Old Melton *couldn't* make it out when I gave him the order—I—ha! hahee! I told him it was for *cwicket* that I was having the suit made, and he thaid he thought I should f—find it *wather warm* (of courthe—the v—*very* thing I wanted).

Well, the things were thent home in a few days, and one morning—I—I chose wather a chilly morning on purpose—I p—packed up my suit in a little carpet bag and walked down to the beach. I jumped into the b—bathing machine, changed my d—dwess in a twinkling—and in another moment I was stwuggling with the waves. Stwuggling

indeed!—you can't contheive the thtate I was in. In the first place, the water twic-kled up my thleeves, down through my pockets, in at my wethcoat, &c., &c., in the moht uncomfortable way—but that wathn't the wortht of it, for in about half a minute my b—blanket suit became tho satuwated with water that I could thcarcely move; and as for cold—with all that heavy wet thtuff about me—you may imagine all I suffered. The bathing man (who, I dare thay, thought I was d—dewanged) had to help me up the thtaps of the machine, and I vowed I would never twy expewiments on mythelf again. Only fanthy, if I'd been ththrown in that dwess from the end of the Chain Pier! I should have gone to the bottom as sure as a gun—yes, and *gunner*—I mean surer. I thought the best plan wath to g—give up b—bathing for the pwesent, and pwaps, when the summer season weturns, and by the time I go into the water again, I shall have learned to thwim better.

Bwighton is filling fast now. You see dwoves of ladies ewevery day on horseback, widing about in all diwections. By the way, I—I—muthn't forget to mention that I met those two girls that always laugh when they thee me at a tea-fight. One of 'em—the young one—told me, when I was intwo-duced to her,—in—in confidence, mind—that she had often heard of me and of my *widdles*. Tho you thee I'm getting quite a weputathun that way. The other morning at Mutton's, she wath ch—chaffing me again, and begging me to tell her the latest thing in widdles. Now I hadn't heard any mythelf for thome time, tho I couldn't give her any *very* gweat novelty, but a fwied of mine made one latht theason which I thought wather neat, tho I athked her, When ith a jar not a jar? Thingularly enough, the moment she heard thith widdle she burtht out laughing behind her pocket handkerchief!

"Good gwacious! wha'th the matter?" said I. "Have you ever heard it before?"

"Never," she said, "in that form; do *please* tell me the answer."

So I told her,—When it ith a door! Upon which she went off again into hystewicks. I—I—I—never *did* see such a girl for laughing. I know it's a good widdle, but I didn't think it would have such an effect as *that*.

By the way, Sloper told me afterwards that he thought *he* had heard the widdle before, somewhere but it was put in a differ-

ent way. He said it was: When ith a door not a door?—and the anthwer, When it ith ajar!

I—I've been thinking over the matter lately, and though I dare thay it—d—don't much matter which way the question is put, still—pwaps the last f—form is the betht. It—it seems to me to wead better. What do you think?

Now I weckomember, I made thutch a jolly widdle the other day on the Ethplanned. I thaw a fellah with a big New—Newfoundland dog, and he intphired me—the dog, you know, not the fellah,—he wath a lunatic. I'm keeping the widdle but I don't mind telling you.

Why does a dog waggle his tail? Give it up? I think motht fellahs will give that up!

You thee the dog waggles his tail becauth, the dog's stwonger than the tail. If he wathn't, the tail would waggle the dog!

Ye—yeth,—that'th what I call a widdle. If I can only wecollect him, I shall athtonish those two girls thome of these days.

LORD DUNDREARY IN THE COUNTRY.

DIRECTLY the season is over in town, I always go into the countwy. Not, you know, that I like the countwy, but because it is expected of a fellow to go down and see his tenants and shoot partwidges when London gets empty—at least what they call empty; not that I can ever see any difference; for the omnibuses, you know, and P—P—Pickford's vans, and the coal-waggon, and Hanthoms never go out of town.

But what I mean is, when the Wow gets empty, and houses are thut up, and blinds are pulled down, and nobody gives any parties, and there is nobody at the club but old Major Carlton, who b—b—bullies the waiters, and has the p—p—papers all to himself; and when the Opera's over, and there's no concerts or flower shows for a fellow, and everything's tepid but the soup at the club, and thath cold. But what no fellow can understand is, why the season lasts all the time the countwy is in its pwime, and just as it's getting yellow and seedy like a dowager at the end of the season, then everybody goes into the countwy—it's what I suppose nobody can make out; but they tell me it's because P—P—Parliament's over. So I imagine Parliament doesn't care for the countwy, and

does care for partwidge shooting. I thuppose "that's about the thize of it."

To tell you the twuth, I hate the countwy—it's so awful dull—there's such a howid noise of nothing all day; and there is nothing to see but gween twees, and cows, and buttercups, and wabbits, and all that sort of cattle—I don't mean exactly cattle either, but animals, you know. And then the earwigs get into your hairbwushes if you leave the bed-woom window open; and if you lie down on the gwass, those howid gwasshoppers, all legs, play at leap-frog over your nose, which is howible torture, and makes you weady to faint, you know, if it is not too far to call for assistance. And the howid sky is always blue, and everything bores you; and they talk about the sunshine, as if there was more sunshine in the countwy than in the West End, which is abthurd, you know, only the countwy sun is hotter, and bwings you all out in those howid fweckles, and turns you to a fwightful bwicky color, which the wetches call healthy. As if a healthy man must lose his complexion, and become of a bwicky wed color—ha! ha!—bwicky—howid—bwicky wed color—cawotty wed color!

Then that howid shooting that my keeper dwags me out to on the first of September. My man begins the torture by calling me before daybreak, and, half asleep, out I go into the Home Farm—the stubble sharp and hard, like walking over hair bwushes—turnips with a cup of cold water in every leaf. Then the howid dogs go staring about, and stiffening their tails, and snarling—as the birds wise with a noise like twenty watchmen's wattles spwinging at once, enough to deafen a fellow, and making any one quite nervous.

"Bang! bang!" I go—genewally miss—because the birds don't give one time, you know; and all those keepers and beaters, and fellows loading your gun and cawying the game and the luncheon—they disturb your aim, and put a fellow out.

But I know something more howid still, and that's pheasant-shooting among those howid hazel bushes that switch back in a fellow's face, and howid bwambles that tear your coat, and oak boughs that knock your hat off, and the sharp stakes that wun into a fellow's boots; and pwesently in the middle of this up gets a pheasant like a squib going off on the fifth of November, or any other night, and off he goes like a special

twain with wings, and so quick that no fellow can get a shot at him.

Then there's wabbit-shooting, that's not so howid, but it's more difficult. "Forward," cries the keeper, and in the dogs go, all their tails worming in among the furze at once, as if being nearly torn to pieces was the gweatest fun in the world. You stand with your gun cocked waiting in a lane between the furze, ewevy moment afraid the other fellows will see you stir and shoot you in mistake for a wabbit; for the furze is higher than a fellow's hat. All at once you see a wabbit coming stwait towards you, and while you are waiting to see how near he will come, in he goes again into the furze quick as lightning, so that no fellow, you see, *can* shoot a wabbit.

Then there's thnipe-shooting—howid difficult—might as well go out shooting with pistol bullets at humble bees—ha! ha!—I say thath a good idea—that. Albert Smith, you know, poor fellow, if he had been alive, which he isn't—he'd have made a good idea out of that. A thnipe doesn't, you know, fly stwait like any wational bird ought to fly, but he dodges like a lawyer—a thort of bawister bird the thnipe is, and it takth several weeks to hit him.

And that weminds me of a good story Talboys—Talboys of Suffolk—told me about a thnipe a friend of his had down in Cambridgeshire. He, Talboy's fwient's fwient had a fwient (I want to be clear, you know) down to Cambridgeshire to shoot. First day he goes out, Talboy's fwient's fwient fires at a thnipe in a water meadow, and kills him, upon which Talboy's fwient gets vewy wild, and thwearth and throws down his gun. "Why," says he, "drat it, if you haven't shot the thnipe that has amused me the whole year!" That's not a bad stowy, I think, about that iwational bird, the thnipe.

As for hunting—I don't see the p—p—pull of it—except you want to induce a welation to bwreak his neck in order that you may come into his pproperty. I don't want to bwreak my collar-bone or my wibs at b—b—bull—finches and waspers—or ddown myself at water-leaps—or bwreak my legs at double fences—and that's what it comes to—and be tumbled upon in ditches by horse-jobbers and farmers, and get up and find your horse thwee miles off, and a monster with a pitchfork pursuing you, as the only one left, for twespassing. Oh, no hunting for me, thank you.

Then the countwy people are sure to p—p—ester you to play a match at cwicket. The Zingawee against the Hodgeshire Eleven—marquees, band, everything down from London—scorching day, the cwicket ball wed hot, nearly sets the stumps on fire ewevy time it stwikes.

Now I like cwicket vewy well if I could get perpetual innings; but I don't like waiting an hour and a half—then going in and getting my stumps knocked over and my shins bwuised the first ball—it's what no fellah can enjoy.

Besides, when I was a b—b—boy one didn't go to cwicket like a hog in armor, but just as you were. Then you could wun faster, and wern't so hot, and didn't look such b—b—born idiots. Then it is vewy difficult catching a swift ball with an eyeglass—I mean a fellow with an eyeglass on finds it difficult to see the ball, and gets it on his nose instead of in his hands—and then, if you do miss it, all the field calls out "b—b—butter-fingers," which is a low thing to say, you know, and makes a fellow look vewy widiculous.

But there's one thing I do like in the countwy—besides the larks—the little naked chaps you see on a skewer at the poulterers in Bond Street, all among the Epping sausages, singing above your heads—and the smell of hay and clover—(I've got this sentence in a jumble that no man can make sense of)—and that's a picnic—pigeon pies and pork pie hats, girls and lobster-salads, pwetty faces and champagne—and all on the steps of an old castle that Richard the Conqueror bombarded—or in the cloisters of an abbey that Cromwell founded—or confounded, I don't know which—music and womance—wheumatism and po-etwy. The girls look so pwetty among the wuins, and even the old dowagers gwow agreeable. Then the music begins and there's the dance in the moonlight, like Dinowah's shadow dance in Meyerbeer, and then the fellows laugh till the old walls wing again—that's what I call fun for the countwy—and pop go the champagne corks like a perpetual duel all the time; and the quantity dwank, considewing no lady pwofesses to like champagne, is what no fellow *can* understand. I think, if I ever did p—p—pop the question, I should do it coming home from a p—p—picnic. Why? Why, because a fellow must do it somewhere, and coming home from a pic-nic in the moonlight is a vewy nice time.

Of all countwy amusements I think fishing is, after all, pewaps the most abominable. It bores a fellow more than any other. You go out in a punt with a large hamper of luncheon, to keep it steady, I suppose, and an old keeper who takes too much beer to make it unsteady again, which is widiculous, you know. Then the keeper takes some howid wiggling wed worms out of a dirty bag of wet moss, and tortures the poor cweatures howidly by putting them on your hook, smiling all the time as if he was doing a mewitowious action—the old wuf-fian. Then you sit on your chair under an osier bed by the hour together, the bull-rushes bobbing while you bob, till you get quite giddy looking at them, and the weeping willow weeping away like anything. Pwesently, after about an hour, just as you are half asleep, and beginning to enjoy it, you see your wed float moving in a most extraordinaawy way, as if it was curtsying. Then suddenly there comes a dwag that nearly pulls you off your chair. "A bite, sir, a bite," cwies the old keeper, seizing the opportunity to take another lift at the beer-jug. Then you pull, and out onto the top of your hat flies a gweat monster of a perch, howid cweatures, with wed gold fins, stawing eyes, back a wegular fan of pwickles, a wet flabby tail, and gills like the leaves of a wed pincushion. And so it goes on, till you get all wet and dirty; and sometimes an eel dwags your wod away, and the old keeper, by this time nearly dwunk, has to swim after it; and sometimes you miss the stwoke, and catch a willow tree, which no fellow *can* land. And the only good time is when you put the wod and line down and go to luncheon.

But there is one thing I like, that is, wid-ing. I like to be astwide a horse—if he is not vicious or too fast, and if a fellow can manage him. I like sketching, too, only the twees will get so like cauliflowers, and the gwass like spinach—and the blue sky will wun, and get all over the paper.

Altogether, take my word for it, the countwy ith a mithtake—it wants impwoving—it is only fit for wed-fathed people, who thell corn. One twee is like another—one wiver can't be distinguished from another till you look at it on a map, and then, of course, any fellow can tell a wiver. Partwidges are much better woasted than on the wing, and people only pwetend to like shooting them. And as for lambs, they're i-i-idiotic little things, without mint-sauce,

and there's no mint-sauce in the countwy. It is dwedful solitary in the countwy, when you're alone I mean—of course not with plenty of people.

And one can't play billiards alone, and you can't have people in from the plough, you know, to play with a fellow, because it stops work. So if you think old fellow of going in the countwy to get a bwicky wed color, take my advice—as Lord B—Bacon or somebody said to a fellow who was what they call thpoony (foolish thing to be thpoony) on a girl, and going to marry her—and a capital thing it was to say—ha, ha! —"Don't."

POOR RICHARD'S SAYINGS,

WITH ANNOTATIONS BY THE LORD DUNDREARY.

A FELLAH once told me that another fellah wote a book before he was born—I mean before the *first* fellah was born (of course the fellah who wote it must have been born, else how could he have witten it?)—that is a long time ago—to pwove that a whole lot of pwoverbs and things that fellahs are in the habit of quoting were all nonsense.

I should vewy much like to get that book. I—I think if I could get it at one of those spherical—no, globular—no, that's not the word—circle—circular—yes, that's it—*circulating* libwawies (I knew it was *something* that went wound)—I think if I could just borrow that book from a circulating libwawy—I'd—yes, upon my word, now—I'd twy and wead it. A doothed good sort of book that, I'm sure. I—I always did hate pwoverbs. In the first place, they—they're so howidly confusing. I—I always mix 'em up together, somehow, when I twy to weck-omember them. And besides, if ewevy fellah was to wegulate his life by a lot of pwoverbs, what—what a beathtly sort of uncomfortable life he would lead!

I remoleect—I mean remember—when I was quite a little fellah in pinafores—and liked wasbewy jam and—and a lot of howid things for tea, there was a sort of collection of illustwated pwoverbs hanging up in our nursery at home. They belonged to our old nurse, Sarah, I think, and she had 'em fwamed and glazed. "Poor Richard's," I think she called 'em—and she used to say—poor dear—that if ewevy fellah attended to

evewything Poor Richard wote, that he'd get vewy wick, and l—live and die happy ever after. However, it—it's vewy clear to me that he couldn't have attended to them *himself*, else how did the fellah come to be called *Poor* Richard? I hate a fellah that pweaches what he doesn't pwactice. Of courth, if what he said was twue, and he'd stuck to it, he—he'd have been called Rich Richard—stop a minute—how's that? Rich Rich-ard? Why that would have been too rich. Pwaps that's the reason he pweffered being Poor. How vewy wick!

But, as I was saying, these picture pwverbs were all hung up in our nursery, and a more uncomfortable set of makthims you never wead. For instance, there was

"EARLY TO BED AND EARLY TO RISE MAKES A FELLAH HEALTHY, WEALTHY, AND WISE."

I don't b'lieve a word of that—I'll tell you why. To begin with "healthy." When Sam and I were children we were all packed off to bed about eight or nine o'clock—just when a fellah ought to be dining—and had to get up at six or seven—quite the middle of the night you know—and pway did *that* keep us healthy? On the contwawy, we were always getting meathles, or whooping-cough, or vaccinathion, or some howwid complaint or other. As for mental impwovement it's not the slightest use in *that* way, for I twied it at Oxford. When all the men of my time were sitting up weading for modewations, with wet towels round their heads, and dwinking gween tea—I—I went to bed—I did—and what was the consequence? I don't mind telling you now—but I—I was *plucked*.

And then about "*wealthy*." Look at my brotther Sam. *He* used to be out shooting *vewy* early—I'm sure when he was home—and you know he's not over flush just now. That weminds me—he—he borrowed a couple of ponies of me just before he left England—and stwange to say—he's forgotten all about it since. But I never *could* make Sam out. He's such a—a doothid inconthequential fellah—Sam is.

Then there was another of Poor Richard's pwverbs (confound him!)—

"BUY WHAT THOU HAST NO NEED OF, AND ERE LONG THOU WILT SELL THY NECESSARIES."

"Buy what thou hast no need of." Th—that's a *vewy* nice sort of mowal makthim—that is. Why—th—that's precisely

what I *do* do. I'm always buying something or other that I don't want. I—I bought wather a neat thing latht theason. Th—they'd only just come out then. I d—dare—say *evewy* fellah's got one now—and—s—so there's no use in having it any longer, but 'twas a vewy neat sort of thing, though, *weally*. I'll t—tell you what it was like.

If you l—looked stwaight at it, you know, it l—looked like an umbwella, and so it was an umbwella *weally*, and—ha, ha!—that's the betht of the joke—but it—it was a lot of other things bethide. In the first place the stock was an air-gun, which you could use, you know, in *fine* weather—when it was—wasn't raining, and you didn't want the umbwella. A utheful sort of thing ana—air-gun is, I'm told, in the—the backwoods and those sort of howid places, when you haven't got—you know—a *weegular* gun. Well, and then the handle was made of ivowy, d'ye see?—yes—that was it—an ivowy handle, and it opened, you know, with a thort of hinge, and inside was a—was a pipe case, lined with blue satin (a doothed pwetty sort of notion, that, I always thought—blue satin). The inventor of that m—machine must have been a man of taste. If I could only f—find him out, I'd—I'd ask him to bweakfast, I would, by Jove. I—I always like to encourage taste and the fine arts, and—and—all those sort of pwetty works of genius. Well, the handle was a pipe case, with a m—most stunning sort of a meerscham pipe inside and an amber mouth-piece. Pon my word now—it was a jolly sort of pipe—*weally*. I—I never thmoked it my-thelf, you know—I can't thmoke a pipe (no, by Jove, I can't: it aint my fault—I have twied, and it's no go, so I stick to chewoots and cigawettes)—but I hear the pipe is a stunner—at least my friend Bagster says so, and h—he ought to know—for he bowwowed it one f—fine morning s—soon after I bought it, and he—ha, ha!—he's never weturned it since. B—but then he always was a good judge of pipes, Bagster was. Well—th—that wasn't all, for when you unsquood the ferrule at the end, there was a jolly pencil-case; and if you unsquood it again, there was a place for leads and indiawubber, and—let me see—oh, yes—I wemember now—if you squood it all back again vewy much indeed, out popped a jolly little gold pen—to be sure *that* wasn't m—much use without the ink—but th—then, you know—if—if a f—fellah's got a pencil—he—he doesn't want to wite with ink, does he?—at least no *reasonable* fellah

does—and—if he ever d—did—I know a stunning dodge—You—you can have a little bottle made, with a gold top, you know—a kind of a thort of a lady's-companion-looking-thing—and hang it on your watch chain like a "charm." That's not a bad idea of mine, is it? I—I've a good mind to take out a patent for that—I have!

I forgot to say that about half way down the stick there was a place for a penknife—and a toothpick and a corkscrew—all—you know—vewy utheful things in their way—especially the corkscrew.

The wortht of it was that—somehow or other—I never wanted any of 'em. So I think Poor Richard was *wong* after all—to tell a fellah to buy what he has no n—need of—and as for s—selling my necessawies—I—I'm dash d if I'll do anything of the kind—n—no—not for P—poor Richard—nor—nor ANY OTHER MAN.

But there's one vewy nonthensical pwoverb which says:

"A B—BIRD IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH."

Th—the man who invented that pwoverb must have been a born idiot. How the doothe can he t—tell the wrelative v—value of poultry in that pwomithcnous manner? Suppothe I've got a wobbin-wed-bweast in my hand—(I nearly had the other morning—but he flew away—confound him!)—well—suppothe the two birds in the bush are a b—bwace of partwidges—you—you don't mean to t—tell me that that wobbin-wed-bweast would fetch as m—much as a bwace of partwidges? *Abthurd!* P—poor Richard can't gammon me in *that* sort of way.

Then there's another—

"THE PITCHER GOES OFT TO THE WELL, BUT THE PITCHER AT LAST MAY BE BROKEN."

Now this I take to be a sort of alle—What is that word now, which m—means something different to what it *weally* means?—an alle—alligator?—no—allicampane—alkali?—all—no—*allegory*—that's it.

The pitcher is a sort of allegory—and means of couthe, a person.

Well—if—if a person goes t—to the *well*, it stands to alf weason th—that he can't go to the *bad*; and if he dothn't go to the b—bad—he can't be bwoken—so Poor Richard's out again *there*. But if he *weally* means a pitcher—a thing for holding water,

you know—why, suppothing it is bwoken (as any *weal* pitcher may be—any day of the week), the only thing a fellah can do is to b—buy another. They're not so vewy expensive, after all. I d—dare say you could buy a stunner for half a cwown—so what's the use of making such a jolly wow about it?

This eccentwic old party then goes on to say, that

"THOSE WHO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES SHOULDN'T THROW STONES."

Now, considewing what a vewy small pwoportion of people occupy tenements of this description, I should have thought the best thing to say would have been, "Th—those who d—*don't* live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones." I—I'm sure it would have embwaced a gweater n—number of the community—p—particularly th—those little b—blackguards in the stweets, who can never even have been in the Cwystal palace in their lives—and yet are always shying things about—b—beathly balls that hit you—and then webound back in a mistewious sort of way into their hands—and playing at t—tip-cat—a howwid kind of game, in which a fellah strikes a bit of wood on the ground that flies up into the air—and—and if it doesn't hit you—he wins—that is, he gets it back again—and if—if it *does* hit you, you lose—that is, you lose your temper—at least I know I do.

But the m—most widiculous makthim of all is—

"TAKE CARE OF THE FENCE, AND THE POUNDS WILL TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES."

Did you ever hear such nonthense? If there's one thing I hate to carry about with me it's coppers. Somehow or other—I never had but very few pence in my life—and those—I—I gave away to one of th—those organ fellahs in the stweet. Ha, ha! —I suppothe he bought m—monkeys or some howwid thing with it—I—I don't care. I only hope I shall never see any more b—beathly coppers again—howwid things! Fancy!—I had to put them in my pocket—I—I hate putting things in my pocket. Th—that's a sort of thing no fellah should do—it spoils the shape of one's clothes so. And then the muff says that the pounds will take care of themselves! I don't b'lieve a word of it. Besides—I mean pounds *thterling*, not poundth *weight*, of course—I rather like pounds. They—they'd be pwetty fit

tle things—if it wasn't for the change. But then a fellah can always give the change away, if he likes.

Let me see—th—there's something more about money that Poor Wichard says—Oh, I wember:—

"IF YOU WOULD KNOW THE VALUE OF MONEY TRY TO BORROW SOME."

By Jove—yes—he—he's wite *there*—he's wite at last—Poor Richard is.—(If he'd been *Rich* Richard he wouldn't have hit that off so well.)—Yes—if you would know the value of money, try to *borrow* some. Vewy twue—and I'll tell you another thing—when you've found out how valuable it is—ha, ha!—NEVER LEND IT.

Th—that's my makthim. . . .

You see I'm th—thinking of bwother Sam—and th—those unfortunate "ponies." I d—don't suppothe I shall see them or S—Sam again for a long time. . . Bleth them! bleth them! Exkewth these tears.

DUNDREARY.

THE GOOSE A NATIONAL BIRD.

WHILE Judge Thacher was a member of the House of Representatives of the United States, a bill was reported on the subject of American coins, which made provision that one side of them should bear the impression of an *eagle*. Mr. Thacher moved an amendment that the word *eagle* should be stricken out wherever it occurred in the bill, and the word *goose* be substituted. He rose to support the amendment, and with great gravity stated that the eagle was an emblem of royalty, and had always been so considered.

"It is a royal bird, Mr. Speaker, and the idea that it should be impressed upon our coinage is inexpressibly shocking to my republican feelings. Sir, it would be grossly inconsistent with our national character. But the goose, sir, is a republican bird—the fit emblem of republicanism. Ever since I became acquainted with classic lore, sir, I have remembered with ever new satisfaction, that it was the cackling of a flock of these republicans which saved the greatest city in the world, and always since I have felt disposed to greet every goose I have seen as a brother republican. These reasons, sir, upon which I could enlarge very much, are, in my view, conclusive in favor of the amendment proposed, and I hope our dol-

lars will bear the impression of a goose, and that goslings may be put on the ten-cent pieces."

When the amendment was proposed, every countenance was relaxed into a smile. As Mr. Thacher proceeded to state his reasons, there was a universal peal of laughter loud and long. Unhappily, the member who reported the bill—and who must certainly have been a goose himself—thought that all the laugh was at him. The next day he sent a friend to Mr. Thacher with a challenge. When the message was delivered, and the reason of it told, Mr. Thacher replied,

"Tell him I won't fight."

"But, Mr. Thacher, what will the world say? They may call you a coward."

"A coward!" said Mr. Thacher; "why, so I am, as the world goes, and he knows that very well, or he would never have challenged me. Tell him that I have a wife and children who have a deep interest in my life, and I can not put it to such danger without their consent. I will write to them; and if they give their permission I will accept his challenge. "But no," he added, "you need not say that. Tell him to mark out a figure of my size on some wall, and then go off to the honorable distance and fire at it; if he hits within the mark, I will acknowledge that he would have hit me had I been there."

The gentleman laughed, returned to the challenger, and advised him to let Mr. Thacher alone, for he believed that if they should fight, and Thacher were killed, he would, in some way or other, contrive to get a laugh upon his opponent that he would never get over. The point of honor was abandoned.—BENCH AND BAR.

LOVE vs. TOBACCO.

UPON the report that a lover had given up a match with a \$50,000 heiress, because she objected to tobacco, some bard thus sings:

The maid, as by the papers doth appear,
Whom fifty thousand dollars made so dear,
To test Lothario's passion simply said,
"Forego the weed before we go to wed;
For smoke take flame; I'll be that flame's
bright fanner;
To have your Anna, give up your Havana."
But he, when thus she brought him to the
scratch,
Lit his cigar and threw away his match.

THE WATER CURE.

MISS MOLLY, a fam'd Toast, was fair and young,
Had wealth and charms—but then she had a tongue,
From morn to night th' eternal larum run,
Which often lost those hearts her eyes had won.

Sir John was smitten, and confess'd his flame,
Sigh'd out the usual time, then wed the dame;
Possess'd, he thought, of ev'ry joy of life:
But his dear Molly prov'd a very wife.
Excess of fondness did in time decline;
Madam lov'd money, and the knight lov'd wine;
From whence some petty discord would arise,
As "You're a fool!" and, "You are mighty wise!"

Though he, and all the world, allow'd her wit,
Her voice was shrill and rather loud than sweet;
When she began, for hat and sword he'd call,
Then, after a faint kiss, cry, "Bye, dear Moll:
Supper and friends expect me at the Rose."
"And what, Sir John, you'll get your usual dose!
Go stink of smoke, and guzzle nasty wine:
Sure, never virtuous love was us'd like mine!"

Of as the watchful bellman march'd his round,
At a fresh bottle, gay Sir John he found.
By four the knight would get his business done,
And only then reel'd off—because alone.
Full well he knew the dreadful storm to come;
But arm'd with Bordeaux, he durst venture home.

My lady with her tongue was still prepar'd,
She rattled loud, and he, impatient, heard:
" 'Tis a fine hour! in a sweet pickle made!
And this, Sir John, is every day the trade.
Here I sit moping all the live long night,
Devour'd with spleen, and stranger to daylight;
Till morn sends staggering home a drunken beast,
Resolv'd to break my heart as well as rest."

"Hey! hoop! d'ye hear, my curs'd obstreperous spouse?
What, can't ye find one bed about the house?
Will that perpetual clack lie never still?
That rival to the softness of a mill!
Some couch and distant room must be my choice,
Where I may sleep uncurs'd with wife and noise."

Long this uncomfortable life they led,
With snarling meals, and each a separate bed.
To an old uncle oft she would complain,
Beg his advice, and scarce from tears refrain.

Old Wisewood smok'd the matter as it was;
"Cheer up," cry'd he, "and I'll remove the cause."

A wond'rous spring within my garden flows,
Of sovereign virtue, chiefly to compose
Domestic jars, and matrimonial strife;
The best elixir t' appease man and wife.
Strange are th' effects; the qualities divine;
'Tis water call'd, but worth its weight in wine.
If in his sullen airs Sir John should come,
Three spoonfuls take, hold in your mouth—
then mum;
Smile and look pleas'd when he shall rage
and scold;
Still in your mouth the healing cordial hold!
One month this sympathetic med'cine try'd,
He'll grow a lover, you a happy bride.
But, dearest niece, keep this grand secret close,
Or every prattling hussy 'll beg a dose."

A water bottle's brought for her relief;
Not Nantz could sooner ease the lady's grief.
Her busy thoughts are on the trial bent,
And, female-like, impatient for th' event.

The bonny knight reels home exceeding clear,
Prepar'd for clamor and domestic war;
Entering, he cries, "Hey! where's our thunderer fled?"

No hurricane! Betty, 's your lady dead?"
Madam, aside, an ample mouthful takes,
Curt'sies, looks kind, but not a word she speaks.

Wondering he stares, scarcely his eyes believ'd,

But found his ears agreeably deceiv'd.

"Why, how now, Molly, what's the crotchet now?"

She smiles, and answers only with a bow,
Then, clasping her about, "Why let me die!
These night clothes, Moll, become thee mightily!"

With that he sighed, her hand began to press,
And Betty calls her lady to undress.

For many days these fond endearments past,
The reconciling bottle fails at last;
T was used and gone, then midnight storm
 arose,
And looks and words the union discompose.
Her coach is ordered, and post haste she flies,
To beg her uncle for some fresh supplies;
Transported does the happy change relate,
Her knight's conversion and her happy state.

"Why niece," says he, "I pr'ythee apprehend,
The water's water—be thyself the friend.
Such beauty would the coldest husband warm;
But your provoking tongue undoes the charm.
Be silent and complying; you'll soon find
Sir John without a medicine will be kind."

WILLIAM HARRISON, 1800-1874.

MUNGO MACKAY, THE PRACTICAL JOKER.

BY A BLUE NOSE.

OF all the amateur lovers of wit or regular professors of jesting, Heaven defend me from the entire tribe of practical jokers. There is no race more dangerous to the peace of mankind, or who commit more outrages upon the good sense and the good feeling of society. I can endure a mere verbal wit, a perpetrator of puns, or an inventor of quaint sayings and humorous anecdotes; I can tolerate even an ill-natured satirist, provided there be something like impromptu in the fun or the mischief: but, when a fellow descends to plot, to introduce machinery, and erect a regular battery of malicious drollery against his neighbor, "Put me a whip in every honest hand to scourge the rascal naked through the world." I have tried hard (for some whose good qualities I respect have been given to this vice), but never could preserve a lasting friendship with a practical joker. The wife of his bosom is not always safe; how, then, can the chance acquaintance, or intimate friend, hope for enduring courtesy and esteem? I have known a man disinherited for indulging this evil propensity upon his father. I have known two men sent out to exchange shots of a cold morning, because a neighbor, to make sport at the expense of the one, had breathed what was meant for humor, but was in reality foul suspicion, into the ear of the other. But, of all the mad devotees to the science of practical joking, of all the inveterate

manufacturers of mischief in this line of acting, the most notorious, the most systematically troublesome, that ever I heard of, was Mungo Mackay, of the good old town of Boston, in Massachusetts Bay. Others follow the sport as most men follow the hounds, or cultivate music, as a recreation; but Mackay might be said to follow it as though it were his trade. With them it is the bye-play, with him it was the business of life. It was food and raiment to him; he could not exist without a plot against the tranquillity of his neighborhood, he laughed but when others were in a rage, and enjoyed life to mark when those around him were suffering from the results of his inventive genius. His father died just as he had grown to man's estate, leaving him a comfortable independence; and, from that period he passed his days and nights in a crusade against the peace of the good people of Boston. He was an Ishmaelish wit, for, truly, "his hand was against every man, and every man's hand against him," ay, and the hand of every woman too, from the River Charles to South Boston, and for many miles round the villages, by a semicircle, in which the ancient capital of the land of steady habits is enclosed.

It is not my intention to write the life of this eccentric individual, although I have read less amusing, and perhaps less instructive biographies than it would make. Pass we then over his juvenile days of pristine wickedness, over countless manifestations of precocious talents, that we may come without further preface to a few of those exhibitions of ripened genius which prove him to have been a master of his art.

One cold, raw November night in the year 18—, the wind blew as though it would blow down old Faneuil Hall, and the rain fell in such torrents that Bunker Hill was nearly washed away. The sky was as black as "All round my hat!" and the air was compounded of that delightful admixture of frost and moisture, in which there is enough of the latter to open the pores, while the former goes directly to the heart. In the midst of this rumbling of the elements a tall figure might be seen winding stealthily along through narrow streets and lonely alleys, shod with a pair of fishermen's boots, and enveloped in a huge pea-jacket (for, indeed, rubbers and Mackintoshes were unknown in those days), until it halted under the window of a lonely cottage, at some distance from the town, and, the family

having been some time in bed, knocked violently at the door. At first his rude summons was unanswered; but, after repeated thumps, a bed-room window was thrown up, and a voice demanded who was there?

"Pray, sir," said Mackay—for it was he—"will you be kind enough to tell me if a person named Nutt lives in this neighborhood?"

"To be sure he does," replied the voice from the window; "he lives here."

"I am glad of that," said M., "for the night is very stormy, and I have something of great importance to communicate to him."

"Of great importance!—of great importance, did you say? I know of nothing very important that can concern me at this hour of the night; but whatever it is let us hear it. I am the person you want."

"Speak a little louder, if you please," said M. "I am somewhat deaf, and the spout makes such a noise. Did you say your name was Nutt?"

"Certainly I did; and I wish you would make haste to communicate whatever you have to say, for I have nothing on but my shirt and night-cap, and the wind is whistling through me nation cold."

"Have you got an uncle in Boston, childless and very old, worth ten thousand dollars?"

At this question, a long-pointed white night-cap was thrust out of the window, and in an instant, together with the shirt-collar that followed, it was saturated with rain. "What did you say about an uncle and ten thousand dollars? My uncle Wheeler is very old and rich; but what of him?"

"Oh, nothing as yet, till I am certain of my man. There may be a good many Nutts about here. It is John Nutt I want."

"I am the man," said the voice in the night-cap. "There's no mistake. There's not a man for twenty miles round of the name of Nutt but myself; and, besides, my Christian name is John, and I have an uncle in Boston." By this time the whole back and sleeves of the shirt were out of the window, the tassel at the end of the white night cap nearly touched the green palings in front of the house; and had there been light enough to have seen, a painter might have caught an attitude of straining anxiety and a face (or rather two faces, for by this time there was a female peering over Nutt's shoulder) beaming with the anticipation of good fortune to come.

"Well," said Mackay, very deliberately, "I suppose I may venture to speak out; but mind, if there is any mistake you cannot say it was my fault."

"No, certainly not," cried two voices from the window.

"You say your name is John Nutt, do you?"

"I do."

"Well, then, all I have to say is, may the Devil crack you!"

The two heads were drawn in like lightning from the rain; and, as the window was slammed down with a violence that bespoke rage and disappointment, a loud horse-laugh rose upon the wind, and the lover of practical jokes turned on his heel to trudge homeward through the mist, as the good woman inside was going in search of the tinder-box to enable her to hunt up dry chemises, shirts, and nightcaps.

Another of his tricks had very nearly broken a poor fellow's neck; but, I verily believe that if it had, it would have been all the same to Mackay, who seemed to think that the whole human race had only been created for him to play pranks upon; or, perhaps he quieted his conscience by the belief that the amusement afforded to the many, more than counterbalanced the annoyance, and sometimes actual pain, which he dealt out to the few.

Old Ben Russell, or Major Russell, as he was usually styled, was a tall, fine-looking man, at that time in the prime of life, strong as Hercules, but with a good deal of the neatness of dress, and polished manners of a gentleman of the old school. He had for many years owned and edited the Boston Sentinel, and prided himself upon two things,—always having his paper out at a certain time, and always having in it the most exact and authentic intelligence. No man in the city could at a word tell you so correctly the position of contending armies in the last European battles, or the points at issue in the latest Continental negotiation. When two armies went into the Netherlands for a summer's work (and, as Sergeant Cotton, the Waterloo guide, says, "Ain't it the cockpit of Europe? no matter where they quarrel, they're sure to come here to fight!") Ben Russell unfurled the map of the country upon the wall of his sanctum as soon as they unfurled their banners in the field; and two pins, one black and the other white, stuck through the map, served to mark the places at which they first entered the

country, or opened the campaign. These pins shifted their positions and either advanced or retired, as the belligerents changed their ground; and when any part of the main force was detached, a pin of a small size was sent to watch its line of march, and declare its operations. The editor by this simple contrivance could not only tell at a glance, by looking at his pins, where the armies were; but, by tracing the holes which the pins had left behind them, could read you off from his maps, at the conclusion of a long war, the history of every campaign.

As this worthy, but somewhat fiery and dignified person, was bending over the last proof of his editorial column, which contained a "leader" of some importance in his eyes, inasmuch as it gave the latest intelligence from France, and corrected an answer which had appeared in the *Boston Gazette*, relative to the movements of Gen. Dumouriez, a strange kind of clinking noise was heard at the foot of the long staircase, which led up to the printing office, at one end of which was Ben's sanctum, where he was examining the proof aforesaid. Nearer and nearer came the noise, as footsteps appeared to ascend the staircase,—clink, clink, clink! Everybody wondered what it was; the devil stopped scraping the ball (for rollers, like Mackintoshes, were not dreamt of then), the compositors leaned on their left feet, and left elbows—as compositors will, when there is likely to be any sport, and the pressman stood at the bank, with the heap between his arms, and his ear turned towards the door. Ben Russell heard the strange noise upon the stairs, and he noticed also the kind of dead calm which had suddenly come over the printing-office, at a moment, too, of all others, when he felt that everybody should be on the alert, in order that the "Sentinel" might be got to press. Ben liked neither the noise nor the silence; and, as the clink, clink! came nearer and nearer, his choler rose with the cause of it until, just as it boiled up to his teeth, and was sure to flow over on somebody, a tall, raw-boned fellow, with a stick over his shoulder, on which was slung a motley collection of small iron and wire wares, stalked into the office. To Ben Russell's furious "What the—do you want?" the itinerant worker in iron and wire deigned not any reply; but threw off his back a load of ladles, screeners, flesh forks, gridirons, and pot-covers, with as much coolness as if he had just entered his own cabin after a profitable day's work.

Ben stared at him with a gaze of mingled astonishment and vexation, as though he were a little doubtful whether the fellow's strange behaviour proceeded from impudence or ignorance; but time was precious. He interrogated him again, when the following dialogue ensued.

"What do you want, fellow?"

"I'm no fellow. And if I was, I want nothing o' you."

"You impudent scoundrel! do you know whom you are speaking to?"

"To be sure I do; you're Mr. Russell's foreman, and a great man, I dare say, you think yourself when he's out; but when he's to home you sing small enough, I warrant! Now, you see, I did not come up here without knowing something about you and your ways; for when your master bargained with me for my notions here, says he, 'Carry them up into my printing-office, pointing up here, and wait till I come to give you the money. And,' says he, giving me a wink, 'you will see my foreman up there,—a tall chap with his head powdered,—a damned impudent fellow; but don't mind him; he'll very likely give you some sauce but don't mind him—throw down your load, and take a chair;'" and as this speech was concluded, the imperturbable intruder sat down in the only spare seat there was in the office, crossed his legs, and began fumbling in a long, deep pocket for a piece of tobacco.

For two minutes there was silence, not in heaven, but, from the queer name given to at least one of its inhabitants, in a place of a different description. Of the pressmen and compositors it may be truly said that, struck with amusement at the fellow's effrontery, "the boldest held his breath for a time," while the devil skulked in behind an old staircase, that he might be out of harm's way in the row which he knew was to come.

Like most proud and irritable men, Russell was for a moment thrown off his guard by such an unexpected attack upon the sanctity of his roof, and the dignity he had always maintained in the eyes of his own people. He sprang to his feet; but for a brief space stood staring at the wire-worker with eyes that, if they had been "basilisks," would certainly have "struck him dead." One, two, three bounds, and Ben had the tall man by the throat, and would have dashed his brains out upon the floor; but Jonathan saw him coming, braced his right foot, firmly advanced his left, and was not to be taken by surprise. The death-strug-

gle between Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu was nothing to it; to and fro, and round and round, they went, sometimes stumbling over those miscellaneous ornaments which are to be found on a printing-office floor, and occasionally oversetting a galley of matter, or kicking their heels through a standing form. The workmen would have interfered, but their master's blood was up, and, with the chivalric spirit of that profession to which his leisure hours were devoted he wanted no odds against a single opponent.

The combatants were well matched; but Ben had a perfect knowledge of the ground, which gave him the advantage: so that, after upsetting the countryman over sundry type-boxes and paper-heaps, with the exact localities of which he was familiar, he succeeded in pushing him through the door, with his back against a stout wooden railing, which protected the landing-place from those flights of stairs up which Jonathan had wound so recently, unconscious of the prospect before him of a much more rapid descent. To pitch each other over the banisters was now the *coup-de-main* to be achieved. Ben had got the fellow's spine twisted, and his head and shoulders overhanging the staircase but Jonathan had hold of his collar with both hands; and, besides, had his long legs twisted round the small of his back. They had wrestled in this way for five minutes, and the wire-worker's strength was beginning to fail from the twisting of his back-bone over the rail, when, just as his legs began to fail, and his grasp to relax, and as Ben was preparing for one mighty effort, by which the victory was to be secured, a horrible horse-laugh—something between a real guffaw and a yell,—struck upon his ear, and looking through the window in front of him, he saw Mungo Mackay at the window of the Exchange Coffee-House opposite, shaking his sides as though there were a whole volcano of fire under his midriff. In an instant Ben understood the trick. "That infernal fellow Mackay! By Heavens! I'll cowhide him within an inch of his life!" he exclaimed, as he drew Jonathan in from the dangerous position where he hung and stood him on his feet. But Russell was too good a fellow to bear malice long, and, moreover, was so rejoiced that he had not committed homicide in addition to making himself ridiculous, that after a few hours, his resentment passed off, and to the day of his death he was never tired of telling the story.

There is no part of the world where a new preacher, whether new-lights or blue lights, produces a greater sensation than in Boston. Though, after he is gone, the people may relapse into their quiet unitarian paths, still they have no objection to wander out of them in search of any novelty in religion; and if they do not always change their belief with every fresh importation, they at least pay a man the compliment of hearing what he has got to say. There happened to be, during the period of which I am speaking, one of these wandering theological meteors blazing around Boston, and people from every lane and by-way flocked to see it, not with pieces of smoked glass in their fingers, but with ten-cent pieces and York shillings, to drop in the green box, by way of adding fuel to the flames. So great was the crowd that the ordinary rules about the quiet possession of pews which the owners had paid for were entirely broken down; everybody took that seat which suited him best, and those who came late sat down in the places left to them by those who had come early. One pleasant Sunday morning Mackay went to the church by times, took his seat in a central pew just under the shadow of the pulpit, and sat bolt upright, with his arms extended, with an apparent degree of unnatural rigidity, down by his sides. He was presently surrounded by half a dozen females, nearly all of whom were strangers to his person, and in a little time the whole church was full to overflowing.

The psalm was sung, the prayer said, the sermon delivered in the preacher's best style. He dwelt particularly on the requirements of the great precept of brotherly love,—upon the beauty of universal benevolence,—on the pleasure which arises, not only from clothing the naked, and feeding the hungry, but from attention to the minute and graceful courtesies and charities of life, by which the thorny path is softened and adorned. In the language of the critics in such matters, "there was not a dry eye in the place"; the appeal had found its way to every heart. All Mackay's immediate neighbors were sensibly affected; he wept with them; the big tears chased each other down his cheeks. But while every one else was busy with their handkerchiefs wiping away the water that the orator, like a second Moses, had by the stroke of his eloquence caused to gush from their flinty hearts, Mackay held his arms stiff and

straight, while half a glass of liquid suffused his face. The dried eyes of his female friends were not slow to observe this; for, in addition to the evident signs of deep feeling which it exhibited, his face was rather a handsome face. He wriggled, fidgeted, looked confused and interesting, but raised no hand, searched for no kerchief, and seemed to be in deep distress.

At length a young widow lady, who sat beside him, remarked that he was ill at ease, and—heaven bless the female heart! it always melts at any mysterious sorrow—after one or two downcast looks and fluttering pauses, she said in an undertone:

"Pray, sir, is there anything the matter with you? You appear to be unwell."

"Ah! madam," breathed Mackay in a whisper, "I am a poor paralytic, and have lost the use of my arms. Though my tears have flowed in answer to the touching sentiments of the pastor, I have not the power to wipe them away."

In an instant a fair hand was thrust into a reticule, and a white handkerchief scented with otto of roses, was applied to Mackay's eyes; the fair Samaritan seeming to rejoice in this first opportunity of practising what had been so recently preached, appeared to polish them with right good will. When she had done, M. looked unutterable obligations, but whispered she would increase them a thousand-fold if she would, as it wanted it very much, condescend to wipe his nose. The novelty of the request was thought nothing of; the widow was proud of the promptitude she had displayed in succoring the distressed; and to a person who has done you one kind action, the second seems always easy. Her white hand and whiter handkerchief were raised to Mackay's cutwater; but the moment it was completely enveloped in the folds of the cambric, he gave such a sneeze as made the whole church ring—it was in fact more like a neigh. The minister paused in giving out the hymn; the deacons put on their spectacles to see what could be the matter; and in an instant every eye was turned upon Mackay and the fair Samaritan, the latter of whom being so intent upon her object, or so confounded by the general notoriety she had acquired, still convulsively grasped the nose.

There were hundreds of persons in that church who knew Mackay and his propensities well, and a single glance was sufficient to convince them that a successful hoax

had been played off for their amusement. A general titter now ran round the place,—“nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles” were the order of the day. Men held down their heads, and laughed outright: and the ladies had to stuff the scented cambric into their mouths which had been so recently applied to the sparkling founts above.

At length something like order was restored, the hymn sung, and the blessing given, amidst stifled noises of various kinds, when the congregation rose to depart. The widow, up to this point, feeling strong in the consciousness of having performed a virtuous action upon a good-looking face, heeded not the gaze of the curious, nor the smiles of the mirthful; but what was her astonishment when Mackay rose from his seat, lifted up one of the paralytic hands, and took his hat from a peg above his head, and with the other began searching in his coat-pocket for his gloves! Though the unkindest cut of all was yet to come; for Mackay, having drawn them on, and opened the pew-door, turned, and bowing to his fair friend, put this question in a tone the most insinuating, but still loud enough for fifty people to hear:

"Is it not, madam, a much greater pleasure to operate upon a fine-looking Roman nose like mine, than upon such a queer little snub as you have?"

YOKED.—A country clerk in a rural town had a pet calf, which he was training up in the ways of the ox. The calf walked around very peacefully under one end of the yoke, while Mr. Clerk held up the other end. But in an unfortunate moment the man conceived the idea of putting his own neck in the yoke to let the calf see how it would seem to work with a partner. This frightened the calf, and, elevating his tail and voice, he struck a "dead run" for the village, and Mr. Clerk went along, with his head down and his plug hat in his hand, straining every nerve to keep up, and crying out at the top of his voice: "Here we come! plague our foolish souls! Head us, somebody!"

AN IRISH emigrant, hearing a sun-set gun at Portsmouth, asked a sailor: "What's that?" "Why that's sunset," was the reply. "Sunset!" exclaimed Pat; "and does the sun go down in this country with such a bang as that?"

THE TWINS.

In form and feature, face and limb,
I grew so like my brother,
That folks got taking me for him,
And each for one another.
It puzzled all our kith and kin,
It reached an awful pitch,
For one of us was born a twin,
And not a soul knew which.

One day (to make the matter worse),
Before our names were fixed,
As we were being washed by nurse,
We got completely mixed.
And thus you see, by Fate's decree
(Or rather nurse's whim),
My brother John got christened *me*,
And I got christened *him*.

This fatal likeness even dogged
My footsteps when at school,
And I was always getting flogged,—
For John turned out a fool.
I put this question hopelessly
To every one I knew,—
What *would* you do, if you were me,
To prove that you were *you*?

Our close resemblance turned the tide
Of our domestic life;
For somehow my intended bride
Became my brother's wife.
In short, year after year the same
Absurd mistakes went on;
And when I died,—the neighbors came
And buried brother John!

HENRY S. LEIGH.

THE INDIANS AND THE MUSTARD.

A PARTY of Indians were being *fêted* on the occasion of their first introduction to the manners and customs of the "Pale Faces." The stoicism of the red man is a well-known trait. From childhood these children of the forest are schooled to endure pain without crying or wincing; and to be equally undemonstrative also in their emotions of joy. Any departure from this standard of manliness they regard as a contemptible weakness. The Indians of our story were true "braves," whom no new experience, either of satisfaction or displeasure, could startle into any sign more expressive than a grunt; their countenances being uniformly grave and impassive. Be-

hold them at the festal board. Everything is novel and strange, yet they give no token of surprise, and scorn to betray their sense of awkwardness, even so much as by asking questions. They take what is offered them and gulp it down with stern and desperate gravity. To one of them a pot of mustard is handed. He helps himself liberally to the mild-looking mixture, and swallows a good spoonful of it. Spirit of the tornado! Fiend of the burning prairie! What is this molten fire, compared to which the "fire-water" of the trader is as bland as milk? The unhappy warrior struggled to conceal his agony; but though he succeeded in avoiding any contortion of the features, the tears, to his unspeakable disgust, chased themselves in a stream down his dusky cheeks. What would he not have given for an opportunity of scalping the innocent occasion of his trouble! Meanwhile his discomfort had not escaped the keen eyes of an Indian who sat beside him. Nudging his tearful comrade, the latter inquired in low, guttural accents, the cause of his emotion. Suppressing his rage, the other mildly answered, that he was thinking of his honored father who had lately gone to the happy hunting grounds. Whether this explanation was regarded by the questioner as perfectly satisfactory we have no means of knowing; he did not, however, press his inquiries any further, nor does he appear to have suspected that the contents of the little jar had had anything in particular to do with the doleful memories of his friend. Presently the mustard came to *him*. It was a compound all untried; but the warrior was a stranger to fear. He took the condiment without hesitation, and he swallowed it freely—just once. Ah!! Death and torments! Is he on fire?—Will he die? He is not quite sure; but it requires all his strength to keep quiet—The blood mounts to his head, and the tears—ugh!—that he should thus play the squaw before all this company—rush from his bulging eyes. Indian No. 1 is an interested observer of this little incident. His eyes had been upon the mustard pot, and he had quietly awaited developments. His turn had now come; his revenge was at hand. Nudging his inwardly writhing neighbor, he asked, in mild-east gutturals, "My brother, why do you weep?" To which the furious sufferer gently replied, "I was weeping to think that when your precious father went to the happy hunting grounds he did not take you with him."

THE YELLOW DOMINO.

In the latter part of the reign of Louis XV. of France the masquerade was an entertainment high in estimation, and was often given at an immense cost on court days and such occasions of rejoicing. As persons of all ranks might gain admission to these spectacles, provided they could afford the purchase of the ticket, very strange rencontres frequently took place at them, and exhibitions almost as curious in the way of disguise or assumption of character. But perhaps the most whimsical among the genuine surprises recorded at any of these spectacles, was that which occurred in Paris the 15th of October, on the day when the dauphin (son of Louis XV.) attained the age of one and twenty.

At this fête, which was of a peculiarly glittering character—so much so, that the details of it are given at great length by the historians of the day—the strange demeanor of a man in a yellow domino, early in the evening, excited attention. This mask, who showed nothing remarkable as to figure, —though tall rather, and of robust proportions, seemed to be gifted with an appetite, not merely past human conception, but passing the fancies even of romance:

The dragon of old, who churches ate,
(He used to come on a Sunday.)
Whole congregations were to him,
But a dish of Salmagundi,—

he was a nibbler—a mere fool—to this stranger of the yellow domino. He passed from chamber to chamber—from table to table of refreshments, not tasting but devouring, devastating all before him. At one board, he despatched a fowl, two thirds of a ham, and half a dozen bottles of champagne; the very next minute he was found seated in another apartment, performing the same feat with a stomach better than at first. This strange course went on until the company, who at first had been amused by it, became alarmed and tumultuous.

"Is it the same mask or are there several dressed alike?" demanded an officer of the guards, as the yellow domino rose from a seat opposite to him and left the apartment.

"I have seen but one, and by Heavens! he is here again," exclaimed the party to whom the query was addressed.

The yellow domino spoke not a word, but

proceeded straight to the vacant seat which he had just left and again commenced supping, as though he had fasted for the half of a campaign.

At length the confusion which the proceeding created, became universal; and the cause reached the ears of the dauphin.

"He is a very fiend, your highness!" exclaimed an old nobleman, "or wants but a tail to be so!"

"Say rather he should be a famished poet, by his appearance," replied the prince, laughing. "But there must be some juggling; he spills all his wine, and hides the provisions under his robe."

Even while they were speaking, the yellow domino entered the room in which they were talking, and, as usual, proceeded to the table of refreshments.

"See here, my lord," cried one—"I have seen him do this twice!"

"I thrice!"—"I five times!"—"and I fifteen!"

This was too much. The master of the ceremonies was questioned. He knew nothing, and the yellow domino was interrupted as he was carrying a bumper of claret to his lips.

"The prince desires that monsieur who wears the yellow domino should unmask." The stranger hesitated.

"The command with which his highness honors monsieur is perfectly absolute."

Against that which is absolute there is no contending. The yellow man threw off his mask and domino; and proved to be a private trooper of the Irish dragoons!

"And in the name of gluttony, my good friend (not to ask how you gained admission), how have you contrived," said the prince, "to sup to-night so many times?"

"Sire, I was but beginning to sup, when your royal message interrupted me."

"Beginning!" exclaimed the dauphin, in amazement, "then what is it I have heard and seen? Where are the herds of oxen that have disappeared, and the hampers of burgundy? I insist upon knowing how this is!"

"It is, sire," returned the soldier, "may it please your grace, that the troop to which I belong is to-day on guard. We have purchased one ticket among us, and provided this yellow domino, which fits us all. By which means the whole of the front rank, being myself the last man, have supped, if the truth must be told, at discretion! and the leader of the second rank, saving your highness's commands, is now waiting outside the door to take his turn."

A NUTTING ADVENTURE.

A PARTY of adventurous lads, myself among the number, were out for a glorious holiday. Each had his canvas bag across his shoulder, and we stole along the stone wall yonder, and entered the woods beneath that group of chestnuts. Two of us acted as outposts on picket guard, and another, young Teddy Shoopegg by name, the best climber in the village, did the shaking. There were five busy pairs of hands beneath these trees, I can tell you; for each of us fully realized the necessity of making the most of his time, not knowing how soon the warning cry from our outposts might put us all to headlong flight, for the alarm, "Turner's coming!" was enough to lift the hair of any boy in town.

But luck seemed to favor us on that day. We "cleaned out" six big chestnut trees, and then turned our attention to the hickories. There was a splendid, tall shag-bark close by, with branches fairly loaded with the white nuts in their open shucks. They were all ready to drop, and when the shaking once commenced, the nuts came down like a shower of hail, bounding from the rocks, rattling among the dry leaves, and keeping up a clatter all around. We scrambled on all fours, and gathered them by quarts and quarts. There was no need of poking over the leaves for them, the ground was covered with their bleached shells, all in plain sight. While busily engaged, we noticed an ominous lull among the branches overhead.

"'Sst! 'sst!" whispered Shoopegg up above; "I see old Turner on his white horse daown the road yonder."

"Coming this way?" also in a whisper, from below.

"I dunno yet, but I jest guess you'd better be gittin' red-dy to leg it, fer he's hitchin' his old nag 't the side o' the road. Yis, sir, I b'leeve he's a-comin'." Shoopegg, you'd better be gittin' aout 'o this," and he commenced to drop hap-hazard from his lofty perch. In a moment, however, he seemed to change his mind, and paused, once more upon the watch. "Say, fellers," he again broke in, as we were preparing for a retreat, "he's gone off to 'rd the cedars; he ain't cummin' this way at all." So he again ascended into the tree-top, and finished his shaking in peace, and we our picking also. There was still another tree,

with elegant large nuts, that we had all concluded to "finish up on." It would not do to leave it. They were the largest and thinnest-shelled nuts in town, and there were over a bushel in sight on the branch-tips. Shoopegg was up among them in two minutes, and they were showered down in torrents as before. And what splendid, perfect nuts they were! We bagged them with eager hands, picked the ground all clean, and, with jolly chuckles at our luck, were just about thinking of starting for home with our well-rounded sacks, when a change came o'er the spirit of our dreams. There was a suspicious noise in the shrubbery near by, and in a moment more we heard our doom.

"Jest yeu look *eeah*, yeu boys," exclaimed a high-pitched voice from the neighboring shrubbery, accompanied by the form of Deacon Turner, approaching at a brisk pace, hardly thirty feet away. "Don't yeu think yeu've got jest about *enuff* 'o them nuts?"

Of course, a wild panic ensued, in which we made for the bags and dear life; but Turner was prepared and ready for the emergency, and raising a huge old shot-gun, he levelled it and yelled, "Don't any on ye stir ner move, or I'll blow the heads clean off'n the hull pile on ye. I'd shoot ye quicker'n lightnin'!"

And we believed him, for his aim was true, and his whole expression was not that of a man who was trifling. I never shall forget the uncomfortable sensation that I experienced as I looked into the muzzle of that double-barrelled shot-gun, and saw both hammers fully raised, too. And I can see now the squint and the glaring eye that glanced along those barrels. There was a wonderful persuasive power lurking in those horizontal tubes; so I hastened to inform the Deacon that we were "not going to run."

"Wa'al," he drawled, "it looked a leetle that *way*, I thort, a spell *ago*," and he still kept us in the field of his weapon, till at length I exclaimed, in desperation,

"Point that gun in some other way, will you?"

"Wa'al, *no*! I'm not fer pintin' it enny whar else jest *yit*—not until you've sot them ar *bags* daown agin, jist whar ye got 'em, every *one* on ye." The bags were speedily replaced, and he slowly lowered his gun.

"Wa'al, naow," he continued, as he came

up in our midst, "this is putty bizness, ain't it? Bin havin' a putty likely sort 'o time, teu, I sh'd jedge from the looks 'o these 'ere bags. One—two—six on 'em; an' I vaow they must be nigh on teu teu an' a half bushel in every pleggy one on 'em. Wa'al, naow"—with his peculiar drawl—"look eeah: you're a putty ondustrious lot 'o *thieves*, I'm *blest* if ye ain't." But the Deacon did all the talking, for his manœuvres were such as to render us speechless. "Putty likely place teu come a nuttin', ain't it?" Pause. "Putty nice mess 'o shell-barks ye got thar, I tell ye. Quite a sight 'o *chestnuts* in *yourn*, ain't they?"

There was only one spoken side to this dialogue, but the pauses were eloquent on both sides, and we boys kept up a deal of tall thinking as we watched the Deacon alternate his glib remarks by the gradual removal of the bags to the foot of a neighboring tree. This done, he seated himself upon a rock beside them.

"*Thar*," he exclaimed, removing his tall hat, and wiping his white-fringed forehead with a red bandana handkerchief. "I'm much *obleeeged*. I've bin a-watchin' on ye gittin' these 'ere nuts the hull arternoon. I thort as haow yeu might like to know it." And then, as though a happy thought had struck him, what should he do but deliberately spit on his hands and grasp his gun, "Look eeah"—a pause, in which he cocked both barrels—"yeu boys waz paowerful anxrys teu git *away* from eeah a spell ago. Naow yeu kin *git* ez lively ez yeu please. I hain't got nothin' more fer yeu teu deu today." And bang! went one of the gun-barrels directly over our heads.

We *got*; and when once out of gun-range we paid the Deacon a wealth of those rare compliments for both eye and ear that always swell the boys' vocabulary.

"All right," he yelled back in answer, as he transported the bags across the field. "Cum agin next year—cum agin. Alluz welcome! alluz welcome!"—W. H. GIBSON.

A RARE BIRD.

Two boys, finding themselves in possession of a half-holiday, resolved to devote it to a gunning expedition, and so, borrowing a rusty old fowling-piece, they sallied forth

and soon left the town behind them. They were good boys, faithful attendants upon the Sunday school; and they knew a lot of Bible history, and had considerable knowledge of the angels and the cherubim and the seraphim,—but concerning natural history, their ignorance was unusually profound and comprehensive. This may have had something to do with the fact that they tramped about the whole afternoon, up hill and down, over fields and meadows, ditches and hedges, without bagging a single piece of game. On their weary homeward way in the twilight, when they had given up all hope of bringing anything down, they suddenly espied a large bird on a neighboring tree. All excitement, the blunderbuss was rested on a fence, and carefully aimed and fired. To their inexpressible joy, the bird fell. As they were so near the town as to be in doubt whether their firing was not a breach of the law, it was deemed prudent for one of them to stand sentry by the road-side, in order to give the note of warning if need be, while the other climbed the fence in search of the bird. The latter duty devolved on Tom, while Joe kept watch. Tom soon discovered the game, which proved to be an owl. The boy had never seen such a bird before, and as he observed its large round head, and grave, uncanny face, and contrasted its expanse of wings with its marked brevity of tail, he thought of those peculiar, celestial creatures, all head and wings, of which he had seen pictures, and was filled with superstitious awe. With uprising hair and pallid face, he rushed back to his waiting friend and gasped out the startling intelligence, "Joe, we've shot a cherubim!"

STRIKES.

STRIKE the lute, sir, if you like,
Prythee strike the lute.
Every body's now on strike,
Why not follow suit?

Strike, by all means, the guitar,
Strike, besides, the zitter;
Strike them often, if you are
Such a frequent hitter.

But,—you'll pardon the reminder
From a humble bard?—
Strike. oh, strike the organ-grinder,
Strike him very hard!

"MIDDLERIB'S AUTOMATIC WELCOME."

THE Burlington *Hawkeye* thus describes an improvement added to its editorial office furniture:

We believe it is fully equal, in all that the term implies, to the famous Bogardess Kicker, less liable to get out of order, and less easily detected by casual visitors. It is known as "Midlerib's Automatic Welcome." The sanctum is on the same floor as the news room, being separated by a partition, in which is cut a large window easily opened by an automatic arrangement. The editor's table is placed in front of that window and near the head of the stairs; and on the side of the table next the window, directly opposite the editor, the visitor's chair is placed. It has an inviting look about it, and its entire appearance is guileless and commonplace. But the strip of floor on which that chair rests is a deception and a fraud. It is an endless chain, like the floor of a horse power, and is operated at will by the editor, who has merely to touch a spring in the floor to set it in motion. Its operation can best be understood by personal inspection.

Yesterday morning about ten o'clock, Mr. Bostwick came in with a funny story to tell. He naturally flopped down into the chair that had the strongest appearance of belonging to some one else, and began in his usually happy vein: "I've got the richest thing—oh! ha, ha, ha!—the best thing—oh, by George! I can't—oh! ha, ha, ha! Oh! it's too good! Oh! by George, the richest thing! Oh! it's too loud! You must never tell where you got—oh, by George! I can't do it! it's too good! You know—oh, ha, ha, ha, oh, he, he, he! You know the—oh, by George, I ca—" Here the editor touched the spring, a nail-grab under the bottom of the chair reached swiftly up and caught Mr. Bostwick by the cushion of his pants, the window flew up and the noiseless belt of floor gliding on its course bore the astonished Mr. Bostwick through the window out into the news room, half way down to the cases, where he was received with great applause by the delighted compositors. The window had slapped down as soon as he passed through, and when the editorial foot was withdrawn from the spring and the chair stopped

and the nail-grab resumed its accustomed place, young Mr. Bostwick found himself so kind of out of the sanctum, like it might be, that he went slowly and dejectedly down the stairs, as it were, while amazement sat upon his brow, like.

The next casual visitor was Mr. J. Alexis Flaxeter, the critic. He had a copy of the *Hawkeye* in his hand, with all the typographical errors marked in red ink, and his face was so wreathed in smiles that it was impossible to tell where his mouth ended and his eyes began. He took the vacant chair and spread the paper out before him, covering up the editor's manuscript. "My keen vision and delicate sense of accuracy," he said, "are the greatest crosses of my life. Things that you never see are mountains in my sight. Now, here you see is a —" The spring clicked softly like an echo to the impatient movement of the editor's foot, the nail-grab took hold like a bull-dog helping a Burlington troubadour over the garden fence, the chair shot back through the window like a meteor, and the window came down with a slam, and all was silent again. Mr. Flaxeter sat very close to the frosted window, staring blankly at the clouded glass, seeing nothing that could offer any explanation of what he would have firmly believed was a landslide, had he not heard the editor, safe in his guarded den, softly whistling, "We shall meet but we shall miss him."

Then there was a brief interval of quiet in the sanctum and a rustling of raiment was heard on the stairs. A lovely woman entered and stood unawed in the editorial presence. The E. P., on its part, was rather nervous and uncomfortable. The lovely woman seated herself in the fatal chair. She slapped her little gripsack on the table and opened her little subscription book. She said "I am soliciting cash contributions—strictly, exclusively and peremptorily cash contributions—to pay off the church debt and to buy an organ for the Mission Church of the Forlorn Strangers, and I expect—" There are times when occasion demands great effort. The editor bowed his head, and after one brief spasm of remorse felt for the secret spring. The window went up like a charm. The reckless nail-grab hung back for a second, as if held by a feeling of innate delicacy, and then it shut its eyes and smothered its pity and reached up and took a deathlike hold on a roll of able and influential newspapers and

a network of string and tape, and the cavalcade backed out into the news room with colors flying. The chair stopped just before the familiar spirit who was washing the forms, and as the lovely woman gazed at his inky face she shrieked, "Merciful goodness, where am I?" and was borne down the gloomy stairway unconscious, while the printers whose cases were nearest the wicked window heard the editor singing, as it might be to himself, "Dearest sister, thou hast left us."

An hour of serenity and tranquillity in the editorial room was broken by a brisk, business like step on the stairs, the door flew open with a bang that shot the key half way across the room, and a sociable-looking, familiar kind of a stranger jammed into the chair, slapped his hat over the ink stand, pushed a pile of proof, twenty pages of copy, a box of pens, the paste cup, and a pair of scissors off the table to make room for the old familiar flat sample case, and said in one brief breath: "I am agent for Gamberton's Popular Centennial World's History and American Citizen's Treasure Book of Valuable Information sold only by subscription and issued in monthly parts whole work complete in thirty parts each number embellished with one handsome steel plate engraving and numerous beautifully executed wood cuts no similar work has ever been published in this country and at the exceedingly low price at which it is offered only \$2 per vol—" The spring clicked like a pistol shot, the window went up half way through the ceiling, the nail-grab took hold like a three-barrelled harpoon, and the column moved on its backward way through the window, down through the news room, past the foreman, standing grim and silent by the imposing stone, past the cases, vocal with the applause and encouraging and consolatory remarks of the compositors, on to the alley windows, over the sills, howling, yelling, shrieking, praying, the unhappy agent was hurled to the cruel pavement three stories below, where he lit on his head and plunged through into a cellar, where he tried to get a subscription out of a man who was shovelling coal.

A RETIRING man says nobody ever paid him much attention until he broke out of jail, and then he was much sought after.

THE FOX AND THE STORK.

A fox one day invited a stork to dinner, but provided for the entertainment only the first course, soup. This being in a shallow dish, of course the fox lapped it up readily, but the stork, by means of his long bill, was unable to gain a mouthful.

"You do not seem fond of soup," said the fox, concealing a smile in his napkin. "Now it is one of my greatest weaknesses."

"You certainly seem to project yourself outside of a large quantity," said the stork, rising with some dignity, and examining his watch with considerable *empressement*; "but I have an appointment at 8 o'clock, which I had forgotten. I must ask to be excused. *Au revoir*. By the way, dine with me to-morrow."

The fox assented, arrived at the appointed time, but found as he fully expected, nothing on the table but a single long-necked bottle, containing olives, which the stork was complacently extracting by the aid of his long bill.

"Why, you do not seem to eat anything," said the stork, with great *naïveté*, when he had finished the bottle.

"No," said the fox, significantly, "I am waiting for the second course."

"What is that?" asked the stork, blandly.

"Stork stuffed with olives," shrieked the fox in a very pronounced manner, and instantly dispatched him.

MORAL.—True hospitality obliges the host to sacrifice himself for his guests.—BRET HARTE'S *Esop Improved*.

SHERIDAN'S CALENDAR.

January snowy,
February flowy,
March blowy,

April showry,
May flowy,
June bowery,

July moppy,
August croppy,
September poppy,

October breezy,
November wheezy,
December freezy.

THE VISION OF JUDGMENT.

BY QUEVEDO REDIVIVUS.

SUGGESTED BY THE COMPOSITION SO ENTITLED
BY THE AUTHOR OF "WAT TYLER."

"A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word."

[This witty and caustic poem is one of the most characteristic of Byron's productions. Its origin is explained in the title and in the original Preface, which we here reproduce. Byron's contempt and resentment were both aroused by Southey's "Vision of Judgment," and he proceeded to empty the vials of his poetic wrath on the Laureate's devoted head, in this extraordinary stream of mingled ridicule and scorn, fun and satire.]

PREFACE.

It has been wisely said, that "one fool makes many;" and it hath been poetically observed, "That fools rush in where angels fear to tread."—Pope.

If Mr. Southey had not rushed in where he had no business, and where he never was before, and never will be again, the following poem would not have been written. It is not impossible that it may be as good as his own, seeing that it cannot, by any species of stupidity, natural or acquired, be worse. The gross flattery, the dull impudence, the renegade intolerance and impious cant, of the poem by the author of *Wat Tyler*, are something so stupendous as to form the sublime of himself—containing the quintessence of his own attributes.

So much for his poem—a word on his preface. In this preface it has pleased the magnanimous Laureate to draw the picture of a supposed "Satanic School," the which he doth recommend to the notice of the Legislature; thereby adding to his other laurels the ambition of those of an informer. If there exists anywhere, except in his imagination, such a school, is he not sufficiently armed against it by his own intense vanity? The truth is, that there are certain writers whom Mr. S. imagines, like Scrub, to have "talked of *him*;" for they laughed consumedly."

I think I know enough of most of the writers to whom he is supposed to allude, to assert, that they, in their individual capacities, have done more good, in the charities of life, to their fellow-creatures in any one year, than Mr. Southey has done harm

to himself by his absurdities in his whole life; and this is saying a great deal. But I have a few questions to ask.

1stly, Is Mr. Southey the author of *Wat Tyler*?

2dly, Was he not refused a remedy at law by the highest judge of his beloved England, because it was a blasphemous and seditious publication?

3dly, Was he not entitled by William Smith, in full Parliament, "a rancorous renegade?"

4thly, Is he not Poet Laureate, with his own lines on Martin the regicide staring him in the face?

And 5thly, putting the four preceding items together, with what conscience dare *he* call the attention of the laws to the publications of others, be they what they may?

I say nothing of the cowardice of such a proceeding; its meanness speaks for itself; but I wish to touch upon the *motive*, which is neither more nor less than that Mr. S. has been laughed at a little in some recent publication, as he was of yore in the *Anti-Jacobin* by his present patrons. Hence all this "skimble-scamble stuff" about "Satanic," and so forth. However, it is worthy of him—"qualis ab incepto."

If there is anything obnoxious to the political opinions of a portion of the public in the following poem, they may thank Mr. Southey. He might have written hexameters, as he has written everything else, for aught that the writer cared—had they been upon another subject. But to attempt to canonize a monarch who, whatever were his household virtues, was neither a successful nor a patriot king—inasmuch as several years of his reign passed in war with America and Ireland, to say nothing of the aggression upon France—like all other exaggeration, necessarily begets opposition. In whatever manner he may be spoken of in this new *Vision*, his *public* career will not be more favorably transmitted by history. Of his private virtues (although a little expensive to the nation) there can be no doubt.

With regard to the supernatural personages treated of, I can only say that I know as much about them, and (as an honest man) have a better right to talk of them, than Robert Southey. I have also treated them more tolerantly. The way in which that poor insane creature, the Laureate, deals about his judgments in the next world, is like his own judgment in this. If it was not com-

pletely ludicrous, it would be something worse. I don't think that there is much more to say at present.

QUEVEDO REDIVIVUS.

P. S.—It is possible that some readers may object, in these objectionable times, to the freedom with which saints, angels, and spiritual persons discourse in this *Vision*. But, for precedents upon such points, I must refer them to Fielding's *Journey from this World to the next*, and to the Visions of myself, the said Quevedo, in Spanish or translated. The reader is also requested to observe, that no doctrinal tenets are insisted upon or discussed; that the person of the Deity is carefully withheld from sight, which is more than can be said for the Laureate, who hath thought proper to make Him talk, not "like a school divine," but like the unscholar-like Mr. Southey. The whole action passes on the outside of heaven; and Chaucer's *Wife of Bath*, Pulci's *Morgante Maggiore*, Swift's *Tale of a Tub*, and the other works above referred to, are cases in point of the freedom with which saints, etc., may be permitted to converse in works not intended to be serious.—Q. R.

Mr. Southey being, as he says, a good Christian and vindictive, threatens, I understand, a reply to this our answer. It is to be hoped that his visionary faculties will in the meantime have acquired a little more judgment, properly so called: otherwise he will get himself into new dilemmas. These apostate Jacobins furnish rich rejoinders. Let him take a specimen. Mr. Southey laudeth grievously "one Mr. Landor," who cultivates much private renown in the shape of Latin verses; and not long ago, the Poet Laureate dedicated to him, it appeareth, one of his fugitive lyrics upon the strength of a poem called *Gebir*. Who could suppose that in this same *Gebir* the aforesaid Savage Landor (for such is his grim cognomen) putteth into the infernal regions no less a person than the hero of his friend Mr. Southey's heaven,—yea, even George the Third! See how personal Savage becometh, when he hath a mind. The following is his portrait of our late gracious sovereign:

(Prince Gebir having descended into the infernal regions, the shades of his royal ancestors are, at his request, called up to his view; and he exclaims to his ghostly guide)—

"Aroar, what wretch that nearest us? what wretch

Is that with eyebrows white and slanting brow?

Listen! him yonder, who, bound down supine,
Shrinks yelling from that sword there, engine-hung!

He too amongst my ancestors? I hate
The despot, but the dastard I despise.
Was he our countryman?

"Alas, O king!

Iberia bore him, but the breed accurst
Inclement winds blew blighting from north-east."

"He was a warrior then, nor fear'd the gods?"
"Gebir, he fear'd the demons, not the gods,
Though them indeed his daily face adored;
And was no warrior, yet the thousand lives
Squander'd, as stones to exercise a sling,
And the tame cruelty and cold caprice—
Oh, madness of mankind! address'd,
adored!"—*Gebir*, p. 28.

I omit noticing some edifying Ithyphallics of Savagius, wishing to keep the proper veil over them, if his grave but somewhat indiscreet worshipper will suffer for it; but certainly these teachers of "great moral lessons" are apt to be found in strange company.

I.

SAINT PETER sat by the celestial gate:

His keys were rusty, and the lock was dull,
So little trouble had been given of late:

Not that the place by any means was full,
But since the Gallio era "eighty-eight,"

The devils had ta'en a longer, stronger pull,
And "a pull all together," as they say
At sea—which drew most souls another way.

II.

The angels all were singing out of tune,

And hoarse with having little else to do,

Excepting to wind up the sun and moon,

Or curb a runaway young star or two,

Or wild colt of a comet, which too soon

Broke out of bounds o'er the ethereal blue,

Splitting some planet with its playful tail,

As boats are sometimes by a wanton whale.

III.

The guardian seraphs had retired on high,

Finding their charges past all care below;

Terrestrial business fill'd nought in the sky

Save the recording angel's black bureau;

Who found indeed the facts to multiply

With such rapidity of vice and woe,
That he had stripped off both his wings in
quills,
And yet was in arrears of human illa.

IV.

His business so augmented, of late years,
That he was forced, against his will, no
doubt,
(Just like those cherubs, earthly ministers),
From some resource to turn himself about,
And claim the help of his celestial peers,
To aid him ere he should be quite worn
out,
By the increased demand for his remarks:
Six angels and twelve saints were named his
clerks.

V.

This was a handsome board—at least for
heaven,
And yet they had even then enough to do,
So many conquerors' cars were daily driven,
So many kingdoms fitted up anew;
Each day, too, slew it's thousands, six or
seven,
Till at the crowning carnage, Waterloo,
They threw their pens down in divine disgust,
The page was so bearnear'd with blood and
dust.

VI.

This, by the way: 'tis not mine to record
What angels shrink from: even the very
devil
On this occasion his own work abhor'd,
So surfeited with the infernal revel;
Though he himself had sharpened every
sword,
It almost quenched his innate thirst of
evil.
(Here Satan's sole good work deserves inser-
tion—
'Tis that he has both generals in reversion.)

VII.

Let's skip a few short years of hollow peace,
Which peopled earth no better, hell as
wont,
And heaven none—they form the tyrant's
lease,
With nothing but new names subscribed
upon't;
'T will one day finish; meantime they in-
crease,
“With seven heads and ten horns,” and all
front,

Like Saint John's foretold beast; but ours are
born
Less formidable in the head than horn.

VIII.

In the first year of freedom's second dawn
Died George the Third; although no ty-
rant, one
Who shielded tyrants, till each sense with-
drawn
Left him nor mental nor external sun;
A better farmer ne'er brushed dew from
lawn.
A worse king never left a realm undone!
He died—but left his subjects still behind,
One-half as mad—and t'other no less blind.

IX.

He died! his death made no great stir on
earth;
His burial made some pomp; there was
profusion
Of velvet, gilding, brass, and no great dearth
Of aught but tears—save those shed by col-
lusion,
For these things may be bought at their true
worth.
Of elegy there was the due infusion—
Bought also; and the torches, cloaks and ban-
ners,
Heralds and relics of old Gothic manners,

X.

Form'd a sepulchral melodrame. Of all
The fools who flock'd to swell or see the
show,
Who cared about the corpse? The funeral
Made the attraction, and the black the woe.
There throbb'd not there a thought which
pierced the pall;
And when the gorgeous coffin was laid low,
It seemed the mockery of hell to fold
The rottenness of eighty years in gold.

XI.

So mix his body with the dust! It might
Return to what it *must* far sooner, were
The natural compound left alone to fight
Its way back into earth, and fire, and air;
But the unnatural balsams merely blight
What nature made him at his birth, as
bare
As the mere million's base unummied clay—
Yet all his spices but prolong decay.

XII.

He's dead—and upper earth with him has
done;

He's buried; save the undertaker's bill,
Or lapidary scrawl, the world has gone
For him, unless he left a German will.
But where's the proctor who will ask his
son?

In whom his qualities are reigning still,
Except that household virtue, most uncommon,
Of constancy to a bad, ugly woman.

XIII.

"God save the king!" It is a large economy
In God to save the like; but if He will
Be saving, all the better; for not one am I
Of those who think damnation better still:
I hardly know, too, if not quite alone am I
In this small hope of bettering future ill
By circumscribing, with some slight restriction,
The eternity of hell's hot jurisdiction.

XIV.

I know this is unpopular; I know
'Tis blasphemous; I know one may be
damn'd
For hoping no one else may e'er be so;
I know my catechism; I know we're
cramm'd
With the best doctrines till we quite o'erflow;
I know that all save England's church have
shamm'd;
And that the other twice two hundred churches
And synagogues have made a *damned* bad
purchase.

XV.

God help us all! God help me too! I am,
God knows, as helpless as the devil can
wish,
And not a whit more difficult to damn,
Than is to bring to land a late-hook'd fish,
Or to the butcher to purvey the lamb;
Not that I am fit for such a noble dish,
As one day will be that immortal fry
Of almost everybody born to die.

XVI.

Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate,
And nodded o'er his keys; when, lo!
there came
A wondrous noise he had not heard of late—
A rushing sound of wind, and stream, and
flame;
In short, a roar of things extremely great,
Which would have made all save a saint
exclaim;
But he, with first a start and then a wink,
Said, "There's another star gone out, I think!"

XVII.

But ere he could return to his repose,
A cherub flapp'd his right wing o'er his eyes—
At which Saint Peter yawn'd, and rubb'd his
nose;
"Saint porter," said the Angel, "prithee
rise!"
Waving a goodly wing, which glow'd as
glows
An earthly peacock's tail, with heavenly
dyes;
To which the saint replied, "Well, what's the
matter?
Is Lucifer come back with all his clatter?"

XVIII.

"No," quoth the cherub; "George the Third is
dead."
"And who is George the Third?" replied the
apostle;
"What George? What Third? The king of
England," said
The angel. "Well! he won't find kings to
jostle
Him on his way; but does he wear his head?
Because the last we saw here had a tussle,
And ne'er would have got into heaven's good
graces,
Had he not flung his head in all our faces.

XIX.

"He was, if I remember, king of France;
That head of his, which could not keep a
crown
On earth, yet ventured in my face to advance
A claim to those of martyrs—like my own:
If I had had my sword, as I had once
When I cut ears off, I had cut him down;
But having but my *keys*, and not my brand,
I only knock'd his head from out his hand.

XX.

"And then he set up such a headless howl,
That all the saints came out and took him
in;
And there he sits by St. Paul, cheek by jowl;
That fellow Paul—the parvenu! The skin
Of Saint Bartholomew, which makes his owl
In heaven, and upon earth redeem'd his
sin,
So as to make a martyr, never sped
Better than did this weak and wooden head.

XXI.

"But had it come up here upon its shoulders,
There would have been a different tale to
tell;

The fellow-feeling in the saints beholders
 Seems to have acted on them like a spell;
 And so this very foolish head heaven solders
 Back on its trunk: it may be very well,
 And seems the custom here to overthrow
 Whatever has been wisely done below."

XXII.

The angel answer'd, "Peter! do not pout:
 The king who comes has head and all entire,
 And never knew much what it was about—
 He did as doth the puppet—by its wire.
 And will be judged like all the rest, no doubt:
 My business and your own is not to inquire
 Into such matters, but to mind our cue—
 Which is to act as we are bid to do."

XXIII.

While thus they spake, the angelic caravan,
 Arriving like a rush of mighty wind,
 Cleaving the fields of space, as doth the swan
 Some silver stream (say Ganges, Nile or
 Inde,
 Or Thames, or Tweed), and 'midst them an
 old man
 With an old soul, and both extremely
 blind,
 Halted before the gate, and in his shroud
 Seated their fellow-traveller on a cloud.

XXIV.

But bringing up the rear of this bright host,
 A Spirit of a different aspect waved
 His wings, like thunder-clouds above some
 coast
 Whose barren beach with frequent wrecks
 is paved;
 His brow was like the deep when tempest-
 toss'd;
 Fierce and unfathomable thoughts engraved
 Eternal wrath on his immortal face,
 And *where* he gazed, a gloom pervaded space.

XXV.

As he drew near, he gazed upon the gate
 Ne'er to be enter'd more by him or Sin,
 With such a glance of supernatural hate,
 As made St. Peter wish himself within;
 He pattered with his keys at a great rate,
 And sweated through his apostolic skin;
 Of course his perspiration was but ichor,
 Or some such other spiritual liquor.

XXVI.

The very cherubs huddled all together,
 Like birds when soars the falcon; and
 they felt

A tingling to the tip of every feather,
 And form'd a circle like Orion's belt
 Around their poor old charge, who scarce
 knew whither
 His guards had led him, though they gently
 dealt
 With royal manes (for by many stories,
 And true, we learn, the angels all are Tories).

XXVII.

As things were in this posture, the gate flew
 Asunder, and the flashing of its hinges
 Flung over space a universal hue
 Of many-color'd flame, until its tinges
 Reach'd even our speck of earth, and made
 a new
 Aurora borealis spread its fringes
 O'er the North Pole; the same seen, when
 ice-bound,
 By Captain Parry's crew in "Melville's
 Sound."

XXVIII.

And from the gate thrown open issued beam-
 ing
 A beautiful and mighty Thing of Light,
 Radiant with glory like a banner streaming
 Victorious from some world-o'-erthrowing
 fight:
 My poor comparisons must needs be teeming
 With earthly likenesses, for here the night
 Of clay obscures our best conceptions, saving
 Johanna Southcote or Bob Southey raving.

XXIX.

'Twas the archangel Michael; all men know
 The make of angels and archangels, since
 There's scarce a scribbler has not one to
 show,
 From the fiends' leader to the angels' Prince.
 There also are some altar-pieces, though
 I really can't say that they much evince
 One's inner notions of immortal spirits;
 But let the connoisseurs explain *their* merits.

XXX.

Michael flew forth in glory and in good,
 A goodly work of Him from whom all
 glory
 And good arise; the portals passed—he
 stood;
 Before him the young cherubs and saints
 hoary—
 (I say *young*, begging to be understood
 By looks, not years, and should be very
 sorry
 To state that they were not older than St.
 Peter,
 But merely that they seemed a little sweeter).

XXXI.

The cherubs and the saints bow'd down before
 That archangelic hierarch, the first
 Of essences angelical, who wore
 The aspect of a god; but this ne'er nursed
 Pride in his heavenly bosom, in whose core
 No thought, save for his Maker's service,
 durst
 Intrude, however glorified and high;
 He knew him but the viceroy of the sky.

XXXII.

He and the sombre silent Spirit met—
 They knew each other both for good and
 ill;
 Such was their power, that neither could
 forget
 His former friend and future foe; but still
 There was a high, immortal, proud regret
 In either's eye, as if 't were less their will
 Than destiny to make the eternal years
 Their date of war, and their *champ clos* the
 spheres.

XXXIII.

But here they were in neutral space: we
 know
 From Job, that Satan hath the power to
 pay
 A heavenly visit thrice a year or so;
 And that "the sons of God," like those of
 clay,
 Must keep him company; and we might show
 From the same book, in how polite a way
 The dialogue is held between the powers
 Of Good and Evil—but 't would take up hours.

XXXIV.

And this is not a theologic tract,
 To prove with Hebrew and with Arabic,
 If Job be allegory or a fact,
 But a true narrative; and thus I pick
 From out the whole but such and such an act,
 As sets aside the slightest thought of trick.
 'Tis every tittle true, beyond suspicion,
 And accurate as any other vision.

XXXV.

The spirits were in neutral space, before
 The gate of heaven; like eastern thresholds
 is
 The place where Death's grand cause is ar-
 gued o'er,
 And souls despatch'd to that world or to
 this;

And therefore Michael and the other wore
 A civil aspect: though they did not kiss,
 Yet still between his Darkness and his Bright-
 ness
 There pass'd a mutual glance of great polite-
 ness.

XXXVI.

The Archangel bow'd, not like a modern beau,
 But with a graceful oriental bend,
 Pressing one radiant arm just where below
 The heart in good men is supposed to tend.
 He turn'd as to an equal, not too low,
 But kindly; Satan met his ancient friend
 With more *hauteur*, as might an old Castilian
 Poor noble meet a mushroom rich civilian.

XXXVII.

He merely bent his diabolic brow
 An instant; and then raising it, he stood
 In act to assert his right or wrong, and show
 Cause why King George by no means could
 or should
 Make out a case to be exempt from woe
 Eternal, more than other kings, endued
 With better sense and hearts, whom history
 mentions
 Who long have "paved hell with their good
 intentions."¹

XXXVIII.

Michael began: "What wouldst thou with
 this man,
 Now dead, and brought before the Lord?
 What ill
 Hath he wrought since his mortal race began,
 That thou canst claim him? Speak! and
 do thy will,
 If it be just: if in this earthly span
 He hath been greatly failing to fulfil
 His duties as a king and mortal, say,
 And he is thine: if not, let him have way."

XXXIX.

"Michael!" replied the Prince of Air, "even
 here
 Before the gate of Him thou servest, must
 I claim my subject: and will make appear
 That as he was my worshipper in dust,
 So shall he be in spirit, although dear
 To thee and thine, because nor wine nor lust
 Were of his weaknesses, yet on the throne
 He reign'd o'er millions to serve me alone.

¹ No saint in the course of his religious warfare was more sensible of the unhappy failure of pious resolves than Dr. Johnson: he said one day, talking to an acquaintance on this subject, "Sir, hell is paved with good intentions."

XL.

"Look to *our* earth, or rather *mine* : it was,
Once, more thy Master's : but I triumph not
 In this poor planet's conquest ; nor, alas,
 Need He thou servest envy me my lot :
 With all the myriads of bright worlds which
 pass
 In worship round Him, He may have for-
 got
 Yon weak creation of such paltry things :
 I think few worth damnation save their
 kings—

XLI.

"And these but as a kind of quit-rent, to
 Assert my right as lord ; and even had
 I such an inclination, 't were (as you
 Well know) superfluous : they are grown so
 bad,
 That hell has nothing better left to do
 Than leave them to themselves ! so much
 more mad
 And evil by their own internal curse,
 Heaven cannot make them better, nor I
 worse.

XLII.

"Look to the earth, I said, and say again :
 When this old, blind, mad, helpless, weak,
 poor worm
 Began in youth's first bloom and flush to
 reign,
 The world and he both wore a different
 form,
 And much of earth and all the watery plain
 Of ocean call'd him king : through many a
 storm
 His isles had floated on the abyss of time ;
 For the rough virtues chose them for their
 clime.

XLIII.

"He came to his sceptre young ; he leaves it
 old ;
 Look to the state in which he found his
 realm,
 And left it : and his annals too behold,
 How to a minion 'first he gave the helm ;
 How grew upon his heart a thirst for gold,
 The beggar's vice, which can but overwhelm
 The meanest hearts ! And for the rest, but
 glance
 Thine eye alang America and France.

XLIV.

"'Tis true, he was a tool from first to last

¹ Lord Buta.

(I have the workmen safe) ; but as a tool
 So let him be consumed. From out the past
 Of ages, since mankind have known the
 rule
 Of monarchs—from the bloody rolls amass'd
 Of sin and slaughter—from the Cæsars'
 school
 Take the worst pupil—and produce a reign
 More drench'd with gore, more cumber'd
 with the slain.

XLV.

"He ever warr'd with freedom and the free :
 Nations as men, home subjects, foreign foes,
 So that they utter'd the word 'Liberty !'
 Found George the Third their first opponent.
 Whose
 History was ever stain'd as his will be
 With national and individual woes ?
 I grant his household abstinence ; I grant
 His neutral virtues, which most monarchs
 want ;

XLVI.

"I know he was a constant consort ; own
 He was a decent sire, and middling lord.
 All this is much, and most upon a throne ;
 As temperance, if at Apicius' board,
 Is more than at an anchorite's supper shown.
 I grant him all the kindest can accord :
 And this was well for him, but not for those
 Millions who found him what oppression
 chose.

XLVII.

"The New World shook him off : the Old yet
 groans
 Beneath what he and his prepared, if not
 Completed : he leaves heirs on many thrones
 To all his vices, without what begot
 Compassion for him—his tame virtues ; drones
 Who sleep, or despots who have now forgot
 A lesson which shall be retaught them, wake
 Upon the thrones of earth ; but let them
 quake !

XLVIII.

"Five millions of the primitive,¹ who hold
 The faith which makes ye great on earth,
 implored
 A part of that vast *all* they held of old—
 Freedom to worship—not alone your Lord,
 Michael, but you, and you, Saint Peter ! Cold
 Must be your souls, if you have not ab-
 horr'd
 The foe to Catholic participation
 In all the licence of a Christian nation.

¹ Roman Catholics.

XLIX.

'True! he allowed them to pray God: but as
A consequence of prayer, refused the law
Which would have placed them upon the same
base

With those who did not hold the saints in
awe."

But here Saint Peter started from his place,
And cried "you may the prisoner with-
draw;

Ere heaven shall ope her portals to this
Guelph,

While I am guard, may I be damn'd myself!

L.

"Sooner will I with Cerberus exchange

My office (and *his* is no sinecure),
Than see this royal Bedlam bigot range
The azure fields of heaven, of that be sure!"

"Saint!" replied Satan, "you do well to avenge
The wrongs he made your satellites endure:
And if to this exchange you should be given,
I'll try to coax *our* Cerberus up to heaven."

LI.

Here Michael interposed: "Good saint! and
devil!

Pray, not so fast; you both outrun discre-
tion.

Saint Peter! you were wont to be more civil:
Satan! excuse this warmth of his expres-
sion,

And condescension to the vulgar's level:
Even saints sometimes forget themselves in
session

"Have you got more to say?"—"No."—"If
you please,
I'll trouble you to call your witnesses."

LII.

Then Satan turn'd and waved his swarthy
hand,

Which stirr'd with its electric qualities
Clouds farther off than we can understand,

Although we find him sometimes in our
skies.

Infernal thunder shook both sea and land

In all the planets, and hell's batteries
Let off the artillery, which Milton mentions
As one of Satan's most sublime inventions.

LIII.

This was a signal unto such damn'd souls

As have the privilege of their damnation
Extended far beyond the mere controls

Of worlds past, present, or to come: no
station

Is theirs particularly in the rolls
Of hell assign'd; but where their inclina-
tion

Or business carries them in search of game,
They may range freely—being damn'd the
same.

LIV.

They are proud of this, as very well they
may,

It being a sort of knighthood, or gilt key
Stuck in their loins; or like an *entré*

Up the back stairs, or such freemasonry.
I borrow my comparisons from clay,

Being clay myself. Let not those spirits be
Offended with such base low likenesses;
We know their posts are nobler far than
these.

LV.

When the great signal ran from heaven to
hell—

About ten million times the distance reck-
on'd

From our sun to its earth, as we can tell
How much time it takes up, even to a sec-
ond,

For every ray that travels to dispel
The fogs of London, through which, dimly
beacon'd,

The weathercocks are gilt some thrice a year,
If that the *summer* is not too severe.

LVI.

I say that I can tell—'t was half a minute:

I know the solar beams take up more time
Ere, pack'd up for their journey, they begin
it;

But then their telegraph is less sublime;
And if they ran a race, they would not win it
'Gainst Satan's couriers bound for their
own clime.

The sun takes up some years for every ray
To reach its goal—the devil not half a day.

LVII.

Upon the verge of space, about the size

Of half-a-crown, a little speck appear'd
(I've seen a something like it in the skies

In the *Ægean*, ere a squall); it near'd,
And, growing bigger, took another guise:

Like an aerial ship, it tack'd and steer'd,
Or *was* steer'd (I am doubtful of the gram-
mar

Of the last phrase, which makes the stanza
stammer;

LVIII.

But take your choice); and then it grew a cloud;
 And so it was—a cloud of witnesses.
 But such a cloud! No land ere saw a crowd
 Of locusts numerous as the heavens saw these:
 They shadow'd with their myriads space;
 their loud
 And varied cries were like those of wild geese
 (If nations may be likened to a goose),
 And realized the phrase of "hell broke loose."

LIX.

Here crash'd a sturdy oath of stout John Bull,
 Who damn'd away his eyes as heretofore:
 There Paddy brogued "By Jasus!—What's your will?"
 The temperate Scot exclaimed: the French ghost swore
 In certain terms I sha'n't translate in full,
 As the first coachman will; and 'midst the war,
 The voice of Jonathan was heard to express,
 "Our President is going to war, I guess."

LX.

Besides, there were the Spaniard, Dutch, and Dane;
 In short, an universal shoal of shades,
 From Otaheite's isle to Salisbury Plain,
 Of all climes and professions, years and trades,
 Ready to swear against the good king's reign,
 Bitter as clubs in cards are against spades:
 All summon'd by this grand "subpoena," to
 Try if kings mayn't be damn'd like me or you.

LXI.

When Michael saw this host, he first grew pale,
 As angels can; next, like Italian twilight,
 He turn'd all colors—as a peacock's tail,
 Or sunset streaming through a Gothic sky-light
 In some old abbey, or a trout not stale,
 Or distant lightning on the horizon by night,
 Or a fresh rainbow, or a grand review
 Of thirty regiments in red, green and blue.

LXII.

Then he addressed himself to Satan: "Why,
 My good old friend—for such I deem you,
 though

Our different parties make us fight so shy,
 I ne'er mistake you for a *personal* foe;
 Our difference is *political*, and I
 Trust that whatever may occur below,
 You know my great respect for you, and this
 Makes me regret whate'er you do amiss.

LXIII.

"Why my dear Lucifer, would you abuse
 My call for witnesses? I did not mean
 That you should half of earth and hell produce;
 'Tis even superfluous, since two honest,
 clean,
 True testimonies are enough; we lose
 Our time, nay our eternity, between
 The accusation and defence; if we
 Hear both, 't will stretch our immortality."

LXIV.

Satan replied: "To me the matter is
 Indifferent, in a personal point of view:
 I can have fifty better souls than this
 With far less trouble than we have gone
 through
 Already; and I merely argued his
 Late Majesty of Britain's case with you
 Upon a point of form; you may dispose
 Of him; I've kings enough below, God
 knows!"

LXV.

Thus spoke the Demon (late call'd "multi-faced")
 By multo-scribbling Southey). "Then
 we'll call
 One or two persons of the myriads placed
 Around our congress and dispense with
 all
 The rest," quoth Michael. "Who may be so
 graced
 As to speak first? There's choice enough—
 who shall
 It be?" Then Satan answered, "There are
 many,
 But you may choose Jack Wilkes 'as well as
 any."

LXVI.

A merry, cock-eyed, curious-looking sprite
 Upon the instant started from the throng,
 Dressed in a fashion now forgotten quite;
 For all the fashions of the flesh stick long
 By people in the next world, where unite
 All the costumes since Adam's, right or
 wrong,
 From Eve's fig-leaf down to the petticoat,
 Almost as scanty, of days less remote,

LXVII.

The spirit look'd around upon the crowds
Assembled, and exclaimed, "My friends of
all
The spheres, we shall catch cold amongst
these clouds;
So let's to business; why this general call?
If those are freeholders I see in shrouds,
And 'tis for an election that they bawl,
Behold a candidate with unturn'd coat!
Saint Peter, may I count upon your vote?"

LXVIII.

"Sir," replied Michael, "you mistake; these
things
Are of a former life, and what we do
Above is more august; to judge of kings
Is the tribunal met: so now you know."
"Then I presume those gentlemen with
wings."
Said Wilkes, "are cherubs; and that soul
below
Looks much like George the Third, but to my
mind
A good deal older—Bless me! is he blind?"

LXIX.

"He is what you behold him, and his doom
Depends upon his deeds," the Angel said,
"If you have aught to arraign in him, the
tomb
Gives licence to the humblest beggar's head
To lift itself against the loftiest."—"Some,"
Said Wilkes, "don't wait to see them laid in
lead
For such a liberty; and I, for one,
Have told them what I thought beneath the
sun."

LXX.

"Above the sun repeat, then, what thou hast
To urge against him," said the Archangel.
"Why,"
Replied the spirit, "since old scores are past,
Must I turn evidence? In faith, not I.
Besides, I beat him hollow at the last,
With all his Lords and Commons: in the sky
I don't like ripping up old stories, since
His conduct was but natural in a prince.

LXXI.

"Foolish, no doubt, and wicked to oppress
A poor unlucky devil without a shilling;
But then I blame the man himself much less
Than Bute and Grafton;¹ and shall be un-
willing

To see him punish'd here for their excess,
Since they were both damn'd long ago, and
still in
Their place below: for me, I have forgiven,
And vote his *habeas corpus* into heaven."

LXXII.

"Wilkes," said the Devil, "I understand all
this;
You turn'd to half a courtier ere you died,
And seem to think it would not be amiss
To grow a whole one on the other side
Of Charon's ferry; you forget that *his*
Reign is concluded: whatsoe'er betide,
He won't be sovereign more: you've lost your
labor,
For at the best he will but be your neighbor.

LXXIII.

"However, I knew what to think of it,
When I beheld you in your jesting way,
Flitting and whispering round about the spit
Where Belial, upon duty for the day,
With Fox's lard was basting William Pitt,
His pupil; I knew what to think, I say:
That fellow even in hell breeds further ills;
I'll have him *gagg'd*—'t was one of his own
bills.

LXXIV.

"Call Junius!" From the crowd a shadow
stalk'd,
And at the name there was a general
squeeze!
So that the very ghosts no longer walk'd
In comfort, at their own aerial ease,
But were all ramm'd, and jamm'd (but to be
balk'd,
As we shall see), and jostled hands and
knees,
Like wind compress'd and pent within a
bladder,
Or like a human colic, which is sadder.

LXXV.

The shadow came—a tall, thin, grey-hair'd
figure,
That look'd as it had been a shade on
earth;
Quick in its motion, with an air of vigor,
But naught to mark its breeding or its
birth:
Now it wax'd a little, then again grew bigger,
With now an air of gloom, or savage mirth,
But as you gazed upon its features, they
Changed every instant—to *what*, none could
say.

¹) His ministers.

LXXVI.

The more intently the ghosts gazed, the less
 Could they distinguish whose the features
 were;
 The Devil himself seem'd puzzled even to
 guess;
 They varied like a dream—now here, now
 there,
 And several people swore from out the press,
 They knew him perfectly; and one could
 swear
 He was his father: Upon which another
 Was sure he was his mother's cousin's brother:

LXXVII.

Another, that he was a duke, or knight,
 An orator, a lawyer, or a priest,¹
 A nabob, a man-midwife; but the wight
 Mysterious changed his countenance at
 least
 As oft as they their minds: though in full
 sight
 He stood, the puzzle only was increased;
 The man was a phantasmagoria in
 Himself—he was so volatile and thin.

LXXVIII.

The moment that you had pronounced him
one,
 Presto! his face changed, and he was
 another,
 And when that change was hardly well put
 on,
 It varied, till I don't think his own mother
 (If that he had a mother) would her son
 Have known, he shifted so from one to
 t'other;
 Till guessing from a pleasure grew a task,
 At this epistolary "Iron Mask."

LXXIX.

For sometimes he like Cerberus would seem—
 "Three gentlemen at once" (as sagely says
 Good Mrs. Malaprop); then you might deem
 That he was not even *one*. Now many rays
 Were flashing round him, and now a thick
 steam
 Hid him from sight—like fogs on London
 days:
 Now Burke, now Tooke, he grew to people's
 fancies,
 And certes often like Sir Philip Francis.

¹ The various posthumous claimants to the honor of having been Junius, whose entity seems as obscure as ever. The Duke of Grafton, Sir P. Francis, Burke, H. Tooke, and Warren Hastings, are designated by the Poet.

LXXX.

I've an hypothesis—'t is quite my own;
 I never let it out till now, for fear
 Of doing people harm about the throne,
 And injuring some minister or peer,
 On whom the stigma might perhaps be blown
 It is—my gentle public, lend thine ear!
 'T is that what Junius we are wont to call
 Was really, truly, nobody at all.

LXXXI.

I don't see wherefore letters should not be
 Written without hands, since we daily
 view
 Them written without heads; and books, we
 see,
 Are fill'd as well without the latter too:
 And really till we fix on somebody
 For certain sure to claim them as his due,
 Their author, like the Niger's mouth, will
 bother
 The world to say if *there* be mouth or author."

LXXXII.

"And who and what art thou?" the Arch-
 angel said.
 "For *that* you may consult my title page,"
 Replied this mighty shadow of a shade:
 "If I have kept my secret half an age,
 I scarce shall tell it now." "Canst thou up-
 braid,"
 Continued Michael, "George Rex, or allege
 Aught further?" Junius answer'd, "You had
 better
 First ask him for *his* answer to my letter:

LXXXIII.

"My charges upon record will outlast
 The brass of both his epitaph and tomb,"
 "Repent'st thou not," said Michael, "of some
 past
 Exaggeration? Something which may doom
 Thyself if false, as him if true? Thou wast
 Too bitter—is it not so?—in thy gloom
 Of passion?" "Passion!" cried the phantom
 dim,
 "I loved my country, and I hated him.

LXXXIV.

"What I have written, I have written: let
 The rest be on his head or mine!" So spoke
 Old "Nominis Umbra;" and while speaking
 yet,
 Away he melted in celestial smoke.
 Then Satan said to Michael, "Don't forget
 To call George Washington, and John
 Horne Tooke,

And Franklin." But at this time there was heard
A cry for room, though not a phantom stirr'd.

LXXXV.

At length with jostling, elbowing, and the aid
Of cherubim appointed to that post,
The devil Asmodeus to the circle made
His way, and look'd as if his journey cost
Some trouble. When his burden down he laid,

"What's this?" cried Michael; "why, 'tis
not a ghost!"
"I know it," quoth the incubus; "but he
Shall be one if you leave the affair to me."

LXXXVI.

"Confound the renegado! I have sprain'd
My left wing, he's so heavy one would think
Some of his works about his neck were
chained.

But to the point: while hovering o'er the
brink
Of Skiddaw (where as usual it still rain'd),
I saw a taper, far below me, wink,
And stooping, caught this fellow at a libel—
No less on history than the Holy Bible.

LXXXVII.

"The former is the devil's scripture, and
The latter yours, good Michael; so the affair
Belongs to all of us, you understand.
I snatched him up just as you see him
there,
And brought him off for sentence out of hand;
I've scarcely been ten minutes in the air—
At least a quarter it can hardly be.
I daresay that his wife is still at tea."

LXXXVIII.

Here Satan said: "I know this man of old,
And have expected him for some time here;
A sillier fellow you will scarce behold,
Or more conceited in his petty sphere;
But surely it was not worth while to fold
Such trash below your wing, Asmodeus,
dear.
We had the poor wretch safe (without being
bored
With carriage) coming of his own accord.

LXXXIX.

"But, since he's here, let's see what he has
done."
"Done!" cried Asmodeus, "he anticipates

The very business you are now upon,
And scribbles as if head clerk to the fates.
Who knows to what his ribaldry may run,
When such an ass as this like Balaam's
prates?"
"Let's hear!" quoth Michael, "What he has
to say,
You know we're bound to that in every way."

XC.

Now the bard, glad to get an audience, which
By no means often was his case below,
Began to cough, and hawk, and hem, an
pitch
His voice into that awful note of woe
To all unhappy hearers within reach
Of poets when the tide of rhyme's in flow;
But stuck fast with his first hexameter,
Not one of all whose gouty feet would stir.

XCI.

But ere the spavin'd dactyls could be spurr'd
Into recitative, in great dismay,
Both cherubim and seraphim were heard
To murmur loudly through their long ar-
ray,
And Michael rose ere he could get a word
Of all his founder'd verses under way,
And cried, "For God's sake stop, my friend,
't were best—
Non Di, non homines—you know the rest."

XCII.

A general bustle spread throughout the
throng,
Which seemed to hold all verse in detesta-
tion;
The angels had of course enough of song,
When upon service; and the generation
Of ghosts had heard too much in life, not
long
Before, to profit by a new occasion:
The monarch, mute till then, exclaim'd,
"What! what!
Pye! come again? No more—no more of that!"

XCIII.

The tumult grew; an universal cough
Convulsed the skies, as during a debate,
When Castlereagh has been up long enough
(Before he was First Minister of State,
I mean—the *slaves hear now*); some cried,
Off, off!
As at a farce; till grown quite desperate,

¹ George the Third's Poet Laureate; certainly the meanest that ever received the hundred marks and the butt of wine.

The bard Saint Peter pray'd to interpose
(Himself an author) only for his prose.

XCIV.

The varlet was not an ill-favor'd knave;
A good deal like a vulture in the face.
With a hook nose and a hawk's eye, which gave
A smart and sharper-looking sort of grace
To his whole aspect, which, though rather
grave,

Was by no means as ugly as his case;
But that indeed was hopeless as can be,
Quite a poetic felony "*de se.*"

XCV.

Then Michael blew his trumpet, and still'd
the noise
With one still greater, as is yet the mode
On earth besides: except some grumbling
voice,
Which now and then will make a slight
inroad
Upon decorous silence, few will twice
Lift up their lungs when fairly overcrow'd:
And now the bard could plead his own bad
cause,
With all the attitudes of self-applause.

XCVI.

He said—(I only give the heads)—he said,
He meant no harm in scribbling; 'twas his
way
Upon all topics, 't was, besides, his bread,
Of which he butter'd both sides; 't would
delay
Too long the assembly (he was pleased to
dread),
And take up rather more time than a day,
To name his works—he would but cite a few
"Wat Tyler," "Rhymes on Blenheim,"
"Waterloo."

XCVII.

He had written praises of a regicide;
He had written praises of all kings what-
ever;
He had written for republics far and wide,
And then against them bitterer than ever.
For pantisocracy he once had cried
Aloud—a scheme less moral than 't was
clever;
Then grew a hearty anti-Jacobin—
Had turn'd his coat—and would have turn'd
his skin.

XCVIII.

He had sung against all battles, and again

In their high praise and glory; he had
call'd
Reviewing "the ungentle craft," and then¹
Become as base a critic as e'er crawl'd—
Fed, paid, and pamper'd by the very men
By whom his muse and morals had been
maul'd;
He had written much blank verse, and
blanker prose,
And more of both than anybody knows.

XCIX.

He had written Wesley's life;—here turn-
ing round
To Satan, "Sir, I'm ready to write yours,
In two octavo volumes, nicely bound,
With notes and preface, all that most al-
lures
The pious purchaser; and there's no ground
For fear, for I can choose my own reviewers;
So let me have the proper documents,
That I may add you to my other saints."

C.

Satan bow'd, and was silent. "Well, if you,
With amiable modesty decline
My offer, what says Michael? There are few
Whose memoirs could be render'd more
divine,
Mine is a pen of all work; not so new
As it was once, but I would make you
shine
Like your own trumpet. By the way, my own
Has more of brass in it, and is as well blown.

CI.

"But talking about trumpets, here's my vis-
ion!
Now you shall judge, all people; yes, you
shall
Judge with my judgment, and by my decision
Be guided who shall enter heaven or fall.
I settle all these things by intuition,
Times present, past, to come, heaven, hell,
and all,
Like king Alfonso. When I thus see double,²
I save the Deity some worlds of trouble."

CII.

He ceased, and drew forth an MS.; and no
Persuasion on the part of devils, saints,
Or angels, now could stop the torrent; so
He read the first three lines of the contents:

¹ See Life of Henry Kirke White.

² Alfonso, speaking of the Ptolemean system, said that
"had he been consulted at the creation of the world, he
would have spared the Maker some absurdities."

But at the fourth, the whole spiritual show
Had vanish'd, with variety of scents,
Ambrosial and sulphureous, as they sprang.
Like lightning, off from his "melodious
twang."¹

CIII.

Those grand heroics acted as a spell ;
The angels stopp'd their ears and plied
their pinions ;
The devils ran howling, deafen'd, down to hell ;
The ghosts fled, gibbering, for their own
dominions—
(For 'tis not yet decided where they dwell,
And I leave every man to his own opinions) ;
Michael took refuge in his trump ; but lo,
His teeth were set on edge, he could not blow !

CIV.

Saint Peter, who has hitherto been known
For an impetuous saint, upraised his keys,
And at the fifth line knocked the poet down ;
Who fell like Phaeton, but more at ease,
Into his lake, for there he did not drown ;
A different web being by the destinies
Woven for the Laureate's final wreath, when-
e'er,
Reform shall happen either here or there.

CV.

He first sank to the bottom—like his works,
But soon rose to the surface—like himself ;
For all corrupted things are buoy'd like corks,²
By their own rottenness, light as an elf,
Or wisp that flits o'er a morass ; he lurks,
It may be, still, like dull books on a shelf,
In his own den, to scrawl some "Life" or
"Vision,"
As Welborn says—"the devil turn'd pre-
cisian."

CVI.

As for the rest, to come to the conclusion
Of this true dream, the telescope is gone
Which kept my optics free from all delusion,
And show'd me what I in my turn have
shown ;
All I saw further, in the last confusion,
Was, that King George slipp'd into heaven
for one ;
And when the tumult dwindled to a calm,
I left him practising the hundredth psalm.

¹ See Aubrey's account of the apparition which dis-
appeared "with a curious perfume and a most melodious
singing ;" or see the *Antiquary*, vol. i. p. 225.

² A drowned body lies at the bottom till rotten ; it
then floats, as most people know.

AN ITALIAN ANECDOTE.

NAPLES, July 1.—This was one of the
hottest days of the season. I had long con-
templated Fort St. Elmo, high on the crest
of the mountain which overhung Naples,
as one of the objects which I was bound to
visit. I knew and felt that, like Vesuvius,
it was one of those sights which exercise a
tyranny over every traveller, not to be evade-
ed, and which he must see, or hazard his
peace of mind for ever ; but never yet had
I been able to overcome my natural indo-
lence, and to proceed to explore it. On
this morning I rose with an alacrity and
love of enterprise quite unusual to me, and
I at once determined to ascend to St. Elmo
to see the magnificent Certosini Convent,
with the Chiesa di S. Martino, to enjoy the
extensive view which this summit presents,
and to hear the ascending buzz of the city
and its numerous inhabitants. I immedi-
ately sent to T—, to accompany me ; and
after eating a hearty breakfast, we took our
departure. Who that has ever mounted the
steep, rugged, and never-ending ascent,
will not pity the middle-aged gentleman of
indolent habits, seeing sights for conscience
sake, of no mean size (for such I am), as he
struggled with the difficulties before him,
looking up in dismay at the castle, inflat-
ing and distending his lungs with an action
to which they had been long unaccustom-
ed, until his face rivalled the sun in glow-
ing crimson ?

At length we reached our object. We
saw the sights,—admired the beauty of the
church, and its beautiful pictures by Spag-
noletto,—exclaimed with rapture at the view,
and heard the buzz. With my conscience
satisfied, and with my critical observations
on all we had seen, ready to be made upon
the first favorable opportunity, I lost no
time in descending to whence we came. By
this time it was past meridian. The descent
was very trying upon legs of forty-five years'
standing ; and the tremulous motion which
it produced upon the muscles, only increas-
ed the longing I felt, to find myself once
more extended full length upon my sofa at
Vittoria.

I had taken off my coat, and, lazzaroni-
like, had thrown it over my shoulder ; my
neck-cloth was thrust into my waistcoat
pocket, and my neck was bare. I carried
my hat on my stick, using it by way of para-

sol; and, thus accoutred, I determined to make one desperate effort to brave the heat of the sun, that was baking the pavement of Santa Lucia, and emitting a glare that acted like a burning-glass upon my eyeballs. As we walked through this ordeal, we passed close to an assembly of young lazzaronis, basking in the sun, near to a stall; there they lay in the midst of fish-bones, orange-peels, and decayed melons. We evidently excited their mirth: and I, in particular, felt myself privileged to be laughed at,—for what could be more grotesque than my appearance? One of the boys was standing. We had scarcely turned our backs upon them, when I received a blow on the head from a melon-rind;—I turned about, and immediately the whole gang ran off laughing. I would have followed; but, in truth, was too tired. I could scarcely move but at a slow walk. The boys stopped, and looked at us. At length, making a virtue of necessity, I called out to the boy who had thrown the melon-rind, to come to me—he hesitated; I called again—he was evidently puzzled, and suspicious of my intention; I then showed him a carline, “Come here,” said I, “take this.”

“In the name of goodness!” exclaimed T—, “what are you about?”

“Never mind,” said I, “stop and see.” The boy at length took courage, and came to me.

“Here,” said I, “bravo! bravissimo! avete fatto bene! take this.” Upon which, in surprise, the boy, taking the piece of money out of my hand, ran off in the greatest exultation, showing it to his little friends as a prize fallen down from heaven.

“Now do tell me,” said T—, “what demon of madness can have possessed you? You ought to have broken every bone in that young rascal’s skin, instead of feeling him for insulting us.”

“So I would,” said I, “if I could; but to catch him is impossible. By feeling him for his insolence, he will probably throw another piece of melon at the first Englishman he sees, who will, no doubt, give him the beating which I cannot.” T— laughed heartily at the ingenious turn which my indolence had taken—administering a beating *à ricochet*, as he called it; and, having reached my room, we laughed over our adventure, and speculated upon the beating the youngster would get.

And, true enough, the next day, as we were seated on one of the benches of the

Villa Reale, we heard a sort of hue and cry on the Chiaja, and shortly after, saw our carroty and irascible friend W— appear, foaming with rage, streaming from every pore, owing to some recent exertion, and exploding with bursts of execration. He came straight to us—

“Who ever knew such an infernal country as this?” said he, “D— them all for a beggarly set of villains. Did you ever see the like! I gave it him well, however,—that’s some comfort. “The young rascal won’t forget me, for some time, I’ll warrant you!”

T— and I smiled at each other in anticipation of the reason, which only made him more furious.

“Here,” said he, “was I walking quietly along, when a young rascal of a lazzaroni thought fit to shy half a water-melon at my head;—you may laugh; but it was no laughing matter to me, nor to him either, for I half killed the young urchin; and then forsooth, I must have half the town of Naples upon me, backed by all their carrion of old women.”

We allowed his rage to expend itself, and said nothing, for fear of being implicated in his wrath, inasmuch as I was the origin of his disaster; but, truly indolence was never so completely justified, as on this occasion. J. M.

FAMILY READING.

An American male parent, unto his babes said he:

“Come hither, pretty little ones, and sit on either knee,
And tell me what you’ve lately heard your mother read and me?”

In his fatherly assurance, and fond, parental way,

He wanted to discover what the innocents would say

About a missionary book they’d heard the other day.

Full of glee, spake young Alonzo, all legs and curly hair:

“You yead about the man they hung, and all the people there;

And mamma yead the funny part, of how it made him swear.”

Joining quickly in cried Minnie—all waist and dimpled neck,

"It wasn't half so funny though, as that about the check
They caught somebody forging, 'cause he was so green, I 'speck."

"But the thing I liked the bestest," Alonzo piped again,

"Was how somebody yunned away, and won't come back again,
And took somebody's wife with him upon a yaiload train."

"Then you wasn't listening, 'Lonzo," came swift from Minnie small,

"When papa read about the girl who tookt her only shawl
And wrapped a baby up in it, and left it in the hall."

"Oh, I wa'nt, hey?" trilled Alonzo, dismayed to be outdone;

"I'm goin' to learn to yead myself, and you can have the *Sun*,
And I'll yead *Herald* 'Personals,' and never tell you one!"

The American male parent, his hair arose on end;
On either knee an infant form he did reverse and bend,
And from their little mouths straightway made dismal howls ascend.

R. H. NEWELL.
("Orpheus C. Kerr.")

"THE ORIGIN OF MAN."

BY DARWIN.

CHAPTER I.

"T WAS a lovely summer morning, in the year 9001 before Christ. The woods of Senegambia were clothed in their fairest costume, the lovely birds were chirping and singing their morning lays; the sky was one vast sheet of blue—everything, in short, was full of sweetness and light, except the lovely Lady Adeliza de Chimpanzee. She was in the dumps. Moodily she rubbed her shoulders against a huge palm-tree, and while performing this act heaved a vast sigh. Just at that moment her mamma dropped from the tree above her.

"My daughter," said the Duchess de Chimpanzee, "why that sigh?"

"Ah, mamma, look at me," said Lady Adeliza. "See how different I am from

the rest of our tribe. See how white I am becoming."

"My daughter," said the Duchess, languidly, as she seated herself on a convenient bowlder, "you should be proud of the difference. It is a distinction. We are a higher race."

"I don't know, mamma. See what caudal appendages we have. All the other folks can hang from the trees by their tails, but we are compelled to sit on the limbs."

"We are advancing, my dear. You are whiter than I am. You can talk in your youth; I could not until middle age. Your grandmother, as you know, can only grunt. You are moving to a higher sphere."

"Well, mamma, none of our folks will marry me," said Lady Adeliza, pouting.

"No, my child; it has been decreed that there should be a selection of the fittest in marriage. We have offered you to the Prince d'Orang-Outang, who is even whiter than you are, as his wife."

"Oh, mamma," gushed the Lady Adeliza, "that's splendid. Will he come soon?"

"Restrain yourself. People of high blood and short caudal appendages never get excited. He will be here in a short time."

Lady Adeliza went away to look for coconuts, and the duchess sat on a rock, and reflectively scratched her head.

CHAPTER II.

THE Duke de Chimpanzee was chief of a very large tribe. If he had been in the show business he would have made an everlasting fortune. He had but one daughter, the Lady Adeliza, and as she would inherit the live stock over which he ruled, youths of the neighboring tribes desired to marry her. Her parents, however, desired that she should be, if possible, the fountain of a new race, to which all their traditions told them they were working up. They determined that she should wed the Prince d'Orang-Outang. The duke proposed the matter to the prince.

"Aw!" said the Prince, as he adjusted his eye-glass; is it nice?"

"She is beautiful," replied the duke.

"Aw!" said the Prince; "give it much stamps?"

"I shall give her all Ethiopia," replied the duke.

"I will—aw—step down, and—aw—look at it," murmured the prince, carelessly. "By surprise, you know."

This was agreed upon, and the duke departed.

The prince knew his worth. He was quite white, and was not troubled with the slightest particle of caudal appendage; but Ethiopia was a big prize, and he resolved to win it. One week after the duke had offered his daughter, the prince started for Senegambia with the intention of looking at the fair face of Adeliza.

CHAPTER III.

THE Prince was wandering through the woods of Senegambia gaily singing,

I would be a butterfly,
Born in a bower,

when his eyes fell upon a lovely chimpanzee sitting in a shallow brook sucking a cocoanut. She was the loveliest creature he had ever seen. His heart was touched at once. He raised his eyeglass and stared at her till her eyes fell in modest confusion.

"Fair chimpanzee," said he, "wilt not—not—aw—tell me your—aw—name?"

"Adeliza," whispered she

The Duchess de Chimpanzee, who had witnessed the meeting from behind a clump of bushes, chuckled, and slid off on her left ear.

"Adeliza," sighed the Prince, "thou art aw—beautiful. Wilt thou—aw—marry me?"

The Lady Adeliza threw the remains of her cocoanut at the head of a chimpanzee who was loafing in a neighboring tree, fell into the arms of the prince, and gently murmured, "I am thine."

They were married in great splendor. The Right Rev. Bishop Baboon, assisted by Rev. Simiader Ape, performed the ceremony. The bridesmaids wore their natural clothes. The choir sang the lovely anthem, "Monkey married the Baboon's Sister." Lady Adeliza and her parents rubbed noses, and then the bride started on her tour on an elephant with one trunk.

CHAPTER IV.

THE seasons changed; summer lapsed into autumn, autumn into winter, winter into spring. Then there was a great rejoicing, for the Lady Adeliza gave the prince an heir. The child, however, was an anomaly in that region. It had no tail; it had flat feet; it had a white skin; it had no hair on its

body. All the wise men examined it. It was not an orang-outang: it was not a chimpanzee; evidently it was a new species. Then a family conclave was called. "What shall we call it?" asked everybody. The Duchess de Chimpanzee, who was languidly making mud pies, said,

"Let us call it—MAN!"—*Harper's Magazine.*

KISSING'S NO SIN.

SOME say that kissing's a sin;
But I think it's nane ava,
For kissing has woun'd in this world
Since ever there was twa.

O, if it wasna lawfu',
Lawyers wadna allow it;
If it wasna holy,
Ministers wadna do it.

If it wasna modest,
Maidens wadna tak' it;
If it wasna plenty,
Puir folks wadna get it.

ANONYMOUS.

BASCOM'S BABY.

SHE brought it over to our house, Mrs. Bascom did. It was their first—a wee little, red-faced, pug-nosed, howling infant. It was one of the hottest days in July, but she had it wrapped up in three shawls and a bed quilt, and was in agony every moment for fear it would sneeze.

"Do you see his darling, darling little face?" she said to me as she unwound him about forty times and looked to see which end its feet were on.

I looked. I have been the father of eleven just such howling little wopsies, and I don't see anything remarkable about Bascom's baby.

"See those eyes; that firmness of mouth; that temper in his look!" she went on.

I saw them.

The little wretch began to get red in the face and to beat the air, and his mother shouted:

"He's being murdered by a pin!"

She turned him wrong end up, laid him on his face, then on his back, loosened his bands, rubbed the soles of his feet, and the tears stood in her eyes as she remarked:

"I know he won't live—he's too smart."

The child recovered; and, as he lay on his back across her knees and surveyed the ceiling, she went on:

"Such a head! Why, every one who sees him says that he is going to be a Beecher. Do you notice that high forehead?"

I did. I thought he was all forehead, as his hair didn't commence to grow until the back of his neck was reached; but she assured me that I was mistaken.

"Wouldn't I just heft him once?"

I hefted him.

I told her that I never saw a child of his weight weigh so much, and she smiled like an angel. She said that she was afraid that I didn't appreciate children, but now she knew I did.

"Wouldn't I just look at his darling little feet—his little red feet and cunning toes?"

Yes, I would.

She rolled him over on his face and unwound his feet and triumphantly held them up to my gaze. I contemplated the hundreds of little wrinkles running lengthwise and crosswise—the big toes and the little toes, and I agreed with her that so far as I could judge from the feet and the toes and the wrinkles, a future of unexampled brilliancy lay before that pug-nosed infant.

He began to kick and howl, and she stood him on end, set him up, laid him down, and trotted him until she bounced his wind-colic into the middle of September.

"Whom did he look like?"

I bent over the scarlet-faced rascal, pushed his nose one side, chucked him under the chin, and didn't answer without due deliberation. I told her that there was a faint resemblance to George Washington around the mouth, but the eyes reminded me of Daniel Webster, while the general features had made me think of the poet Milton ever since she entered the house.

That was just her view exactly, only she hadn't said anything about it before.

"Did I think he was too smart to live?"

I felt of his ears, rubbed his head, put my finger down the back of his neck, and I told her that in my humble opinion, he wasn't, though he had a narrow escape. If his nose had been set a little more to one side, or his ears had appeared in the place of his eyes, Bascom could have purchased a weed for his hat without delay. No; the child would live. There wasn't the least doubt of it; and any man or woman who said he wouldn't grow up to make the world thunder with

his fame would steal the wool off a lost lamb in January.

She felt so happy that she rolled the imp up in his forty-nine bandages, shook him to straighten his legs and to take the kinks out of his neck, and then carried him home under her arm, while my wife made me go along with an umbrella, for fear the sun would peel his little nose.

ONLY SEVEN.

A PASTORAL STORY, AFTER WORDSWORTH.

I MARVELED why a simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
Should utter groans so very wild
And look as pale as Death.

Adopting a parental tone,
I asked her why she cried,
The damsel answered, with a groan,
"I've got a pain inside!"

"I thought it would have sent me mad
Last night about eleven."
Said I, "What is it makes you bad?
How many apples have you had?"
She answered "Only seven!"

"And are you sure you took no more,
My little maid?" quoth I.
"O, please, sir, mother gave me four,
But *they* were in a pie!"

"If that's the case," I stammered out,
"Of course you've had eleven."
The maiden answered with a pout,
"I ain't had more nor seven!"

I wondered hugely what she meant,
And said, "I'm bad at riddles,
But I know where little girls are sent
For telling taradiddles.

"Now if you don't reform," said I,
"You'll never go to heaven!"
But all in vain; each time I try
The little idiot makes reply,
"I ain't had more nor seven!"

POSTSCRIPT.

To borrow Wordsworth's name was wrong,
Or slightly misapplied;
And so I'd better call my song,
"Lines after Ache-inside."

H. S. LEMON.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

[THE origin of this famous character has been much discussed. Old chroniclers allege that Shakespeare had a personal motive for introducing Falstaff into his plays. They state that there was an original to the character, who, having incurred the Bard's displeasure, was in consequence thus devoted to an immortality of ridicule. But there is no good evidence to support such a theory. Sir John Fastolf, whom some have supposed to have suggested the character, died about a century before Shakespeare was born; and, moreover, he is introduced in his own proper name in the play of Henry VI. In the original draft of King Henry IV., Falstaff was called Sir John Oldcastle, but in compliance with the wishes of the descendants of a knight of that name, Shakespeare chose the now immortal name of Falstaff instead. In the Epilogue to the Second Part of Henry IV. the poet says: "For anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless he be already killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man."]

[In our treatment of this extract from Shakespeare, we have adopted the novel plan of presenting Falstaff as a *MONOGRAPH*. We keep him on the stage through all his Acts, as the prime figure; of course, preserving the text and character of those with whom he plays.

We are thus enabled to give in a comparatively brief extract Shakespeare's Falstaff, *ENTIRE*.

The Falstaff Letters, commencing on page 301, so admirably supplement Shakespeare's comic masterpiece (and as the book is very rare and costly) we have published them as addenda to Shakespeare's Falstaff.]

"Falstaff," says Dr. Johnson, "unimitated, unimitable Falstaff, how shall I describe thee? Thou compound of sense and vice; of sense which may be admired but not esteemed; of vice which may be despised, but hardly detested! Falstaff. . . is a thief and a glutton, a coward and a boaster, always ready to cheat the weak and prey upon the poor; to terrify the timorous and insult the defenceless. At once obsequious and malignant, he satirizes in their absence those whom he lives by flattering. . . Yet the man thus corrupt, thus despicable, makes himself necessary to the Prince that despises him, by the most pleasing of all qualities, perpetual gaiety, by an unfailing power of exciting laughter, which is the more freely indulged, as his wit is not of the splendid or ambitious kind, but consists in easy scapes and sallies of levity, which make sport, but raise no envy."

Schlegel says: "Falstaff is the crown of Shakespeare's comic invention. He has, without exhausting himself, continued this charac-

ter throughout three plays, and exhibited him in every variety of situation; the figure is drawn so definitely and individually, that even to the mere reader it conveys the clear impression of personal acquaintance. Falstaff is the most agreeable and entertaining knave that ever was portrayed.

"His contemptible qualities are not disguised: old, lecherous, and dissolute; corpulent beyond measure, and always intent upon cherishing his body with eating, drinking, and sleeping; constantly in debt, and anything but conscientious in his choice of means by which money is to be raised; a cowardly soldier, and a lying braggart; a flatterer of his friends before their face, and a satirist behind their backs; and yet we are never disgusted with him. We see that his tender care of himself is without any mixture of malice towards others; he will only not be disturbed in the pleasant repose of his sensuality, and this he obtains through the activity of his understanding. Always on the alert, and good-humored, ever ready to crack jokes on others, and to enter into those of which he is himself the subject, so that he justly boasts he is not only witty himself, but the cause of wit in others, he is an admirable companion for youthful idleness and levity. Under a helpless exterior, he conceals an extremely acute mind; he has always at command some dexterous turn whenever any of his free jokes begin to give displeasure; he is shrewd in his distinctions between those whose favor he has to win and those over whom he may assume a familiar authority. He is so convinced that the part which he plays can only pass under the cloak of wit, that even when alone he is never altogether serious, but gives the drollest coloring to his love-intrigues, his intercourse with others, and to his own sensual philosophy. Witness his inimitable soliloquies on honor, on the influence of wine on bravery, his descriptions of the beggarly vagabonds whom he enlisted, of Justice Shallow, &c. Falstaff has about him a whole court of amusing caricatures, who by turns make their appearance, without ever throwing him into the shade. The adventure, in which the Prince, under the disguise of a robber, compels him to give up the spoil which he had just taken; the scene where the two act the part of the King and the Prince; Falstaff's behaviour in the field, his mode of raising recruits, his patronage of Justice Shallow, which afterwards takes such an unfortunate turn:—all this forms a series of characteristic scenes of the most original description, full of pleasantry, and replete with nice and ingenious observation, such as could only find

a place in a historical play like the present."

"The whole range of imaginative literature (says ROBERT B. BROUGH in his "*Life of Sir John Falstaff*, Longman's, 1857,) affords no instance of a fictitious personage ranking, almost inseparably, in the public faith with the characters of actual history, parallel to that of the inimitable Falstaff of Shakspeare. . . . The peculiar association of Falstaff with events that are known to have occurred, and personages who are known to have lived—added to the fact that his character has been developed to greater length and with more apparent fondness than the poet was wont to indulge in,—make it a matter of positive difficulty to disbelieve that Falstaff actually lived and influenced the age he is assumed to have belonged to,—as much as to doubt that Henry V. conquered at Agincourt, that Hotspur was irascible, and Glendower conceited."

"I firmly believe," says HORACE WALPOLE, "that fifty Iliads and Æneids could be written sooner than such a character as Falstaff's."

"Falstaff," says THOMAS KENNY, in his *Life and Genius of Shakspeare*, "is universally regarded as the poet's largest and most effective comic creation. It may be that elsewhere he has now and then presented the whimsical and incongruous side of life with a more subtle fancy, with a deeper truthfulness, with a finer harmony, with a more purely creative insight; but nowhere else has he evoked the genius of unrestrained merriment with such broad effect, and such apparently inexhaustible variety. We are not by any means prepared to maintain that Falstaff is his greatest production, but it seems to be the one that stands out most alone and independent, with nothing equal to it, or even like it, in his own or any other drama. By some happy accident, or it may be by some native instinct, he here found, for once, a figure definite enough to form a clear and unmistakable reality, and yet wide enough to admit of the play of the most unrestrained humor; and he has prodigally lavished upon it all the resources of his fancy. . . . We all readily yield to the contagious influence of its riotous drollery, and willingly forget that in its unrestrained abandonment to the genius of merriment, it makes no pretension to the representation of an ideal grace, or truthfulness, or harmony."

An old drama, of unknown authorship, entitled *The Famous Victories of King Henry Fifth*, is thought by some writers to have suggested to Shakspeare his plays of *King Henry the Fourth* (Parts I and II.), and *King Henry the Fifth*. Referring to the play, "The Fa-

mous Victories," etc., Mr. RICHARD GRANT WHITE observes: "When *Henry V.* says, 'My lads, if the olde King my father were dead, we would all be kings,' *Oldcastle* replies, 'He is a good olde man, God take him to his mercie the sooner.' In degree, the wit of this answer is as unlike Falstaff's best sallies as the spark of a leyden jar, that can hardly be perceived in a dark room, is unlike the playful flashes of heat-lightning that illuminate all the heavens with their harmless blaze; but in kind it is purely Falstaffian. Its easy impudence, its light and careless treatment of a serious subject, its jocular masking of an utter and inherent selfishness, its delicious non sequitur which yet seems a sequitur, its 'manner of wrenching a true cause the false way,' are the characteristic traits of the fat knight's humor: and I have little doubt that this single line is the germ which, impregnated, unconsciously perhaps, by Shakspeare's life-giving genius, became, in its final development, the most mirthful creation of all imaginative literature."

REV. H. N. HUDSON, A. M., one of the foremost Shakspearean critics and editors, says: "Falstaff is a very impracticable subject for criticism to deal with; his character being more complex and manifold than can well be digested into the forms of logical statement. . . . One of the wittiest of men, yet he is not a wit; one of the most sensual of men, still he cannot with strict justice be called a sensualist; he has a quick, strong sense of danger and a lively regard to his own safety, a peculiar vein, indeed, of cowardice, or something very like it, yet he is not a coward; he lies and brags prodigiously, still he is not a liar nor a braggart. No such general terms applied to him can do otherwise than mislead, causing us to think we understand him, when we do not."

"If we were to fix upon anything as especially characteristic of Falstaff we should say it is an amazing fund of good sense. His vast stock of this, to be sure, is pretty much all enlisted or impressed into the service of sensuality, yet nowise so but that the servant still overpeers and outshines the master. Moreover, his thinking has such agility and quickness as to do the work of the most prompt and popping wit, yet in such sort as we cannot but feel the presence of something much larger and stronger than wit. For mere wit, be it never so good, to be keenly relished, must be sparingly used, and the more it tickles the sooner it tires. But no one can ever be weary of Falstaff's talk who understands it, his speech being like pure, fresh cold water which always tastes good because it is—tasteless. . . .

"The proud consciousness of his resources it is, no doubt, that keeps him so perpetually at his ease; and hence, in part, the ineffable charm of his conversation . . . Hence it is also that he so often lets go all regard to prudence of speech, and thrusts himself into the tightest places and narrowest predicaments, as fit opportunities of exercising and evincing his incomparable fertility and alertness of thought; being quite assured that he shall still come off uncornered and uncaught, and that the greater his seeming perplexity, the greater will be his triumph . . . And thus throughout, no exigency turns up but that he is ready with a word that exactly fits into and fills the place; and he always lets on and shuts off the jest precisely when and how will produce the best effect. . .

"Falstaff is altogether the greatest triumph of the Comic Muse that the world has to show. In this judgment I believe that all who have fairly conversed with the irresistible old sinner are agreed. . . The scene where Falstaff personates the King, to examine the Prince upon the particulars of his life, is probably the choicest issue of comic preparation that genius has ever bequeathed to human enjoyment."

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE pronounces Falstaff "Shakespeare's unapproached and unapproachable masterpiece in the school of comic art and humoristic nature."

WILLIAM WATKISS LLOYD, M. R. S. L., in his Introduction to *King Henry IV.*, thus testifies: "It has been said that 'Falstaff is the summit of Shakespeare's comic invention,' and we may consequently add, the most inimitable comic character ever delineated; for who could invent like Shakespeare? Falstaff is now to us hardly a creature of the imagination; he is so definitely and distinctly drawn that the mere reader of these dramas has the complete impression of a personal acquaintance. He is surrounded by a group of comic personages from time to time, each of which would have been sufficient to throw any ordinary creation into the shade, but they only serve to make the super-eminent humor of the Knight doubly conspicuous."

WILLIAM MAGINN, LL.D., pays the following tribute: "'Jack Falstaff to my familiars!' By that name, therefore, must he be known by all persons, for all are now the familiars of Falstaff. The title of 'Sir John Falstaff to all Europe,' is but secondary and parochial. He has long since far exceeded the limit by which he bounded the knowledge of his knighthood; and in wide-spreading territories, which in the day of his creation were untrodden by human foot, and in teeming realms where the very name of England

was then unheard of, Jack Falstaff is known as familiarly as he was to the wonderful court of princes, beggars, judges, swindlers, heroes, bullies, gentlemen, scoundrels, justices, thieves, knights, tapsters and the rest whom he drew about him. It is indeed his court. He is lord paramount, the *suzerain* to whom all pay homage."

In MAURICE MORGANN's remarkable essay on *The Dramatic Character of Sir John Falstaff*, (1777), occur these observations: "It cannot escape the reader's notice that he [Falstaff] is a character made up by Shakespeare totally of incongruities;—a man at once young and old, enterprising and fat, a dupe and a wit, harmless and wicked, weak in principle and resolute by constitution, cowardly in appearance and brave in reality, a knave without malice, a liar without deceit, and a knight, a gentleman, and a soldier, without either dignity, decency, or honor. This is a character which, though it may be decomposed, could not, I believe, have been formed, nor the ingredients of it duly mingled, upon any receipt whatever; it required the hand of Shakespeare himself to give to every particular part a relish of the whole, and of the whole to every particular part; alike the same incongruous, identical Falstaff, whether to the grave chief-justice he vainly talks of his youth and offers to caper for a thousand, or cries to Mrs. Doll, 'I am old! I am old!' although she is seated on his lap, and he is courting her for busses. How Shakespeare could furnish out sentiment of so extraordinary a composition, and supply it with such appropriate and characteristic language, humor and wit, I cannot tell; but I may, however, venture to infer, and that confidently, that he who so well understood the uses of incongruity, and that laughter was to be raised by the opposition of qualities in the same man, and not by their agreement or conformity, would never have attempted to raise mirth by shewing us cowardice in a coward unattended by pretence, and softened by every excuse of age, corpulence and infirmity: and of this we cannot have a more striking proof than his furnishing this very character, on one instance of real terror, however excusable, with boast, braggadocio and pretence, exceeding that of all other stage cowards, the whole length of his superior wit, humor and invention."

G. C. VERPLANCK, editor of *The Illustrated Shakespeare*, says of Falstaff: "He is the most original as well as the most real of all comic creations—a character of which many traits and peculiarities must have been gleaned, as their air of reality testifies, from the observation of actual life; and yet, with

all his tangible and ponderous reality, as much a creature of the poet's 'forgetive' fancy as the delicate Ariel himself. In his peculiar originality, Falstaff is to be classed only with the poet's own Hamlet and the Spanish Don Quixote, as all of them personages utterly unlike any of those whom we have known or heard of in actual life, who, at the same time, so impress us with their truth that we inquire into and argue about their actions, motives and qualities as we do in respect to living persons whose anomalies of conduct perplex us. Thus Falstaff's cowardice or courage, as well as other points of his character, have been as fruitful subjects for discussion as the degree and nature of Hamlet's or Don Quixote's mental aberration."

PROF. DOWDEN says: "Of Falstaff, who can say enough? He is the incarnation of humor and lies, of wit and self-indulgence, or shrewdness and immorality, of self-possession and vice, without a spark of conscience or reverence, without self-respect, an adventurer preying upon the weaknesses of other men. Yet all men enjoy him—so did Shakspeare. . . . His most striking power is shown in his turns when he's cornered. . . . His effrontery is inimitable. He's neither a coward nor courageous. He only asks what'll pay best—fighting or running away, and acts accordingly. He evidently had a reputation as a soldier, and was a professed one, was sought out, and got a commission on the outbreak of the war."

HAZLITT speaks with positive inspiration: "Falstaff," says he, "is perhaps the most substantial comic character that ever was invented. Sir John carries a most portly presence in the mind's eye; and in him, not to speak it profanely, 'we behold the fulness of the spirit of wit and humor bodily.' We are as well acquainted with his person as his mind, and his jokes come upon us with double force and relish from the quantity of flesh through which they make their way, as he shakes his fat sides with laughter, or 'lards the lean earth as he walks along.' Other comic characters seem, if we approach and handle them, to resolve themselves into air, 'into thin air'; but this is embodied and palpable to the grossest apprehension: it lies 'three fingers deep upon the ribs,' it plays about the lungs and diaphragm with all the force of animal enjoyment. His body is like a good estate to his mind, from which he receives rents and revenues of profit and pleasure in kind, according to its extent and the richness of the soil."

"Falstaff's wit is an emanation of a fine constitution; an exuberance of good-humor

and good-nature; an overflowing of his love of laughter and good-fellowship; a giving vent to his heart's ease and over-contentment with himself and others. He would not be in character if he were not so fat as he is; for there is the greatest keeping in the boundless luxury of his imagination and the pampered self-indulgence of his physical appetites. He manures and nourishes his mind with jests, as he does his body with sack and sugar. He carves out his jokes as he would a capon or a haunch of venison, where there is *cut and come again*; and pours out upon them the oil of gladness. His tongue drops fatness, and in the chambers of his brain 'it snows of meat and drink.' He keeps up perpetual holiday and open house, and we live with him in a round of invitations to a rump and doxen. Yet we are not to suppose that he was a mere sensualist. All this is as much in imagination as in reality. His sensuality does not engross and stupefy his other faculties, 'but ascends me into the brain, dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapors which environ it, make it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes.' His imagination keeps up the ball after his senses have done with it."

"The secret of Falstaff's wit is for the most part a masterly presence of mind, an absolute self-possession which nothing can disturb. His repartees are involuntary suggestions of his self-love; instinctive evasions of everything that threatens to interrupt the career of his triumphant jollity and self complacency. His very size floats him out of all his difficulties in a sea of rich conceits; and he turns round on the pivot of his convenience, with every occasion and at a moment's warning. His natural repugnance to every unpleasant thought or circumstance, of itself makes light of objections, and provokes the most extravagant and licentious answers in his own justification. His indifference to truth puts no check upon his invention, and the more improbable and unexpected his contrivances are, the more happily does he seem to be delivered of them, the anticipation of their effect acting as a stimulus to the gayety of his fancy. The success of one adventurous sally gives him spirits to undertake another; he deals always in round numbers, and his exaggerations and excuses are 'open, palpable, monstrous as the father that begets them.'"

Falstaff appears in four of Shakspeare's plays, viz. *King Henry IV.* (Parts I and II), *King Henry V.*, and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. We shall first introduce him to our readers as he appears in *Henry IV.*, for which order we think there are valid reasons. In

the first place, there is an old and cherished tradition that Queen Elizabeth was so well pleased with the Falstaff of *Henry IV.* that she commanded the poet to write a play in which the Knight should be exhibited in love, and that such was her impatience to see it acted that she required it should be finished in fourteen days. "We can," says Mr. Howard Staunton, "by no means afford to part with this tradition: it accounts for the many evidences of haste observable in the first draft of the piece . . . The title of the original sketch, 'Syr John Falstaff,' etc.,—the 'Merry Wives' being at first considered subordinate attractions only,—and the delineation of Falstaff and his satellites, both in that and in the finished version, are to us conclusive as to these characters being *old favorites* with the public." A circumstance that favors the supposition that Falstaff is represented in *The Merry Wives* at a later period than in *Henry IV.*, is the fact that early in the former play Falstaff parts with two of his old hangers-on, viz.: Bardolph and Pistol, with whom we are familiar in both parts of *Henry IV.* It is undeniable, also, that what we have learned of Falstaff in *Henry IV.* adds inexpressibly to the spice and piquancy of all the incidents in which he figures in *The Merry Wives*.

The historic incidents in Part I. of Shakespeare's *King Henry IV.*, are connected with the rebellion of the Earl of Worcester, the Earl of Northumberland, Henry Percy (son of the latter, and also called "Hotspur"), Earl Douglas, and Owen Glendower. Hotspur is of about the same age as Harry Monmouth, Prince of Wales; but while the former had already by his gallant deeds wreathed his brow with laurels, the latter, to the shame and grief of his royal father, and the sorrow of all his true friends, abandoned himself to a life of indolence and to the society of knaves and tapsters.—The text followed, is mainly that of Mr. Howard Staunton.

FALSTAFF IN HENRY IV., PART I.

[We are first introduced to our hero in Act I., Scene 2, where he is closeted with Prince Henry in an apartment of the Palace in London.]

Enter HENRY Prince of Wales and SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

Fal. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

P. Hen. Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches af-

ter noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know: What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? Unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-colored taffata, I see no reason why thou should'st be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal; for we that take purses, go by the moon and seven stars; and not by Phœbus—he, "that wand'ring knight so fair." And, I pray thee, sweet wag, when thou art king, as God save thy grace (majesty, I should say; for grace thou wilt have none)—

P. Hen. What! none?

Fal. No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

P. Hen. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's beauty; let us be—Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon: and let men say, we be men of good government; being governed, as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we—steal.

P. Hen. Thou say'st well, and it holds well, too; for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea; being governed as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now, a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing—*lay by*; and spent with crying—*bring in*; now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder; and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

Fal. By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

P. Hen. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now, how now, mad wag? what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

P. Hen. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

Fal. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

P. Hen. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No, I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

P. Hen. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not I have used my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so used it, that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent,—But, I prythee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is, with the rusty curb of old father antic the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

P. Hen. No; thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? Oh, rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

P. Hen. Thou judgest false already; I mean thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

Fal. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humor, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

P. Hen. For obtaining of suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suits; whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib-cat¹ or a lugged bear.

P. Hen. Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.

Fal. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

P. Hen. What says't thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch.

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavory similes; and art, indeed, the most comparative, rascalliest,—sweet young prince,—But Hal, I prythee trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I marked him not; and yet he talked very wisely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

P. Hen. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets and no man regards it.

Fal. Oh, thou hast damnable iteration; and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal,—God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than

one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, and I do not, I am a villain; I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

P. Hen. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

Fal. Zounds! where thou wilt, lad; I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle me.

P. Hen. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying to purse-taking.

Enter POINS, at a distance.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labor in his vocation. Poins!—Now we shall know if Gads-hill have set a match.¹ O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried, *Stand to a true man.*

P. Hen. Good-morrow, Ned.

Poins. Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says Monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack-and-Sugar? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last, for a cup of Madeira, and a cold capon's leg?

P. Hen. Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs, he will give the devil his due.

Poins. Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

P. Hen. Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

Poins. But my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gads-hill: There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visors for you all, you have horses for yourselves; Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap; we may do it as secure as sleep: if you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home, and be hanged.

Fal. Hear ye, Yedward; if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will, chops?

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

P. Hen. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

¹ *Gibbert* and *Thibert*, contracted into *Gib* and *Tib*, were the common names for cats in former times, *Gib* being usually applied to an old cat.

¹ A phrase in rogue's language, meaning "to plan a robbery."

Fal. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee; nor thou cam'st not of the blood royal, if thou dar'st not stand for ten shillings.¹

P. Hen. Well, then, once in my days I'll be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Hen. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

P. Hen. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I prythee, leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion, and him the ears of profiting; that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed; that the true prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. Farewell, thou latter spring! Farewell, All-hallow summer!²

[*Exit Falstaff.*]

Poins. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill shall rob those men that we have already waylaid; yourself and I will not be there: and, when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

P. Hen. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before, or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves: which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

P. Hen. Ay, but 'tis like that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

Poins. Tut! our horses they shall not see! I'll tie them in the wood; our visors we will change, after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce, to immask our noted outward garments.

¹ A quibble is intended here on the word *royal*. The coin called *real* or *royal* was of ten shillings value.

² *All-hallow-tide*, or *All Saints' day* is the first of November. Nothing could be more happy than the likening Falstaff, with his old age and young passions, to this November summer.

P. Hen. But, I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper; how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and, in the reproof of this, lies the jest.

P. Hen. Well, I'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-night in Eastcheap; there I'll sup. Farewell.

Poins. Farewell, my lord. [*Exit.*]

P. Hen. I know you all, and will awhile uphold

The unyoked humor of your idleness:

Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wondered at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly
mists

Of vapors that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wish'd-
for come,

And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promised,
By how much better than my word I am,
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly, and attract more
eyes

Than that which hath no foil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;
Redeeming time when men think least I
will. [*Exit.*]

ACT II.—SCENE 1.—*Rochester. An Inn Yard.*

Enter a CARRIER, with a lantern in his hand.

1 *Car.* Heigh ho! An't be not four by the day, I'll be hanged: Charles' wain¹ is

¹ The Constellation of the Bear.





THE
PUBLISHED BY

Jack Puttstaff and Doll Fairhead.

A NOVEL.

By J. K. W. W.

over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed. What, ostler!

Ost. [Within.] Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I prythee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle; put a few flocks in the point: the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess.

Enter another CARRIER.

2 *Car.* Pease and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots. This house is turned upside down, since Robin ostler died.

1 *Car.* Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think, this be the most villanous house in all London road for fleas. I am stung like a tench.

1 *Car.* Like a tench? by the mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.

1 *Car.* What, ostler! come away, and be hanged! come away.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross.

1 *Car.* Godsbod! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved.—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 't were not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain. Come, and be hanged:—hast no faith in thee?

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Good-morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

1 *Car.* I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I prythee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 *Car.* Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i'faith.

Gads. I prythee, lend me thine.

2 *Car.* Ay, when? can'st tell?—Lend me thy lantern, quoth a?—marry, I'll see thee hanged first.

Gads. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbor Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen; they

will along with company, for they have great charge. [*Exeunt Carriers.*]

Gads. What, ho! chamberlain!

Cham. [Within.] At hand, quoth pick-purse.¹

Gads. That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from laboring: thou layest the plot how.

Enter CHAMBERLAIN.

Cham. Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds current, that I told you yesternight. There's a franklin² in the wild of Kent, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company, last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter. They will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with saint Nicholas' clerks³ I'll give thee this neck.

Cham. No I'll none of it; I prythee, keep that for the hangman; for, I know, thou worshippest saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

Gads. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? If I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows; for, if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me; and, thou knowest, he's no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which, for sport sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers,⁴ no long-staff, six-penny strikers; none of these mad, mustachio-purple-hued malt-worms: but with nobility and tranquillity, burgomasters and great oneyers;⁵ such as can hold in; such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: and yet, zounds! I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots.⁶

Cham. What, the commonwealth their

¹ A proverbial expression, in allusion to the vigilance of the pick-purse.

² A freeholder with a small estate.

³ Cant term for highwaymen.

⁴ Footpads. ⁵ Public accountants.

⁶ Booty.

boots? Will she hold out water in foul way?

Gads. She will, she will; justice hath liquored¹ her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure: we have the receipt of fern-seed; we walk invisible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith; I think you are more beholden to the night, than to fern-seed, for your walking invisible.

Gads. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

Gads. Go to; *homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, you muddy knave. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE 2.—*The Road by Gad's-hill.*

Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter; I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

P. Hen. Stand close.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal:—what a brawling dost thou keep!

Fal. Where's Poins, Hal?

P. Hen. He is walked up to the top of the hill: I'll go seek him.

[Pretends to seek Poins.]

Fal. I am accursed, to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire further a-foot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and-twenty year, and yet I am bewitched with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto! I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An 't were not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and leave

these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is three score and ten miles a-foot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true to one another! *[They whistle.]* Whew!—A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues: give me my horse, and be hanged.

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down! lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou can'st hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far a-foot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye, to colt me thus?

P. Hen. Thou liest, thou art not colted thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse; good king's son.

P. Hen. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go hang thyself in thy own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison. When a jest is so forward, and a-foot too,—I hate it.

Enter GADSHILL.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our setter; I know his voice.

Enter BARDOLPH and PETO.

Bard. What news?

Gads. Case ye, case ye; on with your visors; there's money of the king's coming down the hill, 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hanged.

P. Hen. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane: Ned Poins and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Fal. How many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. Zounds! will they not rob us?

P. Hen. What, a coward, Sir John Paunch.

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

¹ Oiled, smoothed her over.

P. Hen. Well, we leave that to the proof.
Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

P. Hen. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by; stand close.

[*P. Henry and Poins retire.*]

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I; every man to his business.

Enter TRAVELLERS.

1 Trav. Come, neighbor; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill: we'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand!

Trav. Jesu bless us!

Fal. Strike! down with them! cut the villains' throats! ah! whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them! fleece them!

1 Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours, forever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves: Are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I would your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves! Young men must live: You are grand-jurors, are ye? We'll jure ye, i'faith.

[*Exeunt Falstaff, etc., driving them out.*]

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true men: now, could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close; I hear them coming.
 [*Retire again.*]

Re-enter THIEVES.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valor in that Poins, than in a wild duck.

P. Hen. Your money!

[*Rushing out upon them.*]

Poins. Villains!

[*The Prince and Poins attack them. Gadshill, Bardolph and Peto run away, and Falstaff, after a slight blow or two, runs after them, leaving the booty behind.*]

P. Hen. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

The thieves are scattered, and possessed with fear

So strongly, that they dare not meet each other:

Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death, And lards the lean earth as he walks along: Were 't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the rogue roared!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 4.—A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern, Eastcheap.

Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.

P. Hen. Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that fat room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

P. Hen. With three or four loggerheads, amongst three or four score hogsheads. I have sounded the very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers; and can call them all by their Christian names, as—Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that, though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud jack, like Falstaff; but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy,—by the Lord, so they call me; and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call—drinking deep, dying scarlet; and when you breathe in your watering, they cry—hem! and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honor, that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now in my hand by an under-skinker¹; one that never spake other English in his life, than—'Eight shillings and sixpence,' and 'You are welcome'; with this shrill addition,—'Anon, anon, sir!'—'Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon,' or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I pr'ythee, do thou stand in some

¹ Tapster.

by-room, while I question my puny drawer, to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling—*Francis!* that his tale to me may be nothing but—*Anon.* Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent.

Poins. *Francis!*

P. Hen. Thou art perfect.

Poins. *Francis!*

[*Exit Poins.*]

Enter FRANCIS.

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.—Look down into the Pomegranate, Ralph.

P. Hen. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My lord.

P. Hen. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth, five year, and as much as to—

Poins. [*Within.*] *Francis.*

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Five years! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture, and show it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

Fran. O Lord, sir! I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart—

Poins. [*Within.*] *Francis!*

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see,—about Michaelmas next I shall be—

Poins. [*Within.*] *Francis!*

Fran. Anon, sir.—Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

P. Hen. Nay, but hark you, Francis. For the sugar thou gavest me,—'t was a pennyworth, was 't not?

Fran. O Lord, sir! I would it had been two.

P. Hen. I will give thee for it a thousand pound; ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins. [*Within.*] *Francis!*

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Hen. Anon, Francis? No, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

Fran. My lord?

P. Hen. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, crystal-button, nott-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

Fran. O Lord, sir, who do you mean?

P. Hen. Why then, your brown bastard is

your only drink: for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully: in Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, sir?

Poins. [*Within.*] *Francis!*

P. Hen. Away, you rogue. Dost thou not hear them call?

[*Here they both call him; the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*]

Enter VINTNER.

Vint. What! stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? look to the guests within. [*Exit Francis.*] My lord, old Sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door; shall I let them in?

P. Hen. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit Vintner.*] *Poins!*

Re-enter POINS.

Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door, shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? Come, what's the issue?

P. Hen. I am now of all humors, that have showed themselves humors, since the old days of goodman Adam, to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. [*Re-enter Francis.*] What's o'clock, Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon, sir.

P. Hen. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is—up-stairs, and down-stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the North, he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife,—“Fie upon this quiet life! I want work.”—“Oh, my sweet Harry,” says she, “how many hast thou killed to-day?”—“Give my roan horse a drench,” says he, and answers, “Some fourteen,” an hour after, “a trifle, a trifle.” I pr'ythee, call in Falstaff; I'll play Percy, and that damned brawn shall play dame Mortimer his wife. *Rivo,*¹ says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

¹ A cant term of exultation.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO.—FRANCIS, with a tankard of Sack.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance, too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy. [*To Francis.*] Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether stocks, and mend them, and foot them, too. A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant?

[*Drinks.*]

P. Hen. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun! If thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man; yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it: a villanous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt; if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There lives not three good men unchanged in England, and one of them is fat, and grows old: God help the while! A bad world, I say! I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms, or anything: A plague of all cowards, I say still.

P. Hen. How now, wool sack? what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

P. Hen. Why, you whoreson round man! what's the matter?

Fal. Are not you a coward? answer me to that: and Poins there?

Poins. Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, by the Lord, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned, ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! Give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

P. Hen. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I!

[*Drinks.*]

P. Hen. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter! There be four of us here have taken a thousand pound this day morning.

P. Hen. Where is it, Jack? Where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Hen. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Hen. Speak, sirs;—how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen,—

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,—

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

P. Hen. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what ye call all: but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

P. Hen. Pray God, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for; I have peppered two of them: two, I am sure, I have paid: two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse—thou knowest my old ward:—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—

P. Hen. What, four? thou said'st but two, even now.

Fal. Four Hal,—I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Hen. Seven? Why there were but four, even now.

Fal. In buckram?

Poins. Ay, four in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Hen. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so; for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of—

P. Hen. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken—

Poins. Down fell their hose.¹

Fal. Began to give me ground: but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Hen. Oh, monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal green, came at my back and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy hand.

P. Hen. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts; thou knotty-pated fool; thou whore-son, obscene, greasy tallow-keech—

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

P. Hen. Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou could'st not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason; what say'st thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion I.

P. Hen. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh;—

Fal. Away! you starveling, you elfskin, you dried neat's tongue, bull's pizzle, you stock-fish,—Oh, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck;—

¹ Poins plays on the double meaning of *point*, as the sharp end of a sword and the laces which fastened up the garments.

P. Hen. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Hen. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four; and with a word outfaced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house:—and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say, it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting hole canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack—what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir apparent? should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest, I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct: the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee during my life: I, for a valiant lion, and thou, for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors: watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants! lads! boys! hearts of gold! All the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

P. Hen. Content: and the argument shall be—thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

Enter HOSTESS.

Hos. O Jesu! my lord, the Prince,—

P. Hen. How now, my lady the hostess? what say'st thou to me?

Hos. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door, would speak with you: he says, he comes from your father.

P. Hen. Give him as much as will make him a royal-man¹ and send him back again to my mother.

¹ The jest lies in the difference in the value of the two coins, a royal and a noble;—the former was worth 10s. and the latter only 6s. 8d.

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Hos. An old man.

Fal. What doth gravity out of bed at midnight? Shall I give him his answer?

P. Hen. Pr'ythee, do, Jack.

Fal. 'Faith, and I'll send him packing.

[*Exit.*]

P. Hen. Now, sirs; by 'r lady, you fought fair;—so did you, Peto; so did you, Bardolph; you are lions too, you ran away upon instinct; you will not touch the true prince; no,—fie!

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Hen. Tell me now in earnest—how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

Peto. Why, he hacked it with his dagger; and said he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass, to make them bleed; and then to beslobber our garments with it, and to swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not these seven year before: I blushed to hear his monstrous devices.

P. Hen. Oh, villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and wert taken with the manner, and ever since thou hast blushed extempore; thou had'st fire and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away: what instinct had'st thou for it?

Bard. My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

P. Hen. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Hen. Hot livers, and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

P. Hen. No, if rightly taken,—halter.

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of bombast? How long is't ago, Jack, since thou saw'st thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee? When I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring. A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder.—There's villanous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father: you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore

the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook,—what a plague call you him?—

Poins. Oh! Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same;—and his son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular.

P. Hen. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Hen. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

P. Hen. Why, what a rascal art thou, then, to praise him so for running!

Fal. O' horseback, ye cuckoo! but, afoot, he will not budge a foot.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more: Worcester is stolen away to night: thy father's beard is turned white with the news. You may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel.

P. Hen. Why, then, 'tis like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they do hobnails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou say'st true; it is like we shall have good trading that way:—But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afraid? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Hen. Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father; if thou love me, practise an answer.

P. Hen. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content.—This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

P. Hen. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown, for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have

wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in king Cambyzes' vein.¹

P. Hen. Well, here is my leg.²

Fal. And here is my speech.—Stand aside, nobility.

Hos. O Jesu! this is excellent sport, i' faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Hos. O the father, how he holds his countenance.

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen,

For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Hos. O Jesu! he doth it as like one o' these harlotry players, as ever I see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly a villanous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lieth the point—why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed son of heaven prove a micher,³ and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also:—and yet there is a virtuous man whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Hen. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by 'r lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the

tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

P. Hen. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

Fal. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker,¹ or a poulter's hare.

P. Hen. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand:—judge, my masters.

P. Hen. Now, Harry? whence come you?

Fal. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

P. Hen. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false:—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

P. Hen. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man: a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humors, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villany? wherein villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you: whom means your grace?

P. Hen. That villanous, abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff; that old white-bearded Satan.

Fal. My lord, the man I know.

P. Hen. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old (the more the pity), his white hairs do witness it: but that he is (saving your reverence) a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host

¹ A character in a tragedy by Preston, written in 1570.

² My obeisance.

³ A vagabond, a petty rogue.

¹ A sucking rabbit.

that I know, is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old Jack Falstaff,—banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world. *[A knocking heard.]*

[Exeunt Hostess, Francis and Bardolph.]

P. Hen. I do, I will.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, running.

Bard. Oh, my lord, my lord! the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

Fal. Out, you rogue! play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter HOSTESS, hastily.

Hos. Oh Jesu, my lord, my lord!

Fal. Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick. What's the matter?

Hos. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door; they are come to search the house: shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? Never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. Hen. And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

Fal. I deny your *major*: if you will deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: If I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

P. Hen. Go, hide thee behind the arras; the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[Exeunt all but the Prince and Poins.]

P. Hen. Call in the sheriff.

Enter SHERIFF and CARRIER.

Now, Master Sheriff: what's your will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my lord:—A hue and cry

Hath followed certain men unto this house.

P. Hen. What men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious lord:

A gross fat man.

Car. As fat as butter.

P. Hen. The man, I do assure you, is not here,

For I myself at this time have employ'd him.

And, Sheriff, I do engage my word to thee That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time, Send him to answer thee, or any man, For anything he shall be charged withal; And so, let me entreat you, leave the house.

Sher. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen

Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

P. Hen. It may be so: If he have robbed these men,

He shall be answerable; and so, farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble lord.

P. Hen. I think it is good morrow—is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

[Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.]

P. Hen. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's.—Go, call him forth.

Poins. Falstaff!—Fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

P. Hen. Hark, how hard he fetches breath! Search his pockets. *[Poins searches his pockets.]* What hast thou found?

Poins. Nothing but papers, my lord.

P. Hen. Let's see what they be: read them.

Poins. "Item, a capon, 2s. 2d.

"Item, sauce, 4d.

"Item, sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.

"Item, anchovies and sack, after supper, 2s. 6d.

"Item, bread, a half-penny."

P. Hen. Oh, monstrous! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!—What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning: we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honorable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelve score.¹ The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so, good morrow, Poins.

Poins. Good morrow, good my lord.

[Exeunt.]

¹ In archers' phraseology, twelve score yards.

ACT III.—SCENE 3.—*The Boar's Head
Tavern, Eastcheap.*

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? Do I not bate? do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown; I am withered like an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse: the inside of a church! Company, villanous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it:—come, sing me a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough: swore little; diced not above seven times—a week; went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrowed—three or four times; lived well, and in good compass:—and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass; out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop,—but 'tis in the nose of thee; thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori*: I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, *By this fire, that's God's angel*: but thou art altogether given over, and wert, indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou ranst up Gad's-hill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wild-fire, there's no purchase in money. Oh, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with

thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern; but the sack that thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap,¹ at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire any time this two-and-thirty years; God reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burned.

Enter HOSTESS.

How now, dame Partlet the hen? have you inquired yet who picked my pocket?

Hos. Why, Sir John! what do you think, Sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

Fal. You lie, hostess; Bardolph was shaved, and lost many a hair: and I'll be sworn, my pocket was picked: go to, you are a woman, go.

Hos. Who, I? I defy thee: God's light! I was never called so in mine own house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Hos. No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John; I know you, Sir John; you owe me money, Sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Hos. Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet and by-drinkings; and money lent you, four-and-twenty pound.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Hos. He! alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; what call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks; I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker of me? Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn, but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's, worth forty mark.

Hos. O Jesu! I have heard the prince

¹ Cheap is the old name for market; good cheap is therefore, the same as the French *à bon marché*.

tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Fal. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup: 'sblood, an he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS, making signs of marching.

How now, lad? is the wind in that door, i' faith?—must we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

Hos. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

P. Hen. What say'st thou, Mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well; he is an honest man.

Hos. Good my lord, hear me.

Fal. Pr'ythee, let her alone and list to me.

P. Hen. What say'st thou, Jack?

Fal. The other night, I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

P. Hen. What didst thou lose, Jack?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

P. Hen. A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

Hos. So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your grace say so; and my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is; and said he would cudgel you.

P. Hen. What! he did not?

Hos. There's neither faith, truth nor womanhood in me else.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and for womanhood, maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee: Go, you thing, go.

Hos. Say, what thing? what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thank God on.

Hos. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou should'st know it; I am an honest man's wife; and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

Hos. Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

Fal. What beast? why, an otter.

P. Hen. An otter, Sir John! why an otter?

Fal. Why, she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

Hos. Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou.

P. Hen. Thou say'st true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

Hos. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

P. Hen. Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound, Hal? a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love.

Hos. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, Bardolph?

Bard. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he said my ring was copper.

P. Hen. I say 'tis copper; darest thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare; but as thou art prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

P. Hen. And why not as the lion?

Fal. The king himself is to be feared as the lion: dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, an I do, I pray God my girdle break!

P. Hen. Oh, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees! But, sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, nor honesty, in this bosom of thine; it is all filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why thou whoreson, impudent, embossed rascal, if there were anything in thy pocket but tavern reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor pennyworth of sugar-candy to make thee long winded; if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket up wrong: art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest, in the state of innocency, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villany? Thou seest, I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty.—You confess then, you picked my pocket?

P. Hen. It appears so by the story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee: go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests; thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pacified.—Still?—Nay, pr'ythee, be gone. [*Exit Hostess.*] Now,

Hal, to the news at court:—for the robbery, lad—how is that answered?

P. Hen. O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee:—the money is paid back again.

Fal. Oh, I do not like that paying back: 'tis a double labor.

P. Hen. I am good friends with my father and may do anything.

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou dost, and do it with unwashed hands, too.

Bard. Do, my lord.

P. Hen. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? Oh, for a fine thief, of two-and-twenty, or thereabout! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels; they offend none but the virtuous: I laud them, I praise them.

P. Hen. Bardolph—

Bard. My lord.

P. Hen. Go, bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster, To my brother John; this to my lord of Westmoreland.

Go, Poins, to horse, to horse;—for thou and I

Have thirty miles to ride ere dinner time.— Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple hall,

At two o'clock i' the afternoon: There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receive

Money, and order for their furniture. The land is burning; Percy stands on high; And either they or we must lower lie.

[*Exeunt Prince, Poins, and Bardolph.*]

Fal. Rare words! brave world!—Hostess, my breakfast; come:—

Oh, I could wish this tavern were my drum! [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.—SCENE 2.—A Public Road near Coventry.

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack; our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton-Cop-hill to-night.

Bard. Will you give me money, captain?

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This bottle makes an angel.

Fal. An if it do, take it for thy labor; and if it make twenty, take them all; I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

Bard. I will, captain: farewell. [*Exit.*]

Fal. If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons: inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the bans; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver, worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild duck. I pressed me none but such toasts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients,¹ corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glut-ton's dogs licked his sores; and such as, indeed, were never soldiers; but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world, and a long peace; ten times more dishon-orable ragged than an old-faced ancient.² And such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets, and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-crows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat:—nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half shirt is two napkins, tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders, like a herald's coat without sleeves: and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host of Saint Alban's, or the red-nose inn-keeper of Daventry. But that's all one; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

¹ Ensigns.

² An old, patched standard.

Enter PRINCE HENRY, and the EARL OF WESTMORELAND.

P. Hen. How now, blown Jack? how now, quilt?¹

Fal. What, Hal? How now, mad wag? what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire? My good lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy; I thought your honor had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. 'Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too: but my powers are there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all; we must away all night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me; I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

P. Hen. I think, to steal cream, indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack—whose fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.

P. Hen. I did never see such pitiful rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

West. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks, they are exceeding poor and bare—too beggarly.

Fal. 'Faith, for their poverty,—I know not where they had that: and for their bareness, I am sure, they never learned that of me.

P. Hen. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste; Percy is already in the field.

Fal. What, is the king encamped?

West. He is, Sir John; I fear we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well,
To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Act V. is introduced with a parley, under flag of truce, between the King and the rebel chiefs. Falstaff, being present, thrusts himself, with characteristic offrontery, into the conversation.*]

Earl of Worcester. Hear me, my liege: For mine own part, I could be well content To entertain the lag end of my life With quiet hours; for, I do protest, I have not sought the day of this dislike.

¹ A quilt was a flesh bed.

King H. You have not sought it! how comes it then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way and he found it.

P. Hen. Peace, chewet, peace.

[*At the close of the interview the King and the nobles on either side withdraw. As Prince Henry is going, the following scene occurs.*]

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship.

P. Hen. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

P. Hen. Why, thou owest God a death.

[*Exit.*]

Fal. 'Tis not due yet; I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; Honor pricks me on. Yea, but how if Honor prick me off when I come on? how then? Can Honor set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honor hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is Honor? A word. What is that word Honor? Air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it: therefore I'll none of it. Honor is a mere 'scutcheon, and so ends my catechism.

[*Exit.*]

ACT V.—SCENE 3.—*Field of battle near Shrewsbury: the battle in progress.*

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Though I could 'scape shot-free at London, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring, but upon the pate.—Soft! who art thou? [*Looking at a dead body.*] Sir Walter Blunt!—There's Honor for you! Here's no vanity!—I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too:—God keep lead out of me! I need no more weight than mine own bowels.—I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered: there's but three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter PRINCE HENRY.

P. Hen. What, standest thou idle here?
lend me thy sword:

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are unrevenge'd: pr'ythee
lend me thy sword.

Fal. O, Hal, I pr'ythee give me leave to
breathe awhile. Turk Gregory¹ never did
such deed in arms as I have done this day.
I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

P. Hen. He is, indeed; and living to kill
thee. I pr'ythee lend me thy sword.

Fal. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be
alive, thou gettest not my sword: but,
take my pistol, if thou wilt.

P. Hen. Give it me: what, is it in the
case?

Fal. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's
that will sack a city.

[The Prince draws out a bottle of sack.]

P. Hen. What, is it a time to jest and
dally now? *[Throws it at him and exit.]*

Fal. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce
him. If he do come in my way, so; if he do
not, if I come in his willingly, let him make
a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning
honor as Sir Walter hath; give me life;
which if I can save, so; if not, honor comes
unlooked for, and there's an end. *[Exit.]*

[In Scene 4, Prince Henry and Hotspur encounter each other. As they are about to fight Falstaff appears and cries: "Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you." At this moment, the Earl of Douglas, coming on the ground, strikes at Falstaff, who, deeming discretion the better part of valor, drops at once to the earth as though he were dead. When Prince Henry turns from Hotspur, whom he has slain, he sees Falstaff on the ground, and thus soliloquizes:]

What! old acquaintance! Could not all
this flesh

Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spared a better man.
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity.
Death has not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many a dearer, in this bloody fray:
Embowell'd will I see thee by and by;
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie.

[Exit.]

Fal. *[Rising slowly.]* Embowell'd! if
thou embowel me to day, I'll give you leave
to powder me, and eat me too, to-morrow.

¹ Pope Gregory the Seventh, surnamed Hildebrand, was thus designated.

'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that
hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and
lot too. Counterfeit? I lie; I am no coun-
terfeit: to die, is to be a counterfeit; for he
is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath
not the life of a man: but to counterfeit
dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be
no counterfeit, but the true and perfect
image of life, indeed. The better part of
valor is discretion; in the which better
part I have saved my life. Zounds, I am
afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he
be dead: how if he should counterfeit too,
and rise? By my faith, I am afraid he would
prove the better counterfeit; therefore I'll
make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I killed
him. Why may not he rise, as well as I?
Nothing confutes me but eyes; and nobody
sees me: therefore, sirrah, *[Stabs Hotspur.]*
with a new wound in your thigh, come you
along with me. *[Takes Hotspur on his back.]*

Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and PRINCE JOHN.

P. Hen. Come, brother John; full
bravely hast thou flesh'd
Thy maiden sword.

P. John. But soft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

P. Hen. I did; I saw him dead,
Breathless and bleeding on the ground.—
Art thou alive? or is it phantasy
That plays upon our eyesight? I pr'ythee
speak:

We will not trust our eyes, without our ears:
Thou art not what thou seem'st.

Fal. No, that's certain; I am not a
double man; but if I be not Jack Falstaff,
then am I a Jack. *[Throws the body down.]*
There is Percy: if your father will do me
any honor, so; if not, let him kill the next
Percy himself. I look to be either earl or
duke, I can assure you.

P. Hen. Why, Percy I killed myself, and
saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou? Lord, Lord, how this
world is given to lying! I grant you, I was
down, and out of breath; and so was he;
but we rose both at an instant, and fought a
long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may
be believed, so; if not, let them, that should
reward valor, bear the sin upon their own
heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave
him this wound in the thigh; if the man
were alive, and would deny it, zounds! I
would make him eat a piece of my sword.

P. John. This is the strangest tale that
e'er I heard.

P. Hen. This is the strangest fellow,
brother John.—

Come, bring your luggage nobly on your
back:

For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A retreat is sounded.*]

The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is
ours.

Come, brother, let's to the highest of the
field,

To see what friends are living, who are
dead.

[*Exeunt Prince Henry and Prince John.*]

Fal. I'll follow, as they say, for reward.
He that rewards me, God reward him! If I
do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge,
and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a noble-
man should do.

[*Exit, bearing off the body.*]

FALSTAFF IN KING HENRY IV., PART II.

ACT I.—SCENE 2.—*London. A Street.*

*Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, with his Page
bearing his sword and buckler.*

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doc-
tor to my water?

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a
good healthy water; but, for the party that
owed it, he might have more diseases than
he knew for.

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to
gird at me. The brain of this foolish-com-
pounded clay, man, is not able to invent
anything that tends to laughter, more than
I invent, or is invented on me: I am not
only witty in myself, but the cause that wit
is in other men. I do here walk before
thee, like a sow, that hath overwhelmed all
her litter but one. If the prince put thee
into my service for any other reason than
to set me off, why then I have no judgment.
Thou whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to
be worn in my cap, than to wait at my
heels. I was never manned with an agate¹
till now; but I will in-set you neither in gold
nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you
back again to your master, for a jewel—the
juvenal, the prince your master, whose

¹ An agate stone was frequently cut to represent the human form, and was occasionally worn in the hat by gallants.

chin is not yet fledged. I will sooner have
a beard grow in the palm of my hand than
he shall get one on his cheek; and yet he
will not stick to say his face is a face-royal:
God may finish it when he will, it is not a
hair amiss yet: he may keep it still as a
face-royal, for a barber shall never earn six-
pence out of it; and yet he will be crowing
as if he had writ man ever since his father
was a bachelor. He may keep his own
grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can
assure him.—What said Master Dumbleton
about the satin for my short cloak and my
slops?

Page. He said, sir, you should procure
him better assurance than Bardolph: he
would not take his bond and yours; he
liked not the security.

Fal. Let him be damn'd like the glut-
ton! pray God his tongue be hotter!—A
whoreson Achitophel! a rascally yea-for-
sooth knave! to bear a gentleman in hand,
and then stand upon security! The whore-
son smooth-pates do now wear nothing but
high shoes, and bunches of keys at their
girdles; and if a man is thorough with
them in honest taking up, then they must
stand upon—*security*. I had as lief they
would put ratsbane in my mouth, as offer
to stop it with—*security*. I look'd he should
have sent me two-and-twenty yards of satin,
as I am a true knight, and he sends me—
security. Well, he may sleep in security:
for he hath the horn of abundance, and the
lightness of his wife shines through it; and
yet cannot he see, though he have his own
lantern to light him.—Where's Bardolph?

Page. He's gone into Smithfield, to buy
your worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's, and he'll
buy me a horse in Smithfield: an I could
get me but a wife in the stews, I were
manned, horsed, and wived.

Enter the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, and an Attendant.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that
committed the Prince for striking him
about Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close, I will not see him.

Chief J. What's he that goes there?

Atten. Falstaff, an't please your lord-
ship.

Chief J. He that was in question for the
robbery?

Atten. He, my lord: but he hath since
done good service at Shrewsbury: and, as

I hear, is now going with some charge to the lord John of Lancaster.

Chief J. What, to York? Call him back again.

Atten. Sir John Falstaff!

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder, my master is deaf.

Chief J. I am sure he is, to the hearing of anything good.—Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

Atten. Sir John,—

Fal. What, a young knave, and beg! Is there not wars? Is there not employment? Doth not the king lack subjects? Do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

Atten. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? Setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat, if I had said so.

Atten. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou get'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hanged: You hunt-counter, hence! avaunt!

Atten. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Chief J. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

Fal. My good lord! God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad: I heard say, your lordship was sick; I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltiness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverend care of your health.

Chief J. Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. An't please your lordship, I hear his majesty is return'd with some discomfort from Wales.

Chief J. I talk not of his majesty:—you would not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear, moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Chief J. Well, heaven mend him!—I pray, let me speak with you.

Fal. This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship, a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Chief J. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath its original from much grief; from study, and perturbation of the brain: I have read the cause of his effects in Galen; it is a kind of deafness.

Chief J. I think you are fallen into the disease, for you hear not what I say to you.

Fal. Very well, my lord, very well: rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

Chief J. To punish you by the heels, would amend the attention of your ears; and I care not, if I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient: your lordship may administer the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of poverty; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

Chief J. I sent for you when there were matters against you for your life, to come to speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

Chief J. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in less.

Chief J. Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

Fal. I would it were otherwise; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

Chief J. You have misled the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath misled me. I am the fellow with the great belly and he my dog.

Chief J. Well, I am loath to gall a new-healed wound; your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gads-hill: you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

Fal. My lord?

Chief J. But since all is well, keep it so; wake not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf, is as bad as to smell a fox.

Chief J. What! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

Fal. A wassel candle, my lord; all tallow: if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

Chief J. There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravity, gravity, gravity.

Chief J. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

Fal. Not so, my lord; your ill angel¹ is light; but, I hope, he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing; and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell: Virtue is of so little regard in these costermongers' times, that true valor is turned bear-herd: pregnancy² is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings: all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young; you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls; and we that are in the vanward of our youth, I must confess, are wags, too.

Chief J. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age? Have you not a moist eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheek? a white beard? a decreasing leg? an increasing belly? Is not your voice broken? your wind short? your chin double? your wit single? and every part about you blasted with antiquity? And will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John!

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice—I have lost it with hollaing and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him.—For the box of the ear that the prince gave you—he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it, and the young

lion repents; marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack.

Chief J. Well, God send the prince a better companion!

Fal. God send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

Chief J. Well, the king hath severed you and prince Harry: I hear you are going with Lord John of Lancaster, against the Archbishop, and the Earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it.—But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, and I brandish anything but my bottle, would I might never spit white again.¹—There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it. Well, I cannot last ever: but it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If ye will needs say, I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is! I were better to be eaten to death with rust, than to be scourd to nothing with perpetual motion.

Chief J. Well, be honest, be honest; and God bless your expedition!

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound, to furnish me forth?

Chief J. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well.—Commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[*Exeunt Chief Justice and Attendant.*]

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle.²—A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent my curses.—Boy!

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and two-pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.—Go, bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster; this to the Prince; this to the Earl of Westmoreland; and this to

¹ Falstaff evades the point of the Chief Justice's remark, by alluding to the coin called an angel, which was frequently made light by the process of clipping.

² Readiness, ability.

¹ May I never be thirsty again.

² A hammer so heavy as to require three men to wield it.

old Mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry, since I perceived the first white hair on my chin.—About it; you know where to find me. [*Exit Page.*] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one or the other plays the rogue with my great toe. 'Tis no matter if I do halt; I have the wars for my color, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of anything; I will turn diseases to commodity. [*Exit.*]

ACT II.—SCENE I.—*A Street in London.*

Enter HOSTESS, FANG and his boy, and SNARE following.

Hos. Master Fang, have you entered the action?

Fang. It is entered.

Hos. Where's your yeoman? Is it a lusty yeoman? will a' stand to 't?

Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

Hos. O Lord, ay; good Master Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.

Hos. Yea, good Master Snare; I have entered him and all.

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.

Hos. Alas the day! take heed of him: he stabbed me in mine own house, and that most beastly: in good faith, a' cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out: he will foil like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

Hos. No, nor I neither; I'll be at your elbow.

Fang. An I but fist him once; an a' come but within my vice;—

Hos. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, he's an infinitive thing upon my score:—good Master Fang, hold him sure;—good Master Snare, let him not 'scape. A' comes continually to Pye corner (saving your manhoods), to buy a saddle; and he is indited to dinner to the Lubber's Head, in Lumbert Street, to Master Smooth's the silkman: I pray ye, since my exion is entered, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long one for a poor lone woman to bear: and I have borne, and

borne and borne; and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing, unless a woman should be made an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong. Yonder he comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices, Master Fang and Master Snare; do me, do me, do me your offices.

Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, PAGE, and BARDOLPH.

Fal. How now? whose mare's dead?—What's the matter?

Fang. Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away varlets!—Draw, Bardolph! Cut me off the villain's head, throw the quean in the channel.

Hos. Throw me in the channel? I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardy rogue!—Murder! murder! O, thou honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers, and the king's? Oh, thou honey-seed¹ rogue! thou art a honey-seed; a man-queller, and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph.

Fang. A rescue! a rescue!

Hos. Good people, bring a rescue or two.—Thou wo't, wo't thou?—Thou wo't, wo't thou?—Do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

Fal. Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustularian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, attended.

Chief J. What's the matter?—Keep the peace here, ho!

Hos. Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you stand to me.

Chief J. How now, Sir John?—What! are you brawling here?

Doth this become your place, your time, and business?

You should have been well on your way to York.—

Stand from him, fellow; wherefore hang'st upon him?

Hos. O, my most worshipful lord, an't

¹ By *honey-suckle* and *honey-seed*, our Hostess probably means *homicidal* and *homicide*.

please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Chief J. For what sum?

Hos. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, all I have: he hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his: but I will have some of it out again, or I'll ride thee o' nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage ground to get up.

Chief J. How comes this, Sir John? Fie! What man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Hos. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself, and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Whitsun-week, when the prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man at Windsor—thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it?—Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people: saying, that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings?—I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it if thou canst.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you; she hath been in good case, and, the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them.

Chief J. Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration: you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit

of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and person.

Hos. Yea, in troth, my lord.

Chief J. Pr'ythee, peace:—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villany you have done with her: the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honorable boldness impudent sauciness: if a man will make courts'y, and say nothing, he is virtuous: no, my lord, my humble duty remembered, I will not be your suitor; I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

Chief J. You speak as having power to do wrong: but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess.

[*Taking her aside.*]

Enter GOWER.

Chief J. Now, Master Gower, what news?

Gower. The king, my lord, and Henry Prince of Wales, Are near at hand; the rest the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman;—

Hos. Nay, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman;—come, no more words of it.

Hos. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinkery; and for thy walls, a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings, and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, an it were not for thy humors, there is not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and 'draw thy action. Come, thou must not be in this humor with me; dost not know me? Come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Hos. Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles: i'faith I am loath to pawn my plate, in good earnest, la.

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

Hos. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you'll come to supper. You'll pay me all together?

Fal. Will I live? Go with her, with her; [*To Bardolph.*] Hook on, hook on.

Hos. Will you have Doll Tear-sheet meet you at supper?

Fal. No more words—let's have her.

[*Exeunt Hostess, Bardolph, Fang, Snare, and Boy.*]

Chief J. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my good lord?

Chief J. Where lay the king last night?

Gower. At Basingstoke, my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well. What is the news, my lord?

Chief J. Come all his forces back?

Gower. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,

Are marched up to my Lord of Lancaster, Against Northumberland and the Archbishop.

Fal. Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord?

Chief J. You shall have letters of me presently. Come, go along with me, good Master Gower.

Fal. My lord!

Chief J. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner?

Gower. I must wait upon my good lord here: I thank you, good Sir John.

Chief J. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

Fal. Will you sup with me, Master Gower?

Chief J. What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me.—This is the right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

Chief J. Now, the Lord lighten thee! thou art a great fool. [Exeunt.]

SCENE 2.—London. Another street.

Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.

P. Hen. Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is it come to that? I had thought, weariness durst not have attached one of so high blood.

P. Hen. Faith, it does me; though it discolors the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me, to desire small beer?

Poins. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weak a composition.

P. Hen. Belike then, my appetite was not princely got; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name, or to know thy face to-morrow, or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast; viz. these, and those that were thy peach-colored ones? or to bear the inventory of thy shirts; as, one for superfluity, and one other for use?—but that, the tennis-court keeper knows better than I; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee, when thou keepest not racket there; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland: and God knows, whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen shall inherit his kingdom; but the midwives say, the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have labored so hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is?

P. Hen. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

Poins. Yes; and let it be an excellent good thing.

P. Hen. It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

P. Hen. Why, I tell thee,—it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick; albeit I could tell to thee (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend), I could be sad, and sad indeed, too.

Poins. Very hardly, upon such a subject.

P. Hen. By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the devil's book as thou and Falstaff, for obduracy and persistency: let the end try the man. But, I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick; and keeping such vile company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow.

Poins. The reason?

P. Hen. What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

P. Hen. It would be every man's thought: and thou art a blessed fellow to think as

¹ Children wrapped in thy old shirts.

every man thinks ; never a man's thought in the world keeps the roadway better than thine : every man would think me a hypocrite indeed. What accites your most worshipful thought, to think so ?

Poins. Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engrafted to Falstaff.

P. Hen. And to thee.

Poins. By this light, I am well spoke on, I can hear it with mine own ears : the worst they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands ; and those two things I confess I cannot help. Look, look, here comes Bardolph.

P. Hen. And the boy that I gave Falstaff : he had him from me Christian ; and look, if the fat villain have not transformed him ape.

Enter BARDOLPH and PAGE.

Bard. God save your grace !

P. Hen. And yours, most noble Bardolph.

Bard. Come, you virtuous ass, [*To the Page.*] you bashful fool, must you be blushing ? Wherefore blush you now ? What a maidenly man-at-arms are you become ? Is it such a matter to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead ?

Page. He called me even now, my lord, through a red lattice, and I could discern no part of his face from the window : at last, I spied his eyes ; and methought he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and peeped through.

P. Hen. Hath not the boy profited ?

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away !

Page. Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away !

P. Hen. Instruct us, boy : what dream, boy ?

Page. Marry, my lord, Althea dreamed she was delivered of a fire-brand ; and therefore I call him her dream.

P. Hen. A crown's worth of good interpretation.—There it is, boy.

[*Gives him money.*]

Poins. O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers !—Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

Bard. An you do not make him be hanged among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

P. Hen. And how doth thy master, Bardolph ?

Bard. Well, my good lord. He heard of

your grace's coming to town ; there's a letter for you.

Poins. Delivered with good respect.—And how doth the martlemas, your master ?

Bard. In bodily health, sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician : but that moves not him ; though that be sick, it dies not.

P. Hen. I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog ; and he holds his place, for, look you, how he writes.

Poins. [*Reads.*] "John Falstaff, knight"—every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself. Even like those that are kin to the king ; for they never prick their finger, but they say, "There is some of the king's blood spilt." "How comes that ?" says he that takes upon him not to conceive : the answer is as ready as a borrower's cap,— "I am the king's poor cousin, sir."

P. Hen. Nay, they will be kin to us, but they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter.

Poins. "Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting." Why, this is a certificate.

P. Hen. Peace !

Poins. "I will imitate the honorable Romans in brevity." Sure he means brevity in breath : short-winded.— "I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins ; for he misuses thy favors so much, that he swears thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou mayst, and so farewell.

"Thine, by yea and no (which is as much as to say, as thou usest him), Jack Falstaff with my familiars ; John, with my brothers and sisters ; and Sir John with all Europe."

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

P. Hen. That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned ? Must I marry your sister ?

Poins. God send the wench no worse fortune ! but I never said so.

P. Hen. Well, thus we play the fools with the time ; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds, and mock us.—Is your master here in London ?

Bard. Yes, my lord.

P. Hen. Where sups he ? doth the old boar feed in the old frank ?¹

¹ The old *stag*.

Bard. At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap.

P. Hen. What company?

Page. Ephesians, my lord; of the old church.

P. Hen. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly, and Mistress Doll Tear-sheet.

P. Hen. What pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

P. Hen. Even such kin as the parish-heifers are to the town bull.—Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

P. Hen. Sirrah, you boy, and Bardolph,—no word to your master, that I am yet come to town: there's for your silence.

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir, I will govern it.

P. Hen. Fare ye well; go. [*Exeunt Bardolph and Page.*] This Doll Tear-sheet should be some road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London.

P. Hen. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colors, and not ourselves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leathern jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

P. Hen. From a god to a bull? a heavy declension! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! that shall be mine; for in everything the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 4.—*London. A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern, Eastcheap.*

Enter two DRAWERS.

1 *Draw.* What the devil hast thou brought there? 'Apple-Johns?' Thou knowest Sir John cannot endure an apple-John.

2 *Draw.* Mass, thou sayest true. The prince once set a dish of apple-Johns before him, and told him, there were five more sir Johns; and, putting off his hat, said, 'I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, withered knights.' It angered him to the heart; but he hath forgot that.

¹ A species of apple that will keep two years, but after some time appears to be shrunk and dried up.

1 *Draw.* Why then, cover, and set them down: and see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise;¹ Mistress Tear-sheet would fain hear some music. Despatch. The room where they supped is too hot; they'll come in straight.

2 *Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the Prince and Master Poins anon; and they will put on two of our jerkins, and aprons; and Sir John must not know of it: Bardolph hath brought word.

1 *Draw.* By the mass, here will be old utis.² It will be an excellent stratagem.

2 *Draw.* I'll see, if I can find out Sneak. [*Exit.*]

Enter HOSTESS and DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Hos. I' faith! sweet heart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality: your pulsidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire; and your color, I warrant you, is as red as any rose in good truth, la! But, i' faith, you have drunk too much canaries; and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say,—what's this? How do you now?

Doll. Better than I was. Hem!

Hos. Why, that's well said. A good heart's worth gold. Look! here comes Sir John.

Enter FALSTAFF, singing.

Fal. "When Arthur first in court"—Empty the Jordan.—"And was a worthy King:" [*Exit Drawer.*]

Hos. Sick of a calm: yea, and good faith.

Fal. So is all her sect; an they be once in a calm, they are sick.

Doll. You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals, Mistress Doll.

Doll. I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll; we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you: grant that, my poor virtue, grant that.

Doll. Ay, marry; our chains and our jewels.

Fal. "Your brooches, pearls and owches:"³—for to serve bravely, is to come halting off, you know: to come off the breach

¹ Sneak was a street minstrel.

² Merry doings.

³ A fragment of an old ballad.

with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charged chambers bravely:—

Doll. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself!

Hos. Why, this is the old fashion; you two never meet but you fall to some discord: you are both, in good troth, as rheumatic as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-year! one must bear, and that one must be you: [*To Doll.*] you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

Doll. Can a weak empty vessel, bear such a huge full hogshead? There's a whole merchant's venture of Bordeaux stuff in him: you have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold.—Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars, and whether I shall ever see thee again or no, there is nobody cares.

Re-enter DRAWER.

Draw. Sir, ancient Pistol 's' below, and would speak with you.

Doll. Hang him, swaggering rascal! Let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouth'dst rogue in England.

Hos. If he swagger, let him not come here: no, by my faith! I must live amongst my neighbors; I'll no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very best. Shut the door; there comes no swaggerers here! I have not lived all this while to have swaggering now;—shut the door, I pray you.

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess?—

Hos. Pray you, pacify yourself, Sir John; there comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear? It is mine ancient.

Hos. Tilly-fally, Sir John, ne'er tell me; your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before Master Tisick, the deputy, the other day; and, as he said to me,—'t was no longer ago than Wednesday last,—"Neighbor Quickly," says he—Master Dumb, our minister, was by then—"Neighbor Quickly," says he, "receive those that are civil; for," saith he, "you are in an ill name;" now he said so, I can tell whereupon; "for," says he, "you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore, take heed what guests you receive. Receive," says he, "no swaggering companions."—There comes none here;

—you would bless you to hear what he said:—no, I'll no swaggerers.

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess,—a tame cheater, ha. You may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound: he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance.—Call him up, drawer. [*Exit Drawer.*]

Hos. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater; but I do not love swaggering; by my troth, I am the worse, when one says—*swagger*: feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Doll. So you do, hostess.

Hos. Do I? Yea, in very truth do I, an' 't were an aspen leaf. I cannot abide swaggers.

Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH and PAGE.

Pistol. God save you, Sir John!

Fal. Welcome, ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

Pistol. I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

Hos. Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets; I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

Pistol. Then to you, Mistress Dorothy—I will charge you.

Doll. Charge me? I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue, away! I am meat for your master.

Pistol. I know you, Mistress Dorothy.

Doll. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung, away! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chops, an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you!—Since when, I pray you, sir? What! with two points on your shoulder? much!

Pistol. I will murder your ruff for this.

Fal. No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

Hos. No, good captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

Doll. Captain! thou abominable damned cheater, art thou not ashamed to be called—captain? An captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out for

¹ In modern phrase, *ensign* Pistol.

taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain, you slave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house?—He a captain? hang him, rogue! he lives upon mouldy stewed prunes, and dried cakes. A captain! God's light! these villains will make the word captain as odious as the word *occupy*, which was an excellent good word before it was ill sorted: therefore captains had need look to it.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, Mistress Doll.

Pistol. Not I: I tell thee what, corporal Bardolph;—

I could tear her:—I'll be reveng'd on her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pistol. I'll see her damned first to Pluto's damned lake; by this hand! to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down, down, dogs! down, fators! Have we not Hiren here?

Hos. Good captain Peesell, be quiet; it is very late, i' faith: I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

Pistol. These be good humors, indeed!

Shall pack-horses,
And hollow pampered jades of Asia,
Which cannot go but thirty miles a day,
Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals,¹
And Trojan Greeks? Nay, rather damn them with

King Cerberus; and let the welkin roar.

Shall we fall foul for toys?

Hos. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good ancient: this will grow to a brawl anon.

Pistol. Die, men, like dogs; give crowns like pins; have we not Hiren here?

Hos. O' my word, captain, there's none such here. What the good-year! do you think I would deny her? for God's sake, be quiet.

Pistol. Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis.

Come, give's some sack.

Sè fortuna me tormenta, la speranza me contenta.

Fear we broadsides? no, let the fiend give fire:

Give me some sack; and, sweetheart, lie thou there.

[*Laying down his sword.*]

¹ He means Hannibals.

Come we to full points here; and are of *ceteras* nothing?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pistol. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif: what! we have seen the seven stars.

Doll. For God's sake, thrust him down stairs; I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pistol. Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway nags?

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling. Nay, an he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you down stairs.

Pistol. What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrow?—

[*Snatching up his sword.*]

Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days!

Why then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds

Untwine the sisters three! Come, Atropos, I say!

Hos. Here's goodly stuff toward!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy.

Doll. I prythee, Jack, I prythee, do not draw.

Fal. Get you down stairs. [*Drawing.*]

Hos. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these tiritts and frights. So; murder, I warrant now. Alas! Alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

[*Exeunt Pistol and Bardolph.*]

Doll. I prythee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal is gone. Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you.

Hos. Are you not hurt i' the groin? methought a' made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

Fal. Have you turned him out of doors?

Bard. Yea, sir. The rascal's drunk: you have hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal! to brave me!

Doll. Ah! you sweet little rogue, you! Alas poor ape, how thou sweat'st! Come, let me wipe thy face;—come on, you whoreson chops:—ah, rogue! i' faith, I love thee! Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine worthies: ah, villain!

Fal. A rascally knave! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

Doll. Do, an thou darest, for thy heart : if thou dost, I'll canvas thee between a pair of sheets.

Page. The music is come, sir.

Enter Music.

Fal. Let them play.—Play, sirs.—Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascal bragging slave ! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

Doll. I' faith, and thou follow'dst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o' days and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven ?

Enter behind, PRINCE HENRY and POINS, disguised like Drawers.

Fal. Peace, good Doll ! do not speak like a death's head ; do not bid me remember mine end.

Doll. Sirrah, what humor is the prince of ?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow : he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipped bread well.

Doll. They say, Poins hath a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit ! hang him, baboon ! —his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard ; there is no more conceit in him than is in a mallet.

Doll. Why doth the prince love him so, then ?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness, and he plays at quoits well, and eats conger and fennel, and drinks off candles' ends for flapdragons, and rides the wild mare with the boys, and jumps upon joint-stools, and swears with a good grace, and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg ; and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories ; and such other gambol faculties he hath, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him ; for the prince himself is such another ; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

P. Hen. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off ?

Poins. Let's beat him before his whore.

P. Hen. Look, if the withered elder hath not his poll clawed like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance ?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll.

P. Hen. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction ! What says the almanac to that ?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lisping to his master's old tables ; his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Doll. Nay, truly, I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Doll. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirtle of ? I shall receive money on Thursday : thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come : it grows late, we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me when I'm gone.

Doll. By my troth, thou'lt set me a weeping, an' thou say'st so ; prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return.—Well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis !

P. Hen. Poins. Anon, anon, sir.

[*Advancing.*
Fal. Ha ! a bastard son of the king's ? —And art not thou Poins his brother ?¹

P. Hen. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead ?

Fal. A better than thou ; I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

P. Hen. Very true, sir ; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Hos. O, the Lord preserve thy good grace ! welcome to London. Now, Heaven bless that sweet face of thine ! What, are you come from Wales ?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty,—by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

[*Leaning his hand upon Doll.*

Doll. How ! you fat fool, I scorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to merriment, if you take not the heat.

P. Hen. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman ?

Hos. God's blessing of your good heart ! and so she is, by my troth !

Fal. Didst thou hear me ?

P. Hen. Yes ; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gad's-hill ; you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

¹ Meaning Poins's brother.

Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

P. Hen. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, on mine honor; no abuse.

P. Hen. Not! to dispraise me, and call me—pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poins. No abuse!

Fal. No abuse, Ned, in the world; honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him;—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal;—none, Ned, none;—no, boys, none.

P. Hen. See, now, whether pure fear and entire cowardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman, to close with us? Is she of the wicked? Is thine hostess here of the wicked? Or is thy boy of the wicked? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer?

Fal. The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt worms. For the boy,—there is a good angel about him; but the devil out-bids him too.

P. Hen. For the women?

Fal. For one of them, she is in hell already, and burns, poor soul! For the other, I owe her money; and whether she be damned for that, I know not.

Hos. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not; I think thou art quit for that. Marry,—there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house contrary to the law; for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

Hos. All victuallers do so; what's a joint of mutton or two, in a whole Lent?

P. Hen. You, gentlewoman,——

Doll. What says your grace?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels against. [Knocking without.]

Hos. Who knocks so loud at the door? Look to the door there, Francis.

Enter Peto.

P. Hen. Peto! how now? What news?

Peto. The king your father is at Westminster;

And there are twenty weak and wearied posts,
Come from the north; and, as I came along,

I met and overtook a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

P. Hen. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame

So idly to profane the precious time,
When tempest of commotion, like the south Borne with black vapor, doth begin to melt,
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.
Give me my sword and cloak:—Falstaff, good night.

[*Exeunt the Prince, Poins, Peto, and Bardolph.*]

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence, and leave it unpicked. [Knocking heard.] More knocking at the door!

Re-enter BARDOLPH.

How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presently; a dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. Pay the musicians, sirrah. [To the Page.] Farewell, hostess;—farewell, Doll. You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after; the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is called on. Farewell, good wenches. If I be not sent away post, I will see you again, ere I go.

Doll. I cannot speak.—If my heart be not ready to burst;—well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

Fal. Farewell, farewell.

[*Exit Falstaff and Bardolph.*]

Hos. Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod-time; but an honest and truer-hearted man,—Well, fare thee well.

Bard. [Without.] Mistress Tear-sheet,—

Hos. What's the matter?

Bard. Bid Mistress Tear-sheet come to my master.

Hos. O run, Doll, run; run, good Doll. [Exeunt]

Act III.—SCENE 2.—*Court before Justice Shallow's House in Gloucestershire.*

Enter SHALLOW and SILENCE, meeting; MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FREEBLE, BULL-CALF, and Servants, behind.

Shal. Come on, come on, come on; give me your hand, sir,—give me your hand, sir; an early stirrer, by the rood! And how doth my good cousin Silence?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bed-fellow? and your fairest daughter and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

Sil. Alas! a black ouzel,¹ cousin Shallow.

Shal. By yea and nay, sir, I dare say my cousin William is become a good scholar: he is at Oxford still, is he not?

Sil. Indeed, sir; to my cost.

Shal. He must then to the Inns of Court shortly: I was once of Clement's Inn; where, I think, they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were called lusty Shallow, then, cousin?

Shal. By the mass, I was called anything; and I would have done anything, indeed, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele, a Cotswold man,—you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the Inns of Court, again: and I may say to you, we knew where the *bona-robas* were, and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

Sil. This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

Shal. The same Sir John, the very same. I saw him break Skogan's head at the court gate, when he was a crack, not thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's Inn. O, the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of my old acquaintance are dead!

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure! death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all: all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

Sil. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain.—Is old Double, of your town, living yet?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. Jesu, Jesu! dead!—he drew a good bow;—and dead!—he shot a fine shoot. John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead!—he would have clapped i' the clout at twelve score;¹ and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see.—How a score of ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be²: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead?

Sil. Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

Enter BARDOLPH, and one with him.

Bard. Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace. What is your good pleasure with me?

Bard. My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, Sir John Falstaff; a tall³ gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, sir; I knew him a good backsword man. How doth the good knight? May I ask, how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said, indeed, too. Better accommodated!—it is good; yea, indeed, it is; good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated!—it comes from *accommodo*: very good; a good phrase.

Bard. Pardon sir; I have heard the word. *Phrase*, call you it? By this day, I know not the *phrase*: but I will maintain the word with my sword, to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or, when a man is,—being,—whereby,—he may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

Enter FALSTAFF.

Shal. It is very just.—Look, here comes good Sir John.—Give me your hand, give

¹ Hit the nail or pin which sustained the target, at twelve score yards.

² That depends on their quality.

³ Brave.

¹ Blackbird.

me your worship's good hand ; by my troth, you look well, and bear your years very well : welcome, good Sir John.

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good master Robert Shallow :—Master Sure-card, as I think.

Shal. No, Sir John ; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome.

Fal. Fie ! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men ?

Shal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit ?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you.

Shal. Where's the roll ? where's the roll ? where's the roll ? Let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so ; yea, marry, sir : Ralph Mouldy !—let them appear as I call. Let them do so, let them do so.—Let me see ; where is Mouldy ?

Moul. Here, an 't please you.

Shal. What think you, Sir John ? a good-limbed fellow ; young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy ?

Moul. Yea, an 't please you.

Fal. 'T is the more time thou wert used.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha ! most excellent, i' faith ! things that are mouldy lack use : very singular good ! Well said, Sir John ; very well said.

Fal. Prick him. [*To Shallow.*]

Moul. I was pricked well enough before, an you could have let me alone : my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery ; you need not to have pricked me ; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to ; peace, Mouldy, you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent !

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace ; stand aside ; know you where you are ?—For the other, Sir John :—let me see ;—Simon Shadow !

Fal. Ay, marry, let me have him to sit under ; he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow ?

Shad. Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou ?

Shad. My mother's son, sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son ! like enough ; and thy father's shadow : so the son of the female is the shadow of the male : it is often so, indeed ; but not much of the father's substance.

Shal. Do you like him, Sir John ?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer,—prick him. For we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart !

Fal. Where's he ?

Wart. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart ?

Wart. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir John ?

Fal. It were superfluous ; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins ; prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha ! you can do it, sir ; you can do it ; I commend you well.—Francis Feeble !

Feeble. Here, sir.

Fal. What trade art thou, Feeble ?

Feeble. A woman's tailor, sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir ?

Fal. You may : but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have pricked you.—Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat ?

Feeble. I will do my good will, sir ; you can do no more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor ! well said, most courageous Feeble ! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove or the most magnanimous mouse. Prick the woman's tailor well, Master Shallow—deep, Master Shallow.

Feeble. I would Wart might have gone, sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a man's tailor ; that thou might'st mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands : let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

Feeble. It shall suffice, sir.

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.—Who is next ?

Shal. Peter Bull-calf of the Green !

Fal. Yea, marry, let us see Bull-calf.

Bull. Here, sir.

Fal. 'Fore God, a likely fellow !—Come, prick me Bull-calf till he roar again.

Bull. O lord !—good my lord captain,—

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art pricked ?

Bull. O lord, sir !—I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou ?

Bull. A whoreson cold, sir ; a cough, sir, which I caught ringing in the king's affairs, upon his coronation day, sir.

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown ; we will have away thy cold ; and

I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee.—Is here all?

Shal. Here is two more called than your number; you must have but four here, sir;—and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, in good troth, Master Shallow.

Shal. O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill at St. George's fields?

Fal. No more of that, good Master Shallow, no more of that.

Shal. Ha! it was a merry night. And is Jane Night-work alive?

Fal. She lives, Master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never; she would always say, she could not abide Master Shallow.

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a *bona robâ*—Doth she hold her own well?

Fal. Old, old, Master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain she's old; and had Robin Night-work by old Night-work, before I came to Clement's Inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five year ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen! Ha, Sir John, said I well?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have; in faith, Sir John, we have; our watchword was, *Hem, boys!*—Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner. O, the days that we have seen! Come, come.

[*Exeunt Shallow, Falstaff, and Silence.*]

Bull. Good master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here is four Harry ten shillings in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as leave be hanged, sir, as go; and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but, rather, because I am unwilling, and for mine own part have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Moul. And good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do anything about her, when I am gone; and she is old and cannot help herself: you shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to; stand aside.

Feeble. By my troth I care not; a man

can die but once; we owe God a death; I'll ne'er bear a base mind: an't be my destiny, so; an't be not, so. No man's too good to serve his prince; and, let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

Bard. Well said; thou'rt a good fellow.

Feeble. 'Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter FALSTAFF and JUSTICES.

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have?

Shal. Four, of which you please.

Bard. Sir, a word with you. I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bull-calf.

Fal. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, Sir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you choose for me?

Shal. Marry, then,—Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy, and Bull-calf:—for you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service; and, for your part, Bull-calf, grow till you come unto it; I will none of you,

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong; they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thews, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man? Give me the spirit, Master Shallow. Here's Wart;—you see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off and on swifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow,—give me this man; he presents no mark to the enemy; the foe-man may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife.—And, for a retreat, how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off! O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones!—Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So:—very well—go to—very good—exceeding good.—O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapped, bald shot!—Well said, Wart; thou'rt a good scab: hold, there's a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end Green (when I lay at Clement's Inn:—I was then Sir Dagonet, in Arthur's show),

there was a little quiver fellow, and a' would manage you his piece thus: and 'a would about and about, and come you in, and come you in:—*rah, tah, tah*, would 'a say; *bounce*, would 'a say; and away again would 'a go, and again would 'a come:—I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, Master Shallow. God keep you, Master Silence; I will not use many words with you: fare you well, gentlemen both; I thank you: I must a dozen mile to-night.—Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, the Lord bless you, and prosper your affairs; God send us peace! At your return, visit my house; let our old acquaintance be renewed,—peradventure, I will with you to the Court.

Fal. I would you would, Master Shallow.

Shal. Go to, I have spoke at a word.—Fare you well. [*Exeunt Shallow and Silence.*]

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On, Bardolph; lead the men away. [*Exeunt Bardolph, Recruits, et cetera.*] As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord, lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull Street: and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's Inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese paring: when he was naked, he was for all the world like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife. He was so forlorn, that his dimensions, to any thick sight, were invisible. He was the very genius of famine; yet, lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him—mandrake. He came ever in the rearward of the fashion; and sung those tunes to the over-scuted huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and swear—they were his *fancies*, or his *good-nights*. And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire, and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if he had been sworn brother to him; and I'll be sworn he never saw him, but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he burst his head, for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it, and told John of Gaunt he beat his own name: for you might have trussed him and all his apparel into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court; and now hath he land and beeves. Well, I will be acquainted

with him, if I return; and it shall go hard, but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me. If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason, in the law of nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.—SCENE 3.—A Forest in York-shire.

[By the time that Falstaff reaches the scene of conflict with his motley recruits, the war is practically finished. Fortune favors him, however, so that he is enabled to present himself, at the twelfth hour, with a somewhat noted prisoner:]

Alarums. Excursions. Enter FALSTAFF and SIR JOHN COLEVILE, meeting.

Fal. What's your name, sir? of what condition are you? and of what place, I pray?

Cole. I am a knight, sir; and my name is Colevile of the dale.

Fal. Well, then, Colevile is your name; a knight is your degree; and your place, the dale: Colevile shall still be your name; a traitor your degree; and the dungeon your place,—a place deep enough; so shall you be still Colevile of the dale.

Cole. Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

Cole. I think you are Sir John Falstaff; and, in that thought, yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: my womb, my womb, my womb undoes me.—Here comes our general.

[*A Retreat sounded.*]

Enter PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND and others.

P. John. The heat is past; follow no further now:

Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.— [*Exit Westmoreland.*]
Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?

When everything is ended, then you come: These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life, One time or other, break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus: I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valor. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility; I have foundered nine-score and odd posts: and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valor taken Sir John Coleville of the dale, a most furious knight and valorous enemy. But what of that?—he saw me, and yielded; that I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome—I came, saw, and overcame.

P. John. It was more of his courtesy, than your deserving.

Fal. I know not: here he is, and here I yield him; and I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds; or, by the lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it, Coleville kissing my foot: to the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt two-pences to me; and I in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element, which show like pins' heads to her, believe not the word of the noble: therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

P. John. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine then.

P. John. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

P. John. Is thy name Coleville?

Cole. It is, my lord.

P. John. A famous rebel art thou, Coleville.

Fal. And a famous true subject took him.

Cole. I am, my lord, but as my betters are,
That led me hither: had they been rul'd by me,
You should have won them dearer than you have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves, but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis; and I thank thee for thee. . . . My lord, [*To Prince John.*] I beseech you, give me leave to go through

Gloucestershire: and, when you come to Court, stand, my good lord, pray, in your good report.

P. John. Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition,

Shall better speak of you than you deserve.

[*Exeunt Prince John and attendants.*]

Fal. I would you had but the wit; 't were better than your dukedom.—Good faith! this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me, nor a man cannot make him laugh;—but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine.—There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof: for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches: they are generally fools and cowards;—which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it: it ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapors which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which delivered o'er to the voice (the tongue), which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is,—the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face; which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart; who, great and puffed up with his retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valor comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack; for that sets it a-work; and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till sack commences it and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it, that Prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavor of drinking good, and good store of fertile sherris; that he is become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them should be—to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

Enter BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph?

Bard. The army is discharged all, and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Gloucestershire, and there I will visit Master Robert Shallow, esquire. I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. *[Exit.*

ACT V.—SCENE 1.—*Gloucestershire. A Hall in Shallow's House.*

Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and PAGE.

Shal. By cock and pye, sir, you shall not away to-night.—What, Davy, I say!

Fal. You must excuse me, Master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve: you shall not be excused. Why, Davy!

Enter DAVY.

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy;—let me see, Davy:—let me see; yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither.—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus;—those precepts¹ cannot be served: and, again, sir,—shall we sow the head-land with wheat?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook;—are there no young pigeons?

Davy. Yes, sir.—Here is now the smith's note, for shoeing and plough-irons.

Shal. Let it be cast, and paid: Sir John, you shall not be excused.

Davy. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had:—and, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

Shal. He shall answer it.—Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legged hens; a joint of mutton; and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

Shal. Yes, Davy. I will use him well: a friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse. Use him men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are back-bitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy. About thy business, Davy.

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Wincot against Clement Perkes of the hill.

Shal. There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor: that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship, that he is a knave, sir; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, this eight years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

Shal. Go to; I say, he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. *[Exit Davy.]* Where are you, Sir John? Come, come, come, off with your boots.—Give me your hand, Master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with all my heart, kind Master Bardolph: and welcome, my tall fellow. *[To the Page.]* Come, Sir John. *[Exit Shallow.]*

Fal. I'll follow you, good Master Robert Shallow. Bardolph look to our horses. *[Exit Bardolph and Page.]* If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermits' staves as Master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his. They, by observing him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man: their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent, like so many wild geese. If I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would humor his men, with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with Master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught, as men take

¹ Warrants.

diseases, one of another: and therefore, let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter, the wearing out of six fashions (which is four terms or two actions), and he shall laugh without *intervallums*. O, it is much that a lie, with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

Shal. [*Within.*] Sir John!

Fal. I come, Master Shallow; I come, Master Shallow. [*Exit Falstaff.*]

SCENE 3.—*Justice Shallow's Garden.*

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, BARDOLPH, DAVY, and the PAGE.

Shal. Nay, you shall see mine orchard; where, in an arbor, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own grafting, with a dish of carraways, and so forth.—Come, cousin Silence,—and then to bed.

Fal. Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John: marry, good air.—Spread, Davy; spread, Davy: well said, Davy.

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses: he is your serving-man, and your husband-man.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John.—By the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper:—a good varlet. Now sit down; now sit down.—Come, cousin.

Silen. Ah, sirrah! quoth-a,—we shall—

[*Singing.*]
Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,
And praise heaven for the merry year;
When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there,

So merrily,
And ever among, so merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart!—Good Master Silence, I'll give you a health for that, anon.

Shal. Give Master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet sir, sit. [*Seating Bardolph and the Page at another table.*] I'll be with you anon:—most sweet sir, sit.—Master

Page, good Master Page, sit: proface!¹ What you want in meat we'll have in drink. But you must bear; the heart's all.

[*Exit.*]
Shal. Be merry, Master Bardolph;—and my little soldier there, be merry.

Sil. [*Singing.*]

Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;
For women are shrews, both short and tall:
'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,

And welcome merry shrove-tide.

Be merry, be merry, etc.

Fal. I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

Sil. Who, I? I have been merry twice and once, ere now.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. There is a dish of leather-coats for you. [*Setting them before Bardolph.*]

Shal. Davy,—

Davy. Your worship?—I'll be with you straight. [*To Bardolph.*] A cup of wine, sir?

Sil. [*Singing.*]

"A cup of wine, that's brisk and fine,
And drink unto the leman mine;
And a merry heart lives long-a."

Fal. Well said, Master Silence.

Sil. An we shall be merry; now comes in the sweet of the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, Master Silence!

Sil. [*Singing.*]

"Fill the cup, and let it come;
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom."

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome; if thou wantest any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart.—Welcome, my little tiny thief; [*To the Page.*] and welcome, indeed, too. I'll drink to Master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleroes about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. An I might see you there, Davy—

Shal. By the mass, you'll crack a quart together. Ha! will you not, Master Bardolph?

Bard. Yes, sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. I thank thee. The knave will stick by thee; I can assure thee that: he will not out; he is true bred.

¹ An Italian phrase signifying much good may it do you, and equivalent to our *welcome*.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, sir.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing: be merry. [*Knocking heard.*] Look who's at door there, ho! who knocks?

[*Exit Davy.*]

Fal. Why, now you have done me right.

[*To Silence, who drinks a bumper.*]

Sil. "Do me right, [*Singing.*]

And dub me knight:

Samingo."

Is't not so?

Fal. 'T is so.

Sil. Is't so? Why, then, say an old man can do somewhat.

Re-enter DAVY.

Davy. An it please your worship, there's one Pistol, come from the Court with news.

Fal. From the Court? Let him come in.—

Enter PISTOL.

How now, Pistol?

Pist. Sir John, God save you!

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good.—Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

Sil. By'r lady, I think 'a be; but good-man Puff, of Barson.

Pist. Puff!

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!

Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend, And helter-skelter have I rode to thee; And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys, And golden times, and happy news of price.

Fal. I pr'ythee, now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A foutra for the world, and world-lings base!

I speak of Africa and golden joys.

Fal. O! base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?

Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. "And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John." [*Sings.*]

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?

And shall good news be baffled?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

Shal. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, sir;—if, sir, you come with news from the Court, I take it, there is but two ways; either to utter them,

or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

Pist. Under which king, Bezonian? speak, or die.

Shal. Under King Harry.

Pist. Harry the Fourth? or Fifth?

Shal. Harry the Fourth.

Pist. A foutra for thine office!—

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king; Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth:

When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me, like The bragging Spaniard.

Fal. What! is the old king dead?

Pist. As nail in door:—the things I speak are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph; saddle my horse. Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine.—Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O, joyful day! I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Pist. What! I do bring good news?

Fal. Carry Master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots; we'll ride all night: O, sweet Pistol!—Away, Bardolph. [*Exit Bardolph.*] Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and, withal, devise something to do thyself good.—Boot, boot, Master Shallow; I know the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses: the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends; and woe unto my Lord Chief Justice.

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!

"Where is the life that late I led," say they:

Why here it is; welcome these pleasant days. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 4.—*London. A Street.*

Enter BEADLES dragging along HOSTESS QUICKLY and DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Hos. No, thou arrant knave; I would I might die, that I might have thee hanged: thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

1 Bea. The constables have delivered her over to me; and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her. There hath been a man or two lately killed about her.

Doll. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on: I'll tell thee what, thou'damned tripe-visaged rascal; an the child I now go with, do miscarry, thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain!

Hos. O the Lord, that Sir John were come! He would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God, the fruit of her womb miscarry!

I Bea. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions again; you have but eleven now. Come I charge you both, go with me; for the man is dead, that you and Pistol beat among you.

Doll. I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer! I will have you as soundly swung for this, you blue-bottled rogue; you filthy famished correctioner! If you be not swung, I'll forswear half-kirtles.

I Bea. Come, come, you she knight-errant; come.

Hos. O, that right should thus overcome might! Well, of sufferance comes ease.

Doll. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a justice.

Hos. Yes; come, you starved blood-hound!

Doll. Goodman death! goodman bones!

Hos. Thou atomy, thou!

Doll. Come, you thin thing; come, you rascal!

I Bea. Very well.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 5.—*A Public Place near Westminster Abbey. A concourse of people.*

Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and the PAGE.

Fal. Stand here, by me, Master Robert Shallow; I will make the king do you grace: I will leer upon him, as he comes by; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. God bless thy lungs, good knight!

Fal. Come here, Pistol; stand behind me. O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. [*To Shallow.*] But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. It shows my earnestness in affection.

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion.

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth.

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night: and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.

Shal. It is most certain.

Fal. But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him: thinking of nothing else; putting all affairs else in oblivion; as if there was nothing else to be done, but to see him.

Pist. 'Tis *semper idem*, for *absque hoc nihil est*: 'Tis all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis so, indeed.

Pist. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver, and make thee rage.

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts, Is in base durance, and contagious prison: Hal'd thither by most mechanical and dirty hand:—

Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's snake, For Doll is in; Pistol speaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

[*Shouts without, and the trumpets sound.*]

Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

Enter the KING, and his train, the CHIEF JUSTICE among them.

Fal. God save thy grace, King Hal! My royal Hal!

Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp of fame!

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy!

King. My Lord Chief Justice, speak to that vain man.

Chief J. Have you your wits?—Know you what 'tis you speak?

Fal. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

King. I know thee not, old man; fall to thy prayers. How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!

I have long dreamed of such a kind of man, So surfeit-swelled, so old, and so profane; But, being awake, I do despise my dream. Make less thy body, hence, and more thy grace;

Leave gormandizing; know, the grave doth gape

For thee thrice wider than for other men:—Reply not to me with a fool-born jest; Presume not, that I am the thing I was:

For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,
That I have turn'd away my former self ;
So will I those that kept me company.
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,
Approach me ; and thou shalt be as thou wast,

The tutor and the feeder of my riots :
Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,—
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,—
Not to come near our person by ten mile.
For competence of life I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evil :

And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,
We will,—according to your strength and qualities,—

Give you advancement.—Be it your charge,
my lord, [To the Chief Justice.

To see performed the tenor of our word.

Set on. [Excunt King and train.

Fal. Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

Shal. Ay, marry, Sir John ; which I beseech you to let me have home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, Master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this ; I shall be sent for in private to him : look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear not your advancement ; I will be the man yet, that shall make you great.

Shal. I cannot perceive how ; unless you give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word : this that you heard was but a color.

Shal. A color, I fear, that you will die in, Sir John.

Fal. Fear no colors ; go with me to dinner. Come, ancient Pistol,—come Bardolph ; I shall be sent for soon, at night.

Re-enter CHIEF JUSTICE, Officers, etc.

Chief J. Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet ; take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord—

Chief J. I cannot now speak ; I will hear you soon.

Take them away.

Pist. *Sè fortuna me tormenta, la speranza me contenta.* [Excunt.

[And here we get the last glimpse of our Fat Knight that the Two Parts of Henry IV. afford. Truly a sad plight for one to be in whose hopes, but a few minutes

ago, rioted in visions of money and influence and such without limit. Such a shock of disappointment would utterly crush most men ; but Jack is not a man to be long depressed by any misfortune. The wave of adversity may roll over him, but, cork-like, he soon floats to the surface. We have followed his fortunes through the two Plays,—Parts I. and II. of King Henry the IV. : We now turn to trace his career in “ *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.” We do not pretend that there is a historic, or chronological sequence in the order of his adventures as they will thus be exhibited. It may, however, be permissible to consider that, after being discharged from the Fleet, Sir John leaves London and meets the adventures that are now about to be chronicled. This conceit derives some warrant from these words of the young king Henry V., addressed to Falstaff :—

“ I banish thee, on pain of death,

As I have done the rest of my misleaders,
Not to come near our person by ten mile.

For competence of life I will allow you,
That lack of means enforce you not to evil ;
And as we hear you do reform yourselves,
We will, according to your strength and qualities,
Give you advancement.”

Leaving London, after his liberation from prison, we may conceive him as tarrying in Windsor, among other places. But how could such a confirmed old scapegrace ever hope to return to the Metropolis on the conditions imposed by the king ?—

Another argument in favor of our supposed order of events, is found in the fact that while Falstaff's retainers, Pistol and Bardolph, are with him throughout his career in both parts of *Henry IV.*, he turns them adrift in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.]

FALSTAFF IN “THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.”

[Scene I opens with a conversation between JUSTICE SHALLOW, his cousin SLENDER, and SIR HUGH EVANS, a Welsh parson. Shallow has been wantonly aggrieved by Falstaff and his followers, and declares he will have redress.

Shallow is a garrulous old fellow, full of a sense of the greatness of his office, and given to boasting of the hair-brained deeds and gallantries of his youth, which adventures, probably, were, for the most part, but fragments of his rattle-trap brain. SLENDER is a simple-minded, timid creature who reverences his cousin, the Justice Shallow, and is as nearly a cipher as any one could be. Shallow is anxious to marry him to ANNE PAGE, and he is as ready to submit to that arrangement as he would be to do any thing else his relative told him to do. “ Mistress ” Anne has two other suitors,—one, DOCTOR CAIUS, an irascible Frenchman ; and the other, MASTER FENTON, an impetuous young gentleman, who, at first attracted to the maiden by her father's money, becomes afterwards her true lover :]

ACT I.—SCENE 1.—*Windsor. Before
Page's House.*

*Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH,
NYM and PISTOL.*

Fal. Now, Master Shallow; you'll complain of me to the king?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge.

Fal. But not kissed your keeper's daughter!

Shal. Tut, a pin! this shall be answered.

Fal. I will answer it straight: I have done all this; that is now answered.

Shal. The Council shall know this.

Fal. 'T were better for you, if it were known in counsel: you'll be laughed at.

Eva. *Pauca verba*, Sir John; good words.

Fal. Good words! good cabbage.—Slender, I broke your head; what matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, sir, I have matter in my head against you; and against your coney-catching rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol. They carried me to the tavern and made me drunk, and afterwards picked my pocket.

Bard. You Banbury cheese!

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Pist. How now, Mephostophilus?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say! *pauca, pauca*; slice! that's my humor.

Fal. Pistol,—

Pist. He hears with ears.

Eva. The tevil and his tam! what phrase is this, *He hears with ear*? Why, it is affections.

Fal. Pistol, did you pick Master Slender's purse?

Slen. Ay, by these gloves did he (or I would I might never come in mine own great chamber again else), of seven groats in mill-sixpences, and two Edward shovel-boards,¹ that cost me two shilling and two pence a-piece of Yead Miller, by these gloves.

Fal. Is this true, Pistol?

Eva. No; it is false, if it is a pick-purse.

Pist. Ha, thou mountain-foreigner!—Sir John, and master mine, I combat challenge of this latten bilbo:¹ Word of denial in thy labras² here: Word of denial: froth and scum, thou liest.

[*To Slender.*

Slen. By these gloves, then, 't was he.

Nym. Be avised, sir, and pass good humors: I will say, *marry trap*, with you, if you run the nut-hook's³ humor on me; that is the very note of it.

Slen. By this hat, then he in the red face had it; for though I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an ass.

Fal. What say you, "Scarlet and John?"

Bard. Why, sir, for my part, I say, the gentleman had drunk himself out of his five sentences.

Eva. It is his five senses: fie, what the ignorance is!

Bard. And being fap sir, was, as they say, cashiered⁴; and so conclusions passed the careires.

Slen. Ay, you speak in Latin then too; but 'tis no matter; I'll never be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly company, for this trick: if I be drunk, I'll be drunk with those that have the fear of God, and not with drunken knaves.

Eva. So God 'udge me, that is a virtuous mind.

Fal. You hear all these matters denied, gentlemen: you hear it.

Enter ANNE PAGE with wine; MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE following.

Page. Nay, daughter, carry the wine in; we'll drink within. [*Exit Anne Page.*

Slen. O heaven! this is Mistress Anne Page.

Page. How now, Mistress Ford?

Fal. Mistress Ford, by my troth, you are very well met: by your leave, good mistress.

[*Kissing her.*

Page. Wife, bid these gentlemen welcome: come, we have a hot venison pasty to dinner; come, gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all unkindness. [*Exeunt.*

¹ Falstaff quibbles on the words *council* and *counsel*, the latter signifying secrecy.

² The broad shillings of Edward the Sixth, much used in the game of shuffle-board.

¹ A *latten bilbo* (*latten* being a mixed metal akin to brass) means a sword wanting both edge and temper.

² Lips.

³ *Nuthook* was the slang title of a catchpole, or bailiff.

⁴ Cleaned out.

SCENE 3.—*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF, HOST, BARDOLPH, NYM, PISTOL and ROBIN.

Fal. Mine host of the Garter,—

Hos. What says my bully-rook? Speak scholarly and wisely.

Fal. Truly, mine host, I must turn away some of my followers.

Hos. Discard, bully Hercules; cashier: let them wag; trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten pounds a week.

Hos. Thou'rt an emperor, Cæsar, Keisar, and Pheezar.¹ I will entertain Bardolph; he shall draw, he shall tap; said I well, bully Hector?

Fal. Do so, good mine host.

Hos. I have spoke; let him follow. [*To Bardolph.*] Let me see thee froth and lime;² I am at a word; follow. [*Exit Hos.*]

Fal. Bardolph, follow him; a tapster is a good trade: an old cloak makes a new jerkin; a withered serving-man a fresh tapster: go; adieu.

Bard. It is a life I have desired; I will thrive. [*Exit Bardolph.*]

Pist. O base Gongarian wight! Wilt thou the spigot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in drink: is not the humor conceited? His mind is not heroic, and there's the humor of it.

Fal. I am glad I am so acquit of this tinder-box; his thefts were too open: his filching was like an unskilful singer,—he kept not time.

Nym. The good humor is, to steal at a minute's rest.

Pist. Convey, the wise it call: steal! foh; a fico for the phrase.

Fal. Well, sirs, I am almost out at heels.

Pist. Why, then, let kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy; I must coney-catch; I must shift.

Pist. Young ravens must have food.

Fal. Which of you know Ford, of this town?

Pist. I ken the wight; he is of substance good.

Fal. My honest lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two yards, and more.

Fal. No quips now, Pistol. Indeed I am

in the waist two yards about: but I am now about no waste; I am about thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to Ford's wife; I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation: I can construe the action of her familiar style; and the hardest voice of her behavior, to be Englished rightly, is, *I am Sir John Falstaff's.*

Pist. He hath studied her well; and translated her will, out of honesty into English.

Nym. The anchor is deep: will that humor pass?

Fal. Now, the report goes, she has all the rule of her husband's purse; she hath legions of angels.

Pist. As many devils entertain; and, *To her, boy, say I.*

Nym. The humor rises; it is good; humor me the angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a letter to her: and here another to Page's wife; who even now gave me good eyes too, examined my parts with most judicious œiliads:¹ sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly.

Pist. Then did the sun on dung-hill shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that humor.

Fal. O, she did so course o'er my exteriors with such a greedy intention, that the appetite of her eye did seem to scorch me up like a burning glass! Here's another letter to her: She bears the purse too; she is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty. I will be cheaters² to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both. Go, bear thou this letter to Mistress Page; and thou this to Mistress Ford: we will thrive, lads, we will thrive.

Pist. Shall I Sir Pandarus of Troy become,

And by my side wear steel? Then, Lucifer take all!

Nym. I will run no base humor: here, take the humor letter; I will keep the 'havior of reputation.

Fal. Hold, sirrah, [*To Robin.*] bear you these letters tightly;

Sail like my pinnacle to these golden shores. Rogues, hence! avaunt! Vanish like hail stones, go!

¹ *Pheezar* is a word derived from *phœs*, to curry, to fleece.

² *Froth and lime* was an old cant term for a tapster, in allusion to the practice of frothing beer and adulterating sack.

¹ From the French *Oeilade*, an ogie, leer, or sheep's eye.

² *Exchequers*, officers of the exchequer.

Trudge, plod, away, o' th' hoof; seek shelter, pack!
Falstaff will learn the humor of this age,
French thrift, you rogues; myself, and skirted page.

[*Exeunt Falstaff and Robin*]

Pist. Let vultures gripe thy guts! for gourd and fullam holds,
And high and low¹ beguiles the rich and poor:

Tester I'll have in pouch, when thou shalt lack,

Base Phrygian Turk!

Nym. I have operations in my head, which be humors of revenge.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge?

Nym. By welkin, and her star!

Pist. With wit, or steel?

Nym. With both the humors, I:

I will discuss the humor of this love to Page.

Pistol. And I to Ford shall eke unfold,
How Falstaff, varlet vile,
His dove will prove, his gold will hold,
And his soft couch defile.

Nym. My humor shall not cool: I will incense Page to deal with poison; I will possess him with yellowness, for the revolt of mine is dangerous: that is my true humor.

Pist. Thou art the Mars of malcontents: I second thee; troop on. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.—SCENE I.—*Before Page's House.*

Enter Mrs. Page, with a letter.

Mrs. Page. What, have I 'scap'd love-letters in the holyday-time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see:

[*Reads.*]
"Ask me no reason why I love you; for, though love use reason for his physician, he admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy; you are merry, so am I: Ha! ha! then there's more sympathy: You love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page (at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice), that I love thee. I will not say, pity me, 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all his might,
For thee to fight.

JOHN FALSTAFF."

What a Herod of Jewry is this? O wicked, wicked world! one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behavior has this Flemish drunkard picked (with the devil's name) out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company!—What should I say to him? I was then frugal of my mirth: heaven forgive me!—Why, I'll exhibit a bill in parliament for the putting down of fat men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter MISTRESS FORD.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet, I say, I could show you to the contrary: O, Mistress Page, give me some counsel!

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honor!

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman; take the honor: What is it? dispense with trifles; what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What?—thou liest!—Sir Alice Ford! These knights will hack; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn daylight: here, read, read; perceive how I might be knighted. I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: and yet he would not swear; praised women's modesty: and gave such orderly and well-behaved reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his

¹ *Gourd* and *Fullam*, high and low were professional terms for false dice.

words: but they do no more adhere and keep place together, than the hundredth psalm to the tune of *Green Sleeves*. What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? I think, the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease. Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs! To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant, he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names (sure more), and these are of the second edition: he will print them out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under Mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words: what doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay I know not: It makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he know some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him; let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit; and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. Oh, if my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look, where he comes; and my good man too: he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman:

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasy knight. Come hither.

[*They retire.*]

Enter FORD, PAGE, PISTOL, and NYM.

Ford. Well I hope it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a curtail dog in some affairs:

Sir John affects thy wife.

Ford. Why, sir, my wife is not young.

Pist. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor.

Both young and old, one with another, Ford;

He loves the gally-mawfry; Ford, perpend.

Ford. Love my wife?

Pist. With liver burning hot: prevent: Or go thou, like Sir Actæon he, with Ring-wood at thy heels. O, odious is the name!

Ford. What name, sir?

Pist. The horn, I say: Farewell.

Take heed; have open eyes; for thieves do foot by night:

Take heed, ere summer comes, or cuckoo-birds do sing.—

Away, sir corporal Nym.—

Believe it, Page; he speaks sense. [*Exit.*]

Ford. I will be patient; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true [*To Page.*] I like not the humor of lying. He hath wronged me in some humors: I should have borne the humored letter to her; but I have a sword, and it shall bite upon my necessity. He loves your wife; there's the short and long. My name is corporal Nym; I speak and I avouch. 'Tis true: my name is Nym, and Falstaff loves your wife.—Adieu! I love not the humor of bread and cheese; and there's the humor of it. Adieu!

[*Exit.*]
Page. The humor of it, quoth 'a! here's a fellow frights humor out of his wits.

Ford. I will seek out Falstaff.

Page. I never heard such a drawling-affecting rogue.

Ford. If I do find it; well.

Page. I will not believe such a Cataian, though the priest o' th' town commended him for a true man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible fellow: well.

Page. How now, Meg.

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, George? hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet Frank? why art thou melancholy?

Ford. I melancholy! I am not melancholy. Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. 'Faith, thou hast some crot-

chets in thy head now. Will you go, Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Have with you. You'll come to dinner, George? Look, who comes yonder: she shall be our messenger to this paltry knight. [*Aside to Mrs. Ford.*

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her: she'll fit it.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my daughter Anne?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and, I pray, how does good Mistress Anne?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us, and see; we have an hour's talk with you.

[*Exeunt Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, and Mistress Quickly.*

Page. How now, Master Ford?

Ford. You heard what this knave told me, did you not?

Page. Yes; and you heard what the other told me?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them?

Page. Hang 'em, slaves; I do not think the knight would offer it: but these that accuse him in his intent towards our wives, are a yoke of his discarded men; very rogues, now they be out of service.

Ford. Were they his men?

Page. Marry, were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that. Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry, does he. If he should intend this voyage towards my wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp words, let it lie on my head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my wife; but I would be loath to turn them together: A man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my head: I cannot be thus satisfied.

SCENE 2.—*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF and PISTOL.

Fal. I will not lend thee a penny.

Pist. Why, then the world's mine oyster, Which I with sword will open.—

I will retort the sum in equipage.¹

Fal. Not a penny. I have been content,

sir, you should lay my countenance to pawn; I have grated upon my good friends for three reprieves for you and your coach-fellow, Nym, or else you had looked through the grate like a geining of baboons. I am damned in hell for swearing to gentlemen my friends, you were good soldiers, and tall fellows; and when Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, I took 't upon mine honor, thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst thou not share? hadst thou not fifteen pence?

Fal. Reason, you rogue, reason: Think'st thou I'll endanger my soul gratis? At a word, hang no more about me; I am no gibbet for you;—go. A short knife and a throng;¹ to your manor of Pickt-hatch, go. You'll not bear a letter for me, you rogue! you stand upon your honor! Why, thou unconfinable baseness, it is as much as I can do, to keep the terms of my honor precise. I, I, I myself sometimes, leaving the fear of heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honor in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and your bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honor! You will not do it, you?

Pist. I do relent: What would'st thou more of man?

Enter ROBIN.

Rob. Sir, here's a woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Quick. Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Good-morrow, good wife.

Quick. Not so, an't please your worship.

Fal. Good maid, then.

Quick. I'll be sworn; as my mother was, the first hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the swearer: what with me?

Quick. Shall I vouchsafe your worship a word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair woman; and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quick. There is one Mistress Ford, sir; I pray, come a little nearer this ways: I myself dwell with Master Doctor Caius.

Fal. Well, on: Mistress Ford, you say,—

¹ I will pay you again in stolen goods.

¹ Go cut purses in a crowd.

Quick. Your worship says very true: I pray your worship, come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee, nobody hears; mine own people, mine own people.

Quick. Are they so? Heaven bless them, and make them his servants!

Fal. Well; Mistress Ford;—what of her?

Quick. Why, sir, she's a good creature. Lord, Lord! your worship's a wanton: well, heaven forgive you, and all of us, I pray!

Fal. Mistress Ford;—come, Mistress Ford,—

Quick. Marry, this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such canaries,¹ as 'tis wonderful. The best courtier of them all, when the court lay at Windsor, could never have brought her to such a canary. Yet there has been knights, and lords, and gentlemen, with their coaches; I warrant you, coach after coach, letter after letter, gift after gift; smelling so sweetly (all musk), and so rushling, I warrant you, in silk and gold; and in such alligant terms; and in such wine and sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any woman's heart; and I warrant you, they could never get an eyewink of her.—I had myself twenty angels given me this morning: but I defy all angels (in any such sort, as they say), but in the way of honesty: and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip on a cup with the proudest of them all: and yet there has been earls, nay, which is more, pensioners; but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? Be brief, my good she-Mercury.

Quick. Marry, she hath received your letters; for the which she thanks you a thousand times, and she gives you to notify, that her husband will be absence from his house between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven?

Quick. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the picture, she says, that you wot of; Master Ford, her husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet woman leads an ill life with him; he's a very jealousy man; she leads a very frampold² life with him, good heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven. Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quick. Why, you say well. But I have

another messenger to your worship:—Mistress Page hath her hearty commendations to you too; and, let me tell you in your ear, she's as fartuous a civil modest wife, and one, I tell you, that will not miss you morning nor evening prayer, as any is in Windsor, whoe'er be the other; and she bade me tell your worship, that her husband is seldom from home; but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a woman so dote upon a man; surely, I think you have charms, la; yes, in truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the attraction of my good parts aside, I have no other charms.

Quick. Blessing on your heart for't!

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this: has Ford's wife, and Page's wife, acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a jest, indeed!—they have not so little grace, I hope:—that were a trick, indeed! But Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, of all loves; her husband has a marvellous infection to the little page; and truly Master Page is an honest man. Never a wife in Windsor leads a better life than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and, truly, she deserves it: for if there be a kind woman in Windsor, she is one. You must send her your page; no remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so, then: and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and, in any case, have a nay-word, that you may know one another's mind, and the boy never need to understand anything; for 't is not good that children should know any wickedness: old folks, you know, have discretion, as they say, and know the world.

Fal. Fare thee well; commend me to them both; there's my purse; I am yet thy debtor.—Boy, go along with this woman.—This news distracts me!

[*Exeunt Mrs. Quickly and Robin.*]

Pist. This punk is one of Cupid's carriers:—

Clap on more sails; pursue! up with your fights;

Give fire! she is my prize, or ocean whelm them all!

[*Exit.*]

Fal. Say'st thou so, old Jack? go thy

¹ Quandas. ² Equivalent to our *convoluted*.

¹ For love's sake.

² Cloths hung round a ship in a fight to conceal the men from the enemy.

ways; I'll make more of thy old body than I have done. Will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the expense of so much money, be now a gainer? Good body, I thank thee: let them say 'tis grossly done; so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir John, there's one Master Brook below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.

Fal. Brook, is his name?

Bard. Ay, sir.

Fal. Call him in. [*Exit Bardolph.*] Such Brooks are welcome to me, that o'erflow such liquor. Ah! ha! Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, have I encompassed you? go to; *via!*

Re-enter BARDOLPH, with FORD disguised.

Ford. Bless you, sir.

Fal. And you, sir; would you speak with me?

Ford. I make bold, to press with so little preparation upon you.

Fal. You're welcome. What's your will? Give us leave, drawer. [*Exit Bardolph.*]

Ford. Sir, I am a gentleman that have spent much; my name is Brook.

Fal. Good Master Brook, I desire more acquaintance of you.

Ford. Good Sir John, I sue for yours: not to charge you; for I must let you understand, I think myself in better plight for a lender than you are: the which hath something emboldened me to this unseasoned intrusion; for they say, if money go before, all ways do lie open.

Fal. Money is a good soldier, sir, and will on.

Ford. Troth, and I have a bag of money here troubles me; if you will help to bear it, Sir John, take half, or all, for easing me of the carriage.

Fal. Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your porter.

Ford. I will tell you, sir, if you will give me the hearing.

Fal. Speak, good Master Brook; I shall be glad to be your servant.

Ford. Sir, I hear you are a scholar. I will be brief with you;—and you have been a man known long to me, though I had never so good means, as desire, to make myself acquainted with you. I shall dis-

cover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own imperfection: but, good Sir John, as you have one eye upon my follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the register of your own, that I may pass with a reproof the easier, sith you yourself know how easy it is to be such an offender.

Fal. Very well, sir; proceed.

Ford. There is a gentlewoman in this town, her husband's name is Ford.

Fal. Well, sir.

Ford. I have long loved her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her; followed her with a doting observance; engrossed opportunities to meet her; fee'd every slight occasion, that could but nigardly give me sight of her; not only bought many presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given: briefly, I have pursued her, as love hath pursued me; which hath been, on the wing of all occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, meed, I am sure, I have received none; unless experience be a jewel: that I have purchased at an infinite rate; and that hath taught me to say this:

Love like a shadow flies, when substance love pursues;
Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.

Fal. Have you received no promise of satisfaction at her hands?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importuned her to such a purpose?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what quality was your love, then?

Ford. Like a fair house, built upon another man's ground; so that I have lost my edifice, by mistaking the place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me?

Ford. When I have told you that, I have told you all. Some say that, though she appear honest to me, yet in other places, she enlargeth her mirth so far, that there is shrewd construction made of her. Now, Sir John, here is the heart of my purpose: You are a gentleman of excellent breeding, admirable discourse, of great admittance, authentic in your place and person, generally allowed for your many war-like, court-like, and learned preparations.

Fal. O, sir!

Ford. Believe it, for you know it. There is money; spend it, spend it; spend more; spend all I have: only give me so much of your time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable siege to the honesty of this Ford's wife: use your art of wooing, win her to consent to you; if any man may, you may as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the vehemency of your affection, that I should win what you would enjoy? Methinks, you prescribe to yourself very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift! She dwells so securely on the excellency of her honor, that the folly of my soul dares not present itself; she is too bright to be looked against. Now, could I come to her with any detection in my hand, my desires had instance and argument to commend themselves: I could drive her then from the ward of her purity, her reputation, her marriage vow, and a thousand other defences, which now are too strongly embattled against me. What say you to 't, Sir John?

Fal. Master Brook, I will first make bold with your money; next, give me your hand; and last, as I am a gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy Ford's wife.

Ford. O, good sir!

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no money, Sir John; you shall want none.

Fal. Want no Mistress Ford, Master Brook, you shall want none. I shall be with her (I may tell you), by her own appointment—even as you came in to me, her assistant, or go-between, parted from me—I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally knave, her husband, will be forth. Come you to me at night; you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blessed in your acquaintance. Do you know Ford, sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly knave! I know him not: yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say, the jealous wittolly knave hath masses of money: for the which his wife seems to me well favored. I will use her as the key of the cuckoldly rogue's coffer; and there's my harvest-home.

Ford. I would you knew Ford, sir; that you might avoid him, if you saw him.

Fal. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter rogue! I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my cudgel: it shall hang

like a meteor o'er the cuckold's horns: Master Brook, thou shalt know I will predominate o'er the peasant, and thou shalt lie with his wife. Come to me soon at night: Ford's a knave, and I will aggravate his style; thou, Master Brook, shalt know him for knave and cuckold. Come to me soon at night. *[Exit.]*

Ford. What a damned Epicurean rascal is this!—My heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who says this is improvident jealousy? My wife hath sent to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made. Would any man have thought this? See the hell of having a false woman! My bed shall be abused, my coffers ransacked, my reputation gnawn at; and I shall not only receive this villanous wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable terms, and by him that does me this wrong. Terms! names!—Amaimon sounds well; Lucifer, well; Barbason, well; yet they are devils' additions, the names of fiends: but cuckold! wittol-cuckold! the devil himself hath not such a name. Page is an ass, a secure ass; he will trust the wife, he will not be jealous; I will rather trust a Fleming with my butter, parson Hugh, the Welshman, with my cheese, an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle, or a thief to walk my ambling gelding, than my wife with herself: then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their hearts they may effect, they will break their hearts but they will effect. Heaven be praised for my jealousy! Eleven o'clock the hour; I will prevent this, detect my wife, be revenged on Falstaff, and laugh at Page. I will about it; better three hours too soon, than a minute too late. Fie, fie, fie! cuckold! cuckold! cuckold! *[Exit.]*

ACT III.—SCENE 2.—*The Street in Windsor.*

Enter MRS. PAGE, and ROBIN.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, noble gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a leader. Whether had you rather, lead mine eyes, or eye your master's heels?

Rob. I had rather, forsooth, go before you like a man, than follow him like a dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O, you are a flattering boy; now I see you'll be a courtier.

Enter FORD.

Ford. Well met, Mistress Page; whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, sir, to see your wife. Is she at home?

Ford. Ay; and as idle as she may hang together, for want of company: I think if your husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that,—two other husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty weathercock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his name is, my husband had him of,—what do you call your knight's name, sirrah?

Rob. Sir John Falstaff.

Ford. Sir John Falstaff!

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit on's name.—There is such a league between my good man and he! Is your wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed, she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, sir;—I am sick, till I see her.

[Exeunt Mrs. Page and Robin.]

Ford. Has Page any brains? hath he any eyes? hath he any thinking? Sure, they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why this boy will carry a letter twenty mile, as easy as a cannon will shoot point-blank twelve score. He pieces out his wife's inclination; he gives her folly motion and advantage; and now she's going to my wife, and Falstaff's boy with her. A man may hear this shower sing in the wind;—and Falstaff's boy with her!—Good plots! they are laid: and our revolted wives share damnation together. Well; I will take him, then torture my wife; pluck the borrowed veil of modesty from the so-seeming Mistress Page; divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful Actæon; and to these violent proceedings all my neighbors shall cry *aim*. *[The clock strikes.]* The clock gives me my cue, and my assurance bids me search; there I shall find Falstaff: I shall be rather praised for this, than mocked; for it is as positive as the earth is firm, that Falstaff is there: I will go.

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW, SLENDER, HOST, EVANS, CAIUS, and RUGBY.

Shallow, Page, etc. Well met, Master Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good knot. I have good cheer at home; and, I pray you, all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse myself, Master Ford.

Slen. And so must I, sir; we have appointed to dine with Mistress Anne, and I would not break with her for more money than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have lingered about a match between Anne Page and my cousin Slender, and this day we shall have our answer.

Slen. I hope, I have your good will, father Page.

Page. You have, Master Slender; I stand wholly for you; but my wife, Master Doctor, is for you altogether.

Caius. Ay, by gar: and de maid is love-a me; my nursh-a Quickly tell me so much.

Host. What say you to young Master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he hath eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May; he will carry 't, he will carry 't; 'tis in his buttons; he will carry 't.

Page. Not by my consent, I promise you. The gentleman is of no having: he kept company with the wild Prince and Poins; he is of too high a region, he knows too much. No, he shall not knit a knot in his fortunes with the finger of my substance: if he take her, let him take her simply; the wealth I have waits on my consent, and my consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you heartily, some of you go home with me to dinner: besides your cheer, you shall have sport; I will show you a monster.—Master Doctor, you shall go; so shall you, Master Page; and you, Sir Hugh.

Shal. Well, fare you well. We shall have the freer wooing at Master Page's.

[Exeunt Shallow and Slender.]

Caius. Go home, John Rugby; I come anon. *[Exit Rugby.]*

Host. Farewell, my hearts; I will to my honest knight Falstaff, and drink canary with him. *[Exit.]*

Ford. *[Aside.]* I think I shall drink in pipe-wine first with him; I'll make him dance.—Will you go, gentles?

All. Have with you, to see this monster. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE 3.—A Room in Ford's House.

Enter MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. What, John! what, Robert!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly; is the buck-basket—

Mrs. Ford. I warrant. What Robin, I say!

Enter Servants with a Basket.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your men the charge; we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, John and Robert, be ready here hard by in the brew-house; and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and without any pause or staggering, take this basket on your shoulders: that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the whitsters¹ in Datchet mead, and there empty it in the muddy ditch, close by the Thames side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it?

Mrs. Ford. I have told them over and over; they lack no direction. Be gone, and come when you are called.

[Exit Servants.]

Mrs. Page. Here comes little Robin.

Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my eyas-musket?² what news with you?

Rob. My master, Sir John, is come in at the back door, Mistress Ford, and requests your company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent, have you been true to us?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn. My master knows not of your being here; and hath threatened to put me into everlasting liberty, if I tell you of it; for, he swears he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good boy; this secrecy of thine shall be a tailor to thee, and shall make thee a new doublet and hose. I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so:—Go and tell thy master, I am alone. Mistress Page, remember your cue. *[Exit Robin.]*

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee; if I do not act it, hiss me. *[Exit.]*

Mrs. Ford. Go to then; we'll use this unwholesome humidity, this gross watery pumpion; we'll teach him to know turtles from jays.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heavenly

Jewel? Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough; this is the period of my ambition: O, this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O, sweet Sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, Mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would thy husband were dead! I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, Sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France show me such another; I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond:—thou hast the right arched bent of the brow, that becomes the ship-tire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kerchief, Sir John: my brows become nothing else; nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a traitor to say so: thou would'st make an absolute courtier: and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if Fortune thy foe were not—Nature thy friend. Come, thou canst not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? Let that persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lispings hawthorn-buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple time¹: I cannot: but I love thee, none but thee; and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir; I fear you love Mistress Page.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say, I love to walk by the counter-gate; which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. *[Without.]* Mistress Ford, Mistress Ford! here's Mistress Page at the door, sweating and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me; I will ensconce me behind the arras.

¹ Bucklersbury, in Shakespeare's time, was the headquarters of the druggists, who dealt in all kinds of medicinal herbs (*simples*, as they were called), both dry and green.

² Bleachers.

³ A young male-sparrow hawk.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so; she's a very tattling woman. [*Falstaff hides.*]

Enter MISTRESS PAGE and ROBIN.

What's the matter? How now?

Mrs. Page. O, Mistress Ford, what have you done? You're shamed, you are overthrown, you are undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O, well-a-day, Mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion! Out upon you! how am I mistook in you!

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman, that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence. You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here; but, 'tis most certain your husband's coming, with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you: if you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it; but, if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amazed; call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do? There is a gentleman, my dear friend; and I fear not my own shame, so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound, he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame, never stand you *had rather*, and you *had rather*; your husband's here at hand, bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him.—O, how have you deceived me! Look, here is a basket; if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking: or, it is whiting-time, send him by your two men to Datchet-mead.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there: what shall I do?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Let me see 't, let me see 't! O, let

me see 't! I'll in, I'll in;—follow your friend's counsel; I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What! Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight?

Fal. I love thee, and none but thee; help me away; let me creep in here; I'll never—

[*He goes into the basket; they cover him with the linen.*]

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your master, boy: Call your men, Mistress Ford.—You dissembling knight!

Mrs. Ford. What, John, Robert, John! [*Exit Robin. Re-enter Servants.*] Go, take up these clothes here, quickly: where's the cowl-staff? Look, how you drumble; carry them to the laundress in Datchet-mead; quickly, come.

Enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS and EVANS.

Ford. 'Pray you, come near: if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your jest; I deserve it. How now?—whither bear you this?

Serv. To the laundress, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buck-washing.

Ford. Buck! I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck! Ay, huck; I warrant you, buck; and of the season too, it shall appear. [*Excant servants with the basket.*] Gentlemen, I have dreamed to-night; I'll tell you my dream. Here, here, here be my keys; ascend my chambers, search, seek, find out: I'll warrant, we'll unkennel the fox. Let me stop this way first. So, now uncape.

Page. Good Master Ford, be contented; you wrong yourself too much.

Ford. True, Master Page.—Up, gentlemen; you shall see sport anon. Follow me, gentlemen. [*Exit.*]

Eva. This is fery fantastical humors and jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis no de fashion of France; it is not jealous in France.

Page. Nay, follow him, gentlemen; see the issue of his search.

[*Excant Evans, Page and Caius.*]

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my husband is deceived, or Sir John.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in,

when your husband asked what was in the basket!

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing; so, throwing him into the water will do him a benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest rascal! I would all of the same strain were in the same distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think my husband hath some special suspicion of Falstaff's being here; for I never saw him so gross in his jealousy till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a plot to try that: And we will yet have more tricks with Falstaff: his dissolute disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, Mistress Quickly, to him, and excuse his throwing into the water; and give him another hope, to betray him to another punishment?

Mrs. Page. We will do it; let him be sent for to-morrow, eight o'clock, to have amends.

Re-enter FORD, PAGE, CAIUS and EVANS.

Ford. I cannot find him; may be, the knave bragged of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. Ay, ay, peace:—You use me well, Master Ford, do you?

Ford. Ay, I do so.

Mrs. Ford. Heaven make you better than your thoughts!

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do yourself mighty wrong, Master Ford.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the house, and in the chambers, and in the coffers, and in the presses, heaven forgive my sins at the day of judgment!

Caius. By gar, nor I too; dere is no bodies.

Page. Fie, fie, Master Ford! are you not ashamed? What spirit, what devil suggests this imagination? I would not have your distemper in this kind, for the wealth of Windsor Castle.

Ford. 'Tis my fault, Master Page: I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for a pad conscience; your wife is as honest a 'omans, as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 't is an honest woman.

Ford. Well: I promised you a dinner. Come, come, walk in the park. I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this.—Come, wife;—come, Mistress Page; I pray you, pardon me; pray heartily, pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to-morrow morning to my house to breakfast; after, we'll a-birding together; I have a fine hawk for the bush; shall it be so?

Ford. Anything. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 5.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

Fal. Bardolph, I say,—

Bard. Here, sir.

Fal. Go, fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in 't. [*Exit Bardolph.*] Have I lived to be carried in a basket, like a barrow of butcher's offal; and to be thrown into the Thames? Well; if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains ta'en out, and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new year's gift. The rogues slighted me into the river with as little remorse as they would have drowned a bitch's blind puppies, fifteen i' the litter: and you may know by my size, that I have a kind of alacrity in sinking; if the bottom were as deep as hell, I should down. I had been drowned, but that the shore was shelvy and shallow; a death that I abhor; for the water swells a man; and what a thing should I have been, when I had been swelled! I should have been a mountain of mummy.

Re-enter BARDOLPH with the wine.

Bard. Here's Mistress Quickly, sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some sack to the Thames water; for my belly's as cold, as if I had swallowed snow-balls for pills to cool the reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, woman.

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Quick. By your leave; I cry you mercy: Give your worship good-morrow.

Fal. Take away these chalices: go brew me a pottle of sack finely.

Bard. With eggs, sir?

Fal. Simple of itself; I'll no pullet-sperma

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Mrs. Crawford and Miss Harper.

1

in my brewage. [*Exit Bardolph.*] How now?

Quick. Marry, sir, I come to your worship from Mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress Ford! I have had ford enough: I was thrown into the ford: I have my belly full of ford.

Quick. Alas the day! good heart, that was not her fault: she does so take on with her men, they mistook their erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build upon a foolish woman's promise.

Quick. Well, she laments, sir, for it, that it would yearn your heart to see it. Her husband goes this morning a-birding: she desires you once more to come to her between eight and nine: I must carry her word quickly: she'll make you amends, I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her: Tell her so; and bid her think what a man is; let her consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit.

Quick. I will tell her.

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quick. Eight and nine, sir.

Fal. Well, be gone: I will not miss her.

Quick. Peace be with you, sir! [*Exit.*]

Fal. I marvel, I hear not of Master Brook; he sent me word to stay within: I like his money well. O, here he comes.

Enter Ford.

Ford. 'Bless you, sir!

Fal. Now, Master Brook, you come to know what hath passed between me and Ford's wife?

Ford. That, indeed, Sir John, is my business.

Fal. Master Brook, I will not lie to you; I was at her house the hour she appointed me.

Ford. And how sped you, sir?

Fal. Very ill-favoredly, Master Brook.

Ford. How so, sir? Did she change her determination?

Fal. No, Master Brook: but the peaking cornuto her husband, Master Brook, dwelling in a continual 'larum of jealousy, comes me in the instant of our encounter, after we had embraced, kissed, protested, and as it were, spoke the prologue of our comedy; and at his heels a rabble of his companions, thither provoked and instigated by his distemper, and, forsooth, to search his house for his wife's love.

Ford. What, while you were there?

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good luck would have it, comes in one Mistress Page; gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and, by her invention, and Ford's wife's distraction, they conveyed me into a buck-basket.

Ford. A buck-basket!

Fal. By the Lord, a buck-basket: rammed me in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings, and greasy napkins; that, Master Brook, there was the rankest compound of villanous smell, that ever offended nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, Master Brook, what I have suffered, to bring this woman to evil for your good. Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door, who asked them once or twice, what they had in their basket: I quaked for fear, lest the lunatic knave would have searched it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well; on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, Master Brook; I suffered the pangs of three several deaths: first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell wether; next, to be compassed like a good bilbo,¹ in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head: and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that—a man of my kidney—think of that:—that am as subject to heat as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw; it was a miracle, to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horseshoe; think of that,—hissing hot,—think of that, Master Brook.

Ford. In good sadness, sir, I am sorry that for my sake you have suffered all this. My suit then is desperate; you'll undertake her no more?

Fal. Master Brook, I will be thrown into

¹ A very flexible blade, manufactured at Bilboa, in Spain.

Ætna, as I have been into the Thames, ere I will leave her thus. Her husband is this morning gone a-birding: I have received from her another embassy of meeting: 'twixt eight and nine is the hour, Master Brook.

Ford. 'T is past eight already, sir.

Fal. Is it? I will then address me to my appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed; and the conclusion shall be crowned with your enjoying her: Adieu. You shall have her, Master Brook; Master Brook, you shall cuckold Ford.

[*Exit.*]

Ford. Hum! ha! is this a vision? Is this a dream? Do I sleep? Master Ford, awake; awake, Master Ford; there's a hole made in your best coat, Master Ford. This 't is to be married! this 't is to have linen and buck-baskets!—Well, I will proclaim myself what I am: I will now take the lecher; he is at my house; he cannot 'scape me; 't is impossible he should; he cannot creep into a halfpenny purse, nor into a pepper box; but, lest the devil that guides him, should aid him, I will search impossible places. Though what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be what I would not, shall not make me tame: if I have horns to make me mad, let the proverb go with me, I'll be horn mad.

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV.—SCENE 2.—*A Room in Ford's house.*

Enter FALSTAFF and MISTRESS FORD.

Fal. Mistress Ford, your sorrow hath eaten up my sufferance: I see you are obsequious in your love, and I profess requital to a hair's breadth; not only, Mistress Ford, in the simple office of love, but in all the accoutrement, complement, and ceremony of it. But are you sure of your husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a birding, sweet Sir John.

Mrs. Page. [*Without.*]. What, ho, gossip Ford! what ho!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the chamber, Sir John

[*Exit Falstaff.*]

Enter MISTRESS PAGE.

Mrs. Page. How, now, sweetheart? Who's at home besides yourself?

Mrs. Ford. Why, none but mine own people.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly. Speak louder.

[*Aside to Mrs. Page.*]

Mrs. Page. Truly, I am so glad you have nobody here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, woman, your husband is in his old luns again; he so takes on yonder with my husband; so rails against all married mankind; so curses all Eve's daughters, of what complexion soever; and so buffets himself on the forehead, crying, *Peer out, peer out!* that any madness I ever yet beheld, seemed but tameness, civility, and patience, to this his distemper he is in now: I am glad the fat knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him; and swears he was carried out, the last time he searched for him, in a basket; protests to my husband, he is now here: and hath drawn him and the rest of their company from their sport, to make another experiment of his suspicion; but I am glad the knight is not here; now he shall see his own foolery.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by, at street end; he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone!—the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then you are utterly shamed and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you!—Away with him, away with him; better shame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? How should I bestow him? shall I put him into the basket again?

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i' th' basket. May I not go out, ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of Master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none shall issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he came. But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do? I'll creep up into the chimney.

Mrs. Ford. There they always use to discharge their birding pieces; creep into the kiln-hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. Ford. He will seek there, on my word. Neither press, coffer, chest, trunk,

well, vault, but he hath an abstract for the remembrance of such places, and goes to them by his note. There is no hiding you in the house.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. Page. If you go out in your own semblance, you die, Sir John. Unless you go out disguised,—

Mrs. Ford. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. Page. Alas the day! I know not. There is no woman's gown big enough for him; otherwise he might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good hearts, devise something: any extremity rather than a mischief.

Mrs. Ford. My maid's aunt, the fat woman of Brentford, has a gown above.

Mrs. Page. On my word, it will serve him; she's as big as he is; and there's her thrummed hat, and her muffler too: Run up, Sir John.

Mrs. Ford. Go, go, sweet Sir John: Mistress Page and I will look some linen for your head.

Mrs. Page. Quick, quick; we'll come dress you straight: put on the gown the while. *[Exit Falstaff.]*

Mrs. Ford. I would my husband would meet him in this shape; he cannot abide the old woman of Brentford; he swears she's a witch; forbade her my house, and hath threatened to beat her.

Mrs. Page. Heaven guide him to thy husband's cudgel; and the devil guide his cudgel afterwards!

Mrs. Ford. But is my husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good sadness, is he; and talks of the basket too, howsoever he hath had intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the basket again, to meet him at the door with it, as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently: let's go dress him like the witch of Brentford.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men what they shall do with the basket. Go up, I'll bring linen for him straight. *[Exit.]*

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest varlet! we cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,

Wives may be merry, and yet honest too: We do not act, that often jest and laugh; 'Tis old, but true, *Still swine eat all the draff.* *[Exit.]*

Re-enter MISTRESS FORD with two Servants.

Mrs. Ford. Go, sirs, take the basket again on your shoulders; your master is hard at door; if he bid you set it down, obey him: quickly, dispatch. *[Exit.]*

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take it up.

2 *Serv.* Pray heaven, it be not full of knight again.

1 *Serv.* I hope not; I had as lief bear so much lead.

Enter FORD, PAGE, SHALLOW, CAIUS and EVANS

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, Master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the basket, villain: somebody call my wife.—Youth in a basket!—O, you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a ging, a pack, a conspiracy against me. Now shall the devil be shamed. What! wife, I say! come, come forth: behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why this passes! Master Ford; you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinioned.

Eva. Why this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

Shal. Indeed, Master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

Enter MISTRESS FORD.

Ford. So say I too, sir.—Come hither; Mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband!—I suspect without cause, Mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face; hold it out.—Come forth, sirrah!

[Pulls the clothes out of the basket.]

Page. This passes.

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why?

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one conveyed out of my house yesterday in this basket. Why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is; my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable: Pluck me out all the linen

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, Master Ford; this wrongs you.

Eva. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor nowhere else but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time; if I find not what I seek, show no color for my extremity, let me forever be your table-sport; let them say of me, *As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow walnut for his wife's lemon.* Satisfy me once more; once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What ho, Mistress Page! come you, and the old woman, down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! what old woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this is, beyond our element; we know nothing. Come down, you witch, you hag you; come down, I say!

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good sweet husband: good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Enter FALSTAFF disguised like an old woman, led by MISTRESS PAGE.

Mrs. Page. Come, Mother Prat, come, give me your hand.

Ford. I'll prat her:—Out of my door, you witch, [*Beats him.*] you rag, you baggage, you pole-cat, you ronyon! out! out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you!

[*Exit Falstaff.*]

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think you have killed the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it;—'t is a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Eva. By yea and no, I think the 'oman is a witch indeed: I like not when a 'oman has a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I be-

seech you follow; see but the issue of my jealousy: if I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humor a little further. Come, gentlemen.

[*Exeunt Page, Ford, Shallow, Caius and Evans.*]

Mrs. Page. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, by the mass, that he did not; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. Page. I'll have the cudgel hallowed and hung o'er the altar; it hath done meritorious service.

Mrs. Ford. What think you? May we, with the warrant of womanhood, and the witness of a good conscience, pursue him with any further revenge?

Mrs. Page. The spirit of wantonness is, sure, scared out of him. If the devil have him not in fee simple, with fine and recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we tell our husbands how we have served him?

Mrs. Page. Yes, by all means; if it be but to scrape the figures out of our husbands' brains. If they can find in their hearts, the poor unvirtuous fat knight shall be any further afflicted, we two will still be the ministers.

Mrs. Ford. I'll warrant, they'll have him publicly shamed; and methinks there would be no period to the jest, should he not be publicly shamed.

Mrs. Page. Come, to the forge with it then—shape it; I would not have things cool. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 3.—A Room in the Garter Inn.

Enter HOSTESS and BARDOLPH.

Bard. Sir, the Germans desire to have three of your horses: the duke himself will be to-morrow at court, and they are going to meet him.

Hos. What duke should that be, comes so secretly? I hear not of him in the court. Let me speak with the gentlemen; they speak English?

Bard. Ay, sir; I'll call them to you.

Hos. They shall have my horses; but I'll make them pay, I'll sauce them: they have had my house a week at command;

I have turned away my other guests: they must come off; I'll sauce them. Come.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 4.—*A Room in Ford's House.*

Enter PAGE, MISTRESS PAGE, FORD, MISTRESS FORD and EVANS.

Eva. 'T is one of the pest discretions of a woman as ever I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these letters at an instant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an hour.

Ford. Pardon me, wife: henceforth do what thou wilt;

I rather will suspect the sun with cold,
Than thee with wantonness; now doth thy honor stand,

In him that was of late an heretic,
As firm as faith.

Page. 'T is well, 't is well; no more.

Be not as extreme in submission, as in offence;

But let our plot go forward: let our wives
Yet once again, to make us public sport,
Appoint a meeting with this old fat fellow,
Where we may take him and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How! to send him word they'll meet him in the park at midnight! fie, fie; he'll never come.

Eva. You say he has been thrown in the rivers; and has been grievously peaten, as an old woman; methinks there should be terrors in him, that he should not come; methinks his flesh is punished, he shall have no desires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes,

And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old tale goes, that Herne, the hunter,

Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,
Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragged horns;

And there he blasts the tree, and takes the cattle;

And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a chain

In a most hideous and dreadful manner:
You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know,

The superstitious, idle-headed eld
Received, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.

Page. Why, yet there want not many that do fear

In deep of night to walk by this Herne's oak:

But what of this?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our device; That Falstaff at that oak shall meet with us, Disguis'd like Herne with huge horns on his head.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come,

And in this shape. When you have brought him thither,

What shall be done with him? What is your plot?

Mrs. Page. That likewise have we thought upon, and thus:

Nan Page my daughter, and my little son,
And three or four more of their growth,

we'll dress

Like urchins, ouphes, and fairies, green and white,

With rounds of waxen tapers on their heads,
And rattles in their hands: upon a sudden,
As Falstaff, she, and I, are newly met,
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some diffused song; upon their sight,
We two in great amazedness will fly:

Then let them all encircle him about,
And, fairy-like, to pinch the unclean knight;
And ask him, why, that hour of fairy revel,
In their so sacred paths he dares to tread
In shape profane.

Mrs. Ford. And till he tell the truth,
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound,
And burn him with their tapers.

Mrs. Page. The truth being known,
We'll all present ourselves; dis-horn the spirit,

And mock him home to Windsor.

Ford. The children must be practised well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the children their pehaviors; and I will be like a jack-an-apes also, to burn the knight with my taper.

Ford. That will be excellent. I'll go buy them vizards.

Mrs. Page. My Nan shall be the queen of all the fairies,

Finely attired in a robe of white.

Page. That silk will I go buy;—and in that tire [Aside.

Shall Master Slender steal my Nan away,
And marry her at Eton.—Go send to Falstaff straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again, in name of Brook;
He'll tell me all his purpose: Sure, he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that: go, get us properties,
And tricking for our fairies.

Eva. Let us about it: it is admirable pleasures, and fery honest knaveries.

[*Exeunt Page, Ford and Evans.*]

Mrs. Page. Go, Mistress Ford,
Send Quickly to Sir John, to know his mind. [*Exit Mrs. Ford.*]

I'll to the Doctor; he hath my good will,
And none but he, to marry with Nan Page.
That Slender, though well landed, is an idiot;

And he my husband best of all affects;
The doctor is well money'd, and his friends
Potent at court; he, none but he, shall have her,
Though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her. [*Exit.*]

SCENE 5.—*A Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter Host and SIMPLE.

Host. What wouldst thou have, boor? what, thick-skin? speak, breathe, discuss; brief, short, quick, snap.

Sim. Marry, sir, I come to speak with Sir John Falstaff from Master Slender.

Host. There's his chamber, his house, his castle, his standing-bed, and truckle-bed; 'tis painted about with the story of the prodigal, fresh and new. Go, knock and call; he'll speak like an Anthropophaginian unto thee. Knock, I say.

Sim. There's an old woman, a fat woman, gone up into his chamber; I'll be so bold as stay, sir, till she come down: I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha! a fat woman! the knight may be robbed: I'll call.—Bully knight! Bully Sir John! speak from thy lungs military: Art thou there? it is thine host, thine Ephesian, calls.

Fal. [*Above.*] How now, mine host?

Host. Here's a Bohemian-Tartar tarries the coming down of thy fat woman. Let her descend, bully; let her descend; my chambers are honorable. Fie! privacy? fie!

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. There was, mine host, an old fat woman even now with me; but she's gone.

Sim. Pray you, sir, was't not the wise woman of Brentford?

Fal. Ay, marry, was it, muscle-shell. What would you with her?

Sim. My master, sir, my master Slender, sent to her, seeing her go through the streets, to know, sir, whether one Nym, sir, that beguiled him of a chain, had the chain, or no.

Fal. I spake with the old woman about it.

Sim. And what says she, I pray, sir?

Fal. Marry, she says, that the very same man, that beguiled Master Slender of his chain, cozened him of it.

Sim. I would I could have spoken with the woman herself. I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? let us know.

Host. Ay, come; quick.

Sim. I may not conceal them, sir.

Fal. Conceal them, or thou diest!

Sim. Why, sir, they were nothing but about Mistress Anne Page; to know if it were my master's fortune to have her, or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his fortune.

Sim. What, sir?

Fal. To have her,—or no. Go; say the woman told me so.

Sim. May I be bold to say so, sir?

Fal. Ay, Sir Tike; who more bold?

Sim. I thank your worship: I shall make my master glad with these tidings.

[*Exit Simple.*]

Host. Thou art clerkly, thou art clerkly, Sir John. Was there a wise woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine host; one, that hath taught me more wit than ever I learned before in my life: and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter BARDOLPH.

Bard. Out, alas, sir! cozenage! mere cozenage!

Host. Where be my horses? speak well of them, varletto.

Bard. Run away with the cozeners: for so soon as I came beyond Eton, they threw me off from behind one of them, in a slough of mire; and set spurs, and away, like three German devils, three Doctor Faustuses.

Host. They are gone but to meet the duke, villain: do not say, they be fled; Germans are honest men.

Enter SIR HUGH EVANS.

Eva. Where is mine host?

Host. What is the matter, sir?

Eva. Have a care of your entertainments: there is a friend of mine come to town, tells me, there is three couzin germans, that has cozened all the hosts of Readings, of Maidenhead, of Colebrook, of horses and money. I tell you for good-will, look you: you are wise, and full of gipes and vlouting-stogs; and 't is not convenient you should be cozened. Fare you well.

[*Exit.*]

Enter DOCTOR CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is mine host *de Jarterre*?

Host. Here, master doctor, in perplexity, and doubtful dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat: but it is tell-a me, dat you make grand preparation for a duke de Jarmany: by my trot, dere is no duke, dat de court is know to come: I tell you for good vill: adieu. [*Exit.*]

Host. Hue and cry, villain, go:—assist me knight: I am undone:—fly, run, hue and cry, villain! I am undone!

[*Exeunt Host and Bardolph.*]

Fal. I would all the world might be cozened; for I have been cozened, and beaten too. If it should come to the ear of the court, how I have been transformed, and how my transformation hath been washed and cudgelled, they would melt me out of my fat, drop by drop, and liquor fishermen's boots with me. I warrant, they would whip me with their fine wits, till I were as crest-fallen as a dried pear. I never prospered since I foreswore myself at *primero*. Well, if my wind were but long enough to say my prayers, I would repent.—

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

Now! whence come you?

Quick. From the two parties, forsooth.

Fal. The devil take one party, and his dam the other, and so they shall be both bestowed! I have suffered more for their sakes, more, than the villanous inconstancy of man's disposition is able to bear.

Quick. And have not they suffered? Yes, I warrant; speciously one of them: Mistress Ford, good heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself into all the colors of the rainbow; and I was like to be apprehended for the witch of Brentford; but that my admirable dexterity of wit, my

counterfeiting the action of an old woman, delivered me; the knave constable had set me i' the stocks, i' the common stocks for a witch.

Quick. Sir, let me speak with you in your chamber: you shall hear how things go; and, I warrant, to your content. Here is a letter will say somewhat. Good hearts, what ado here is to bring you together! Sure, one of you does not serve heaven well, that you are so crossed.

Fal. Come up into my chamber.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 6.—*Another Room in the Garter Inn.*

Enter FENTON and HOST.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me; my mind is heavy: I will give over all.

Fen. Yet hear me speak. Assist me in my purpose, And, as I am a gentleman, I'll give thee A hundred pound in gold, more than your loss.

Host. I will hear you, Master Fenton; and I will, at the least, keep your counsel.

Fen. From time to time I have acquainted you

With the dear love I bear to fair Anne Page;

Who, mutually, hath answer'd my affection (So far forth as herself might be her chooser) Even to my wish: I have a letter from her Of such contents as you will wonder at; The mirth whereof so larded with my matter,

That neither, singly, can be manifested, Without the show of both;—wherein fat Falstaff

Hath a great scene: the image of the jest

[*Showing the letter.*]

I'll show you here at large. Hark, good mine host:

To-night at Herne's oak, just 'twixt twelve and one,

Must my sweet Nan present the fairy queen; The purpose why, is here; in which disguise,

While other jests are something rank on foot,

Her father has commanded her to slip Away with Slender, and with him at Eton Immediately to marry: she hath consented.

Now, sir,

Her mother, even strong against that match,

And firm for doctor Caius, hath appointed
That he shall likewise shuffle her away,
While other sports are tasking of their
minds,
And at the deanery, where a priest at-
tends,
Straight marry her: to this her mother's
plot,

She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath
Made promise to the doctor.—Now, thus it
rests:

Her father means she shall be all in white;
And in that habit, when Slender sees his
time

To take her by the hand, and bid her go,
She shall go with him:—her mother hath
intended,

The better to denote her to the doctor,
(For they must all be mask'd and vizarded)
That, quaint in green, she shall be loose
enrob'd,

With ribands pendent, flaring 'bout her
head;

And when the doctor spies his vantage
ripe,

To pinch her by the hand, and, on that
token,

The maid hath given consent to go with
him.

Host. Which means she to deceive? father
or mother?

Fen. Both, my good host, to go along
with me:

And here it rests,—that you'll procure the
vicar

To stay for me at church, 'twixt twelve and
one,

And, in the lawful name of marrying,
To give our hearts united ceremony.

Host. Well, husband your device; I'll to
the vicar:

Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a
priest.

Fen. So shall I evermore be bound to
thee;

Besides, I'll make a present recompense.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.—SCENE 1.—*A Room in the Garter
Inn.*

Enter FALSTAFF.

Fal. Pr'ythee, no more prattling:—go.—
I'll hold: this is the third time; I hope
good luck lies in odd numbers. Away, go;

they say there is divinity in odd numbers,
either in nativity, chance or death.—Away.

Quick. I'll provide you a chain: and I'll
do what I can to get you a pair of horns.

Fal. Away, I say; time wears: hold up
your head, and mince.

[*Exit Mrs. Quickly.*]

Enter FORD.

How now, Master Brook? Master Brook,
the matter will be known to-night, or never.
Be you in the park about midnight, at
Herne's oak, and you shall see wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her yesterday, air,
as you told me you had appointed?

Fal. I went to her, Master Brook, as you
see, like a poor old man: but I came from
her, Master Brook, like a poor old woman.
That same knave, Ford, her husband, hath
the finest mad devil of jealousy in him,
Master Brook, that ever governed frenzy.
I will tell you:—he beat me grievously, in
the shape of a woman; for in the shape of
man, Master Brook, I fear not Goliath with
a weaver's beam: because I know also, life
is a shuttle. I am in haste; go along with
me; I'll tell you all, Master Brook. Since
I plucked geese, played truant, and whipped
top, I knew not what it was to be beaten,
till lately. Follow me: I'll tell you strange
things of this knave Ford; on whom to-
night I will be revenged, and I will deliver
his wife into your hand.—Follow: strange
things in hand, Master Brook! follow.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 2.—*Windsor Park.*

Enter PAGE, SHALLOW and SLENDER.

Page. Come, come; we'll couch i' the
castle-ditch, till we see the light of our
fairies. Remember, son Slender, my
daughter.

Slen. Ay, forsooth; I have spoke with
her, and we have a nay-word, how to know
one another. I come to her in white, and
cry, *mum*; she cries, *budget*; and by that
we know one another.

Shal. That's good, too: But what needs
either your *mum*, or her *budget*? The white
will decipher her well enough.—It hath
struck ten o'clock.

Page. The night is dark; light and spirits

will become it well. Heaven prosper our sport! No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns. Let's away; follow me. [Exit.]

SCENE 3.—*The Street in Windsor.*

Enter MISTRESS PAGE, MISTRESS FORD, and DR. CAIUS.

Mrs. Page. Master Doctor, my daughter is in green; when you see your time, take her by the hand, away with her to the deanery, and dispatch it quickly. Go before into the park; we two must go together.

Caius. I know vat I have to do: Adieu.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, sir. [Exit *Caius*.] My husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of Falstaff, as he will chafe at the Doctor's marrying my daughter; but 't is no matter; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart-break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is Nan, now, and her troop of fairies? and the Welsh devil, Hugh?

Mrs. Page. They are all couched in a pit hard by Herne's oak, with obscured lights; which, at the very instant of Falstaff's and our meeting, they will at once display to the night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot choose but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amazed, he will be mocked; if he be amazed, he will every way be mocked.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such lewdsters, and their lechery, Those that betray them do no treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The hour draws on. To the oak, to the oak! [Exit.]

SCENE 4.—*Windsor Park.*

Enter EVANS and FAIRIES.

Eva. Trib, trib, fairies; come; and remember your parts: be pold, I pray you; follow me into the pit; and when I give the watch-ords, do as I pid you. Come, come; trib, trib. [Exit.]

SCENE 5.—*Another Part of the Park.*

Enter FALSTAFF disguised, with a buck's head on.

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on: Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me! Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy horns. O powerful love! that in some respects makes a beast a man; in some others, a man a beast. You were also, Jupiter, a swan for the love of Leda: O omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose!—A fault done first in the form of a beast; O Jove, a beastly fault! and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl! think on't, Jove; a foul fault. When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think i' the forest: send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow? Who comes here? my doe?

Enter MISTRESS FORD and MISTRESS PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John? Art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe with the black scut?—Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of *Green Sleeves*; hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes;¹ let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribed-buck, each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk,² and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman? ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter?—Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! [Noise without.]

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What should this be?

Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page. Away, away. [They run off.]

Fal. I think the devil will not have me damned, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

¹ Sea-holly.

² The shoulders of deer were formerly claimed by keepers as a perquisite.

Enter Sir HUGH EVANS, like a satyr; MISTRESS QUICKLY and PISTOL, ANNE PAGE, as the Fairy Queen, attended by her brother and others, dressed like fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads.

Queen. Fairies, black, gray, green, and white,
You moon-shine revellers, and shades of night,
You orphan-heirs of fixed destiny,¹
Attend your office and your quality.²
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.

Pist. Elves, list your names: silence, you airy toys.
Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt thou leap:

Where fires thou find'st unrak'd and hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:—
Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttery.

Fal. They are fairies; he that speaks to them shall die.

I'll wink and couch: no man their works must eye.

[*Lies down upon his face.*]

Eva. Where's Pede?—Go you, and where you find a maid,
That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,

Raise up the organs of her fantasy,
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;
Put those that sleep and think not on their sins,

Pinch them, arms, legs, packs, shoulders, sides and shins.

Queen. About, about:
Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out;

Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room;

That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome, as in state 't is fit;

Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
The several chairs of Order look you scour
With juice of balm, and every precious flower:

Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon evermore be blest!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look, you sing,

Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
The expressure³ that it bears, green let it be,

More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
And *Hony soit qui mal y pense*, write,
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue and white;

Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee:

Fairies use flowers for their charactery.
Away; disperse: but, till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom, round about the oak

Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

Eva. Pray you, lock hand in hand;
yourselves in order set:

And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.

Put, stay: I smell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welsh fairy, lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Pist. Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy birth.¹

Queen. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end:

If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,

And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pist. A trial, come!

Eva. Come, will this wood take fire?

[*They put their tapers to his fingers, and he starts.*]

Fal. Oh, oh, oh!

Queen. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!

About him, fairies; sing a scornful rhyme:
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

SONG.

Fie on sinful fantasy!
Fie on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them higher and higher.

Pinch him, fairies, mutually;
Pinch him for his villany;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles, and starlight, and moonshine be out.

[*During this song the fairies pinch FAL-*

¹ Orphans in respect of your real parents, and now dependent only on Destiny herself.—FARMER.

² Companions.

³ Impression.

¹ Slighted as soon as born.

STAFF. DR. CAIUS comes one way, and steals away a fairy in green; SLENDER another way and takes off a fairy in white; and FENTON comes, and steals away ANNE PAGE. A noise of hunting is made without. All the fairies run away. FALSTAFF pulls off his buck's head and rises.

Enter PAGE, FORD, MISTRESS PAGE and MISTRESS FORD.

Page. Nay, do not fly: [*They lay hold on him.*] I think, we have watch'd you now;
Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come; hold up the jest no higher:—
Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives?

See you these, husband? Do not these fair yokes¹

Become the forest better than the town?

Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold now? Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave; a cuckoldly knave; here are his horns, Master Brook. And, Master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money; which must be paid to Master Brook: his horses are arrested for it, Master Brook.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my dear.

Fal. I do begin to perceive, that I am made an ass.

Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies: and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent,² when 'tis upon ill employment.

Eva. Sir John Falstaff, serve Got, and leave your desires, and fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, fairy Hugh.

Eva. And leave you your jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my wife again, till thou art able to woo her in good English.

Fal. Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er reaching as this? Am I ridden with a Welsh goat too? Shall I have a coxcomb of frieze?³ 'T is time I were choked with a piece of toasted cheese.

Eva. Seese is not good to give putter; your pelly is all putter.

Fal. Seese and putter! Have I lived to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late walking through the realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, Sir John, do you think, though we would have thrust virtue out of our hearts by the head and shoulders, and have given ourselves without scruple to hell, that ever the devil could have made you our delight?

Ford. What, a hodge-pudding? a bag of flax?

Mrs. Page. A puffed man?

Page. Old, cold, withered, and of intolerable entrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. And as poor as Job?

Ford. And as wicked as his wife?

Eva. And given to fornications, and to taverns, and sack, and wine, and me-theglins,⁴ and to drinkings, and swearings and starings, and pribbles and prables?

Fal. Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me; I am dejected; I am not able to answer the Welsh flannel:⁵ ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me:⁶ use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, sir, we'll bring you to Windsor, to one Master Brook, that you have cozened of money, to whom you should have been a pander: over and above that you have suffered, I think, to repay that money will be a biting affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerful, knight; thou

¹ A fool's cap of Welsh material.

² Sweet fermented drinks.

³ Flannel was originally the manufacture of Wales.

⁴ Allusion appears to be made to the examination of a Carpenter's work by the plummet held over it, of which line Sir Hugh is here represented as the lead.—HANLEY.

¹ Horns.

² A puppet thrown at in Lent, like Shrove cocks.

shalt eat a posset to-night at my house; where I will desire thee to laugh at my wife, that now laughs at thee. Tell her, Master Slender hath married her daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that: if Anne Page be my daughter, she is, by this, Doctor Caius's wife. *[Aside.]*

Enter SLENDER.

Slender. Whoo, ho! ho! father Page!

Page. Son! how now? how now, son? have you despatched?

Slender. Despatched?—I'll make the best in Gloucestershire know on't; would I were hanged, la, else.

Page. Of what, son?

Slender. I came yonder at Eton to marry Mistress Anne Page, and she's a great lubberly boy: If it had not been i' the church I would have swung him, or he should have swung me. If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir, and 't is a post-master's boy.

Page. Upon my life, then you took the wrong.

Slender. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a boy for a girl. If I had been married to him, for all he was in woman's apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own folly. Did not I tell you, how you should know my daughter by her garments?

Slender. I went to her in white, and cried *mum*, and she cried *budget*, as Anne and I had appointed; and yet it was not Anne, but a post-master's boy.

Mrs. Page. Good George, be not angry: I knew of your purpose; turned my daughter into green; and, indeed, she is now with the Doctor at the deanery, and there married.

Enter CAIUS.

Caius. Vere is Mistress Page! By gar, I am cozened; I ha' married *un garçon*, a boy; *un paisan*, by gar, a boy; it is not Anne Page; by gar, I am cozened.

Mrs. Page. Why, did you take her in green?

Caius. Ay, be gar, and 't is a boy; be gar, I'll raise all Windsor. *[Exit.]*

Ford. This is strange. Who hath got the right Anne?

Page. My heart misgives me: here comes Master Fenton.

Enter FENTON and ANNE.

How now, Master Fenton?

Anne. Pardon, good father! good my mother, pardon!

Page. Now, Mistress? how chance you went not with Master Slender?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with master Doctor, maid?

Fenton. You do amaze her. Hear the truth of it.

You would have married her most shamefully,

Where there was no proportion held in love.

The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,

Are now so sure, that nothing can dissolve us.

The offence is holy, that she hath committed:

And this deceit loses the name of craft, Of disobedience, or unduteous title; Since therein she doth evitate and shun A thousand irreligious cursed hours, Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amazed; here is no remedy:—

In love, the heavens themselves do guide the state;

Money buys lands, and wives are sold by fate.

Fal. I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced.

Page. Well, what remedy? Fenton, heaven give thee joy!

What cannot be eschew'd must be embrac'd.

Fal. When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chas'd.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further: Master Fenton,

Heaven give you many, many merry .. days!

Good husband, let us every one go home, And laugh this sport o'er by a country fire;

Sir John and all.

Ford. Let it be so:—Sir John, To Master Brook you yet shall hold your word;

For he to-night shall lie with Mistress Ford. *[Exeunt.]*

FALSTAFF IN KING HENRY V.

[In this play we get our last view of the Fat Knight. His checkered, jolly, unscrupulous career ends at last and the curtain drops. What a fine touch of pathos there is in Dame Quickly's account of Sir John's last moments,—when he "fumbled with the sheets," and "played with flowers," and "babbling of green fields," and finally "went away as it had been any Christom child."

Our extracts are from Act II., Scenes 1 and 3. The place is *Pistol's house in Eastcheap, London*. Pistol has married Mrs. Quickly, and has thereby secured the enmity of Nym, who had also been engaged to her. Bardolph and Nym are at Pistol's house, and the two latter are engaged in an altercation, when they are interrupted as follows:]

Enter Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master,—and you, hostess;—he is very sick, and would to bed.—Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and do the office of a warming pan: 'faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue.

Hostess. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days; the king has killed his heart.—Good husband, come home presently. [*Exeunt Hostess and Boy.*

Re-enter HOSTESS.

Hos. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir John: ah, poor heart! he is so shaken of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men come to him.

Nym. The king hath run bad humors on the knight, that's the even of it.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right; His heart is fracted, and corroborate.

Nym. The king is a good king: but it must be as it may; he passes some humors, and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins, we will live. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE 3.—*Pistol's House.*

Enter PISTOL, HOSTESS, NYM, BARDOLPH and BOY.

Hos. Pr'ythee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yearn.

Bardolph, boblithe.—Nym rouse thy vaunting veins;

Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead;

And we must yearn therefor.

Bard. Would I were with him, where-some'er he is, either in heaven, or in hell!

Hos. Nay, sure, he's not in hell; he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made a finer end, and went away, 'an it had been any christom child; 'a parted even just between twelve and one, e'en at the turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers and smile upon his finger's ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields. *How now Sir John?*

quoth I: What, man, be of good cheer. So 'a cried out—*God, God, God!* three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him 'a should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet: so, 'a bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward and upward, and all was cold as any stone.

Nym. They say, he cried out of sack.

Hos. Ay, that 'a did.

Bard. And of women.

Hos. Nay, that 'a did not.

Boy. Yes, that 'a did; and said they were devils incarnate.

Hos. 'A could never abide carnation; 't was a color he never liked.

Boy. 'A said once the devil would have him about women.

Hos. 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women; but then he was rheumatic; and talked of the whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose; and 'a said it was a black soul burning in hell?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintained that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

THE FALSTAFF LETTERS.

[THESE Letters are so remarkable for their Shakspearean quality and for their absolute consistency with the personalities concerned, that it is safe to say they will be keenly relished by every lover of Shakspeare, and es-

pecially by every admirer of the Fat Knight. They were first published in 1796, with the following title-page: "ORIGINAL LETTERS, ETC., OF SIR JOHN FALSTAFF AND HIS FRIENDS; now first made public by a Gentleman, a descendant of Dame Quickly, from Genuine Manuscripts which have been in the possession of the Quickly Family near four hundred years." A note written by Mr. John Matthew Gutch, of Bristol, on the fly-leaf of his copy of THE FALSTAFF LETTERS, gives some interesting particulars concerning the author. "These Letters," he says, "were the production of my old schoolfellow, James White, with incidental hints and corrections by another schoolfellow, Charles Lamb.

"Amongst his friends, White was familiarly called 'Sir John.' I was present with him at a masquerade, when he personated Sir John Falstaff, in a dress borrowed from the wardrobe of Covent Garden Theatre, through the kindness of Fawcett, the comedian. His imitation of the character, or I should say personation, excited great mirth and applause, as well as considerable jealousy from some of the company present, supposed to be hired actors for the occasion; who, with much ill will, procured a rope and held it across the room (at the Pantheon in Oxford Street), and White was obliged to take a leap over the rope to escape being thrown down. The exertion he underwent by this interruption, added to the weight of the dress, injured his health for some days afterwards.

"We were at this time in the habit of meeting at the 'Feathers' in Hand Court, Holborn, to drink nips of Burton Ale, as they were called. One of our friends, who was particularly fond of the beverage, was called 'Nipperkin.'

"White was a remarkably open-hearted, joyous companion; very intimate with the Lamb family, who were then lodging in Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

"White married a daughter of Faulder [or Fauldes], the bookseller, the fortunate purchaser of the copyright of Paley's works. He died, I think, in 1822,¹ leaving a widow and three children. White was an idolater of Shakspeare. He had always several of his expressions and epithets at his ready command, and generally interlarded his conversation with them. He was the person alluded to in one of Lamb's Essays in *Elia*, who treated the chimney-sweepers in Smithfield at St. Bartholomew's fair. I was present at two of the Sausage feasts."

Speaking of the period immediately pre-

ceding the domestic tragedy which clouded the rest of Lamb's life, Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd says:

"During these years Lamb's most frequent companion was James White, or rather Jem White, as he always called him. Lamb always insisted that for hearty joyous humor, tinged with Shakspearian fancy, Jem never had an equal. 'Jem White,' said he to Mr. Le Grice, when they met for the last time, after many years' absence, at the Bell at Edmonton, in June, 1833, 'there never was his like! We never shall see such days as those in which Jem flourished!' All that now remains of Jem is the celebration of the suppers which he gave the young chimney-sweepers in the *Elia* of his friend, and a thin duodecimo volume which he published in 1796, under the title of 'Letters of Sir John Falstaff,' with a dedication (printed in black letter) 'to Master Samuel Irelaunde,' which those who knew Lamb at the time believed to be his."

The following notice from the *Critical Review*, June, 1797, was from the pen of Coleridge:

"The humorous characters of Shakspeare have seldom been successfully imitated. Dr. Kenrick wrote a play called *Falstaff's Wedding*, in which he introduced the merry knight and his companions; but the peculiar quaintness of the character was lost by being sunk in modern wit. The author of the little work before us has, we think, been somewhat more successful, and must have given his days and nights to the study of the language of Falstaff, Dame Quickly, Slender, etc. His object, indeed, seems to be to ridicule the late gross imposture of Norfolk Street; and certain it is that had these letters been introduced into the world, prepared in the manner of the Ireland MSS., the internal evidence would have spoken more loudly in their favor. But in whatever esteem they may be held as imitations, they argue no small portion of humor in the writer, who, we understand, is a young man, and this his first attempt."

Lamb himself was enthusiastic in praise of the Letters. Writing to a friend, shortly after their publication, he said:

"I hope by this time you are prepared to say the *Falstaff Letters* are a bundle of the sharpest, queerest, profoundest humors of any these juice-drained latter times have spawned. I should have advertised you that the meaning is frequently hard to be got at; and so are the future guineas that now lie ripening and aurifying in the womb of some undiscovered Potosi; but dig, dig, dig, dig, Manning!"

¹ The correct date of White's death seems rather, according to Leigh Hunt, to have been 1819 or 1820.

In a paper written for Leigh Hunt's journal, *The Examiner*, Sept. 6, 1819, Lamb quotes the first, third and fourth of Falstaff's Letters to the Prince, and adds:

"How say you, reader, do not these inventions smack of Eastcheap? Are they not nimble, forgetive, evasive? Is not the humor of them elaborate, cogitabund, fanciful? Carry they not the true image and super-scription of the father which begat them? Are they not steeped all over in character—subtle, profound, unctuous? Is not here the very effigies of the Knight? Could a counterfeit Jack Falstaff come by these conceits? Or are you, reader, one who delights to drench his mirth in tears? You are, or peradventure, have been a lover; a 'dismissed bachelor,' perchance, one that is 'lass-lorn.' Come, then, and weep over the dying bed of such a one as thyself. Weep with us the death of poor Abraham Slender."

He then quotes Davy's letter to Shallow, announcing Slender's death, and concludes thus:—

"Should these specimens fail to rouse your curiosity to see the whole, it may be to your loss, gentle reader; but it will give small pain to the spirit of him that wrote this little book, my fine-tempered friend, J. W.—for not in authorship or the spirit of authorship, but from the fulness of a young soul, newly kindling at the Shakspearian flame, and bursting to be delivered of a rich exuberance of conceits—I had almost said *kindred with those of the full Shakspearian genius itself*—were these letters dictated. We remember when the inspiration came upon him, when the plays of Henry IV. were first put into his hands. We think at our recommendation he read them, rather late in life, though still he was but a youth. He may have forgotten, but we cannot, the pleasant evenings which ensued at the Boar's Head (as we called our tavern, though in reality the sign was not that, nor the street Eastcheap,—for that honored place of resort has long since passed away), when over our pottle of sherrie he would talk you nothing but pure *Falstaff* the long evenings through. Like his, the wit of J. W. was deep, recondite, imaginative, full of goodly figures and fancies. Those evenings have long since passed away, and nothing comparable to them has come in their stead, or can come. We have heard the chimes at midnight."

But let us no longer detain the reader from the letters themselves, which, we may add, are here reprinted *verbatim et literatim*.]

PREFACE.

Of all the valuable remains of Antiquity, the world has ever especially patronised those, which any ways tend to develop the characters of men eminent in their day.—The Curate's Sermons we can subscribe to from motives of humanity to his Widow; not to hint at their utility, administered occasionally, as narcotics. A similar impulse, perhaps a fellow-feeling, endears us to the Author, whose taylor is importunate.—But the familiar papers, and epistolary tablets, of a man renown'd among his cotemporaries, famous through succeeding centuries, happy be his dole, who shall rescue from the Epicurean tooth of Vandal Moth accurs'd!—The Antiquarian shall ever present him the right hand of fellowship; nor less esteem the yellow colourings, laid on their nibbled surface by the kindly hand of time, than the mellow hues, with which the same friendly touch hath perfected some undoubted work of Guido, or the Caracci.

I am happy in presenting the world with a series of most interesting manuscript letters, &c.—They were found by Mrs. Quickly, Landlady of the Boar Tavern in Eastcheap, in a private drawer, at the left hand corner of a walnut-tree escrutoire, the property of Sir John Falstaff, after the good Knight's death.—At Mrs. Quickly's demise, which happened in August, 1419, they devolved, among other Outlandish papers, such as leases, title-deeds, &c. to her heiress at law, an elderly maiden sister; who, unfortunately for all the world, and to my individual eternal sorrow and regret, of all the dishes in the culinary system, was fond of roast pig.

A curse on her Epicurean guts, that could not be contented with plain mutton, like the rest of her Ancestors!

Reader, whenever as journeying onward in thy epistolary progress, a chasm should occur to interrupt the chain of events, I beseech thee blame not me, but curse the rump of roast-pig. This maiden sister, conceive with what pathos I relate it, absolutely made use of several, no doubt invaluable letters, to shade the jutting protuberances of that animal from disproportionate excoriation in its circuitous approaches to the fire.

My friend, Mr. *****, decypherer of ancient records, on shewing him the manuscripts, and communicating my misfortune, silyly hinted at his possession of some curious

yellow papers.—However gratified I might feel at this instance of his friendship, however practicable I might conceive it to forge the mere manual characters, how are the escapes, the bursts of humour, of Sir John Falstaff to be delineated, his quips, and his gybes? No, Sirs, I might as well attempt, (with every respect to Alchymists, Amalgamators, &c.—Gentlemen, I bow to you) I might as well attempt to incorporate Solar-essence with Epping-butter.

It may be objected against the authenticity of my Manuscripts, that they do not appear in the proper garb of their age.—To this I answer, that I do not make them public for the gratification of the Virtuoso, but for the amusement of the whole world, three-fourths of whom are too far advanced in life, to commence their studies in the most noble science of ancient orthography. Far be it from me to shrink from the investigation of the scholar, or the critic. Gentlemen, my closet is open to you—I very respectfully entreat your entrance. From your convictions I anticipate, I already hear, the united commands of the whole world vibrate in my ear, to bring forward other Manuscripts in my possession; Manuscripts, which contain many very important traits, and features of character, in Sir John Falstaff, but lightly touched upon by Shakspeare.—What an immense acquisition to the Theatres!

I had once, indeed, thought of giving them a dramatic form, for the purpose of communicating them to the Manager of Covent-garden; but the splendid taste of the age, incessantly calling on him for gaudes and shews, the very nature of which must necessarily arrest his whole attention, I fear'd they might be laid on the shelf, "that Bourn whence no Traveller returns;" and thus, with other valuable writings, be lost to the world. Superadded to this, a species of delicacy I cannot describe, 'tis nearly allied to pride, forbade my parting with them unsolicited. Perhaps a respectful application from the manager, Mr. Harria, through the medium of Mr. F*****, or any other distinguished performer, might conduce—But really this is so delicate a subject, that—

It may be asked, how they came into my possession?—I beseech thee, good Mr. Inquisitive, urge not the question.—Of all the occupations subservient to the views of man, none was ever to me so vituperative, as that of a Publican.—What the Street-walker is in the flesh, that is the Publican

in the spirit, amenable to the caprice of every unbridled passion.—And yet, that I should have emigrated from the loins of a Publican, be bred, no, not *bred*, born and begotten of a Publican! Whence can the fatality arise!

Reader, the Manuscript came to me by direct inheritance.

Master Quickly, Master Quickly, amid thy daily roar of subaltern base-born¹ revelry, thou art little conscious of the illustrious personages that once honored thy roof;—of the memorials that yet remain of their being to an estranged branch of thy race. The names of *Falstaff*, *Fal*, *Corporal Bardolph*, are strange to thee.—I do not marvel: for they have ceased, Master Quickly, to be on thy score.—Yet if thy blood is not utterly degenerate, if any particle remains to thee of the dignity of our house, put thy pipe into thy mouth, and walk sedately with me.

A sage writer remarks, tho' time obliterate, yet not relentless in his ravages, he leaveth some slight traditionary token to soothe the memory of past times.

Shut the door.—Thou art now, where Sir John was wont to solace himself, in the identical Pomegranate.² Doth not the Genius of the place silently rebuke thy pride, that hath taken a flight so far beneath thy ancestry?

The Boar's-head, in days of yore the resort of every quality proper and handsome, to become a rendezvous for the many-specified scions of the mechanick-stock! The Pomegranate, ancient receptacle of illustrious Wits, Bloods, who "Daff'd the world aside, and bid it pass," to be choak'd with the seeds of every baser plant! It is not well—By the fat Friar's scalp of merry Sherwood, it is not well.

Thy grandam, Master Quickly, was a Wight, in whom the culinary attainments of man delighted to reside. She mingled nectareous sack—Thou art more—Thou art a pious householder.—In the twelfth hour of the night, when thy cattle, and the stranger, and the ass, and all that is within thy gate, are assembled to offer up their orisons call thou aloud upon the indignant manes of the departed Knight—confess thy degeneracy—promise purgation of his polluted haunts, and if so his shade will be pacified,

¹ The Boar's-head in Eastcheap, now a common pot-house.

² A Room so called in the Boar Tavern, which Sir John was partial to.

that the merry Sackbut shall supercede the clanking of pewter, throughout the Boar.—At such an hour, if there be any convexity in thy roofs, expect thou a solemn answer.

I have yet a point to settle, and then I leave thee to the bustle of thy domiciliary regeneration.—Thou hast misused me damnable, Master Quickly. Not Zeno with all his Stoics about him—not Job with all his oxen about him, would bear my wrongs patiently. Had I blasted the Boar's good name, had I libidiously approach'd mine hostess, and wound a recheat on thy brow, thou hadst some shadow of reason; but to maltreat a kind, philanthropick, well-disposed Gentleman, disinterestedly coming forward for the amusement of the whole world, all his own concerns stagnant! oh! 'tis very foul and unmannered. I desire thou wilt go to Mr. Robinson's, and take six copies of this my publication, paying the full price for each, individually.

Thou seest, I am incontinently prone to lenity, even to the very detriment of my fortunes. Canst thou imagine, that any other writer of my merits, elaborate, cogitabund, fanciful in the garnishment of a quaint conceit, and reeking with my disappointments, would be pacified with so trivial a concession? I looked to have seen a smug proper Gentleman step from his chair in the Pomegranate, and vote each member a set of the Knight's adventures. I look'd I should have received ten pounds; and by the Martyrdom of holy Polycarp, thou hast no more Club, than is compounded of labouring smiths, circumcis'd Anglo-Hebrews, and revolted apprentices; such a farrago of unhous'd Arabs, as Lazarus himself would have scorned consortance with. Oh! thou hast much misus'd me—a' God's name, let the stable be cleansed—to work with Herculean brawn. To work! to work! to work!

There is a certain description of writers, whose great volubility of genius cannot stop calmly and soberly to look behind ever and anon, and gather up the errors and absurdities of a warm imagination. No—'tis too mechanical for your picked man of genius. He blindly pushes forward for the goal, nor ever even steps aside, unless indeed, Atalanta-like, to catch at a Golden Apple. Cervantes seems to have been of this class; or he would certainly have never thought of mounting Dapple on Panza, (I beg Sancho's pardon, I mean Panza on Dapple,) when

the rogue Gynes was at the same time bestride him a dozen miles distant.

I thank Nature (I think it a blessing) for having cast me in a more phlegmatic mold. Reader, the preface is but short—look back—if thou hast caught me tripping, if I am in ought accountable to thee, I promise to explain or rectify in my next edition.

ORIGINAL LETTERS.

FALSTAFF TO PRINCE HENRY.¹

HERE, young Gentlemen, go you to the Prince. Robert Shallow, esq. hath sent thee a haunch of Gloucestershire venison, Hal; with a good commodity of pippins, carraways, commendations, and remembrances. Ha! ha! ha! I tell thee what, Hal, thou art most damnable down in the withers; thou art, as it were, a Prince without weight.—An I don't plump thee out like a Christmas turkey, then am I a rogue.

Oh! I am sitting in a nest of the most unfledg'd Cuckows that ever brooded under the wing of a hawk. Thou must know, Hal, I had note of a good hale Recruit or two in this neighbourhood. In other shape came I not; look to it, Master Shallow, that in other shape I depart not.—But I know thou art ever all desire to be admitted a Fellow-Commoner in a jest. Robert Shallow, esq. judgeth the hamlet of Cots-wold. Doth not the name of Judge horribly chill thee?

With Aaron's rod in his hand, he hath the white beard of Moses on his chin. In good-sooth his perpetual countenance is not unlike what thou wouldst conceit of the momentary one of the lunatic Jew, when he tumbled God's Tables from the Mount.

He hath a quick busy gait, and a huge Soldier-like beaver, surmounted with a Cockade. The valorous Justice, at the head of some dozen or two Domestics and others, once apprehended a brace of deserters; and ever since doth he assume this badge—Ha! ha! ha!

More of this upright Judge (perpendicular as a Pikeman's weapon, Hal) anon.

I would dispatch with these Bardolph; but the knave's Hands—(I cry thee mercy)

¹ The correspondence appears to have commenced while Sir John stopped at Shallow's seat in Gloucestershire to pick up recruits in his way to York.—*Vide* the Second Part of King Henry the Fourth—3d Act.

his *Mouth* is full, in preventing desertion among my Recruits. An every Liver among them han't stood me in 3 and 40 shilling, then am I a naughty Escheator.—I tell thee what, Hal, I'd fight against my conscience for never a prince in Christendom but thee.—Oh! this is a most damnable cause, and the rogues know it—they'll drink nothing but sack of three and two pence a gallon, and I enlist me none but tall puissant¹ Fellows that would quaff me up Fleet-ditch, were it filled with sack—pick'd men, Hal—such as will shake my lord of York's mitre. I pray thee, sweet Lad, make speed—thou shalt see glorious deeds!

JOHN FALSTAFF.

FALSTAFF TO THE PRINCE.

Ha! ha! ha! support me, Hal! support me! An I don't quake more than when the lunatick sheriff would ha' carted me for Newgate, there's nought goodly in a cup of sack. Oh! I am damnably provided here—Let me pawn as many points in my wind, as dame Prodigal's whelp Necessity hath impress'd of my chattels for sentinel-service in Mistress Ursula's shop, and never a stitch on 'em would that Bardolph redeem. I might overwhelm myself, and rot on the ground. An there was not a little smack of kind-heartedness in sugar-candy, God help old Jack! he might lie in the glebe for brawn-feed. Here is master Robert Shallow, with his rod of justice hath done what Sir Coleville, or the Scotchman Douglas, aye, or young Harry himself, would have given his ears to achieve—he hath put me down, Hal. I would to God Cotswold were in Spain, for there the gentlemen do never laugh—By the Lord, this uncomb'd hemp-stalk doth breed more convulsive propensities in man, than is in the whole fry of stricken Finsmen²; and yet is it all unwittingly;—though his countenance be as sharp as the tweak of a bully, his wit is as benumbing too. Here hath been a whore-son murderer brought before him; the Elder would enforce my assistance—ha! ha!

¹ It is needless to observe, that Mouldy, Bullcalf Wart, Feeble, and Shadow, must have formed the able recruits Sir John here alludes to.

² Sir John's conceit is here rather obscure.—I submit, but with great deference, whether he does not allude to the sensitive nature of the Torpedo, which is immediately convulsed on being touched.

ha!—mine, Hal! who was never seated on bench, except indeed at mine hostess's, in the way of unbuttoning to my vespers after dinner;—and I would to God every geminy of Nuns in his Majesty's dominions had my dispossession of the frail creature in their worship—they'd not want for miracle-working I can assure 'em.—Well, Hal, when I look'd the rogue should be committed for trial, lo! Robert commanded he should be immediately hung up by the gills! 'T was not that Robert was unjust or cruel—no.—Robert quak'd at the ferocious furrows on the rogue's brow.—There was a jail at hand;—the rogue was gyv'd—and yet Robert quak'd—ha! ha! ha! Master Silence the Law-giver too savoured shrewdly of dismay—he thought the man might in conscience be hung—Davy might help his good Coz.—he'd take it upon his word Cotswold records had it in point—ha! ha! ha! Thou knowest, Hal, it was not for me to crop the green ears of a goodly joke-harvest—I am no April scythesman—with the alacrity of a shrewd leaser, I gathered up the errant Gybelings of my brow, and commended their Worship's quick administration of justice.—An if the knave had swung, what the goodger!—'Stead of county yeomen on a base bench, he had had his jury of kites and daws to sit on him, under the sweet canopy of the skies.—But Davy, Davy, doled him a longer life. This many-specied subaltern of master Shallow's, being advised of the matter, quickly halted in under the yoke of a villainous tub of Jew's-bane, a pannier of newly-stucken hog's-blood, or I'm the impotentest varlet that ever tilted atlip. Wouldst thou believe it, Hal? Barabbas was instantly commanded to prison—Davy, and his crimson fry, to Shallow were of more import than the chariest Bona-roba in all Eastcheap to thee, thou naughty hip-o'-the-hawthorn lover.—Oh! thou would'st have distill'd most damnably, to hear the shrill judge and his man, like Judas and the High-priest, pass busy question and answer upon the price of blood! Davy had transported the reeking mass to Robin Pluck's coiner of puddings—Robin admitted the complexion of the commodity—'t was excellent—but Robin thought half a noble a long shot—ha! ha! ha! Master Pluck, let me counsel thee—An the wrath of Robert Shallow esq. be not a commodity of July weather, master Pluck, look to thyself—thou wilt be most damnably amerc'd, master Pluck, thou

wilt be as bare as a drawn goose, an thou dost not smooth thy ruffled feathers, and compound, master Pluck, thou wilt be doubly amerc'd—Robert Shallow, esquire, hath said it—ha! ha! ha!

I pray God, Bardolph be not whipt for a whoreson knave—He hath dispatched a coop of trodden pullet for Eastcheap—rare living, Hal! rare sperm for Sherris! but the rogue hath not advised master Shallow of their march, and Robert hath a most damnable yearning bowel toward his company. We must be chary of their blood, Hal—Do not thou lead them into action ere I do come. A plague upon all hurry, say I.—An it had not been for the overweening Hotbloods at York, who did madly join battle ere valour could arrive to shew itself, I should have been made a Duke, and now must I tarry till thou art King. Well, I shall look to be accoutred forth to my dignities, I can assure thee—Some bright emblem to outshine Courtierhood—a pretty slight model of Dame Venus in her evening orbit, or the puissant Mars in the instant of tilting. No little mad-cap shooting star to twinkle in my portly firmament!

Here is mistress Quickly, mine hostess, loth indite to me for monies. I am not a walking exchequer—She cannot draw upon my ribs. I would, my sweet Hal, thou'dst send her to one Harry Monmouth, a sprightly mad wag of some six foot high, who doth much resort unto the Boar tavern. He is much my debtor.

JOHN FALSTAFF.

FALSTAFF TO THE PRINCE.

I PR'YTHEE, Hal, lend me thy 'kerchief. An thy unkindness ha'nt started more salt gout down my poor old cheek, than my good rapier hath of blood from foeman's gashes in 5 and 30 years' service, then am I a very senseless mummy.

I squander away in drinkings monies belonging to the soldiery! I do deny it—they have had part—the surplus is gone in charity—accuse the parish-officers—make them restore—the whoreson wardens do now put on the cloaca of supplication at the church doors, intercepting gentlemen for charity, forsooth!—'Tis a robbery, a villainous robbery! to come upon a gentleman reeking with piety, God's book in his hand, brimfull of the sacrament! Thou knowest, Hal, as I am

but man, I dare in some sort leer at the plate and pass, but as I have the body and blood of Christ within me, could I do it? An I did not make an oblation of a matter of ten pound after the battle of Shrewsbury, in humble gratitude for thy safety, Hal, then am I the veriest transgressor denounced in God's code.—But I'll see them damn'd ere I'll be charitable again. Let 'em coin the plate—let them coin the holy chalice.

To say that I have not naturalised master Silence, that I stand not on the debtor side of accounts with him, would be horribly forgetful and incorrect—to say that he shall see my coinage in the way of honorable reimbursement, gentleman-like repayment, would savour much of honesty, 'tis true, but more (I confess it, I confess it, Hal) of leasing.

To say that I feel not a kind of tendre for master Robert Shallow, while he hath sack, beeves, with emanating bowels towards old Sir John, would bespeak me the Infidel, the Jew—but to confess (saving a certain respect due to the asseveration of my sweet Hal) that I love the man Shallow, or the man Silence, in other shape or degree than as the leech loveth the temple, much less that I have squandered monies on these raw bare-brain'd Yonkers, fit only to be worn on Bankrupt days by Uncertificated Wits—to confess that I have familiarised my person to their companies, to the detriment of thy father's affairs, setting the seemliness of gentlemanhood aside, would be lying in my throat through the false passage of my mouth, would render the base pander my tongue worthy the center of a pewter-dish, to be crimped with capon, and engulph'd for a disobedient Jonas.

For thy father's sickness, I am not Esculapius, or I would prune and restore the old oak—but it hath shed its acorns, and now comes winter—Is not the progression natural?

No more of the departed monies, Hal, an thou lovest me. Would'st thou rake up the ashes of the dead? Nay, an if that's thy humour, then must Pluto become a child of sight.

JOHN FALSTAFF.

THE BISHOP OF WORCESTER TO HIS HIGHNESS OF WALES.

If to do away insinuations of disaffection

be as acceptable to a magnanimous prince, as it is indispensable to the subtle honour of a representative of Christ Jesus, I shall feel the less compunction in turning for a moment the current of your Highness's weighty thoughts; but they are already here; they must flow, my lord, with the channelled blood of the thousands of unabsolved souls lately sacrificed at the shrine of the Arch-deceiver Rebellion.

Among the many Lords, Knights, and Esquires, resorting to Shrewsbury to render Oblations for the issue of this eventful contest, was the knight Sir John Falstaff.—This layman, who accuseth me to your highness of disaffection, hath sullied his name in arms by defiling the sacred temple of his God. He is excommunicate; nor can aught, save the Toe of the Almighty's viceregent save him from everlasting perdition. My lord, while other barons and knights, his majesty's liege-subjects, were making rich oblations and endowments for the maimed soldiery, while the priesthood chaunted forth the excellencies of charity, and the offertory laboured with costly gifts, the solemnities were suddenly arrested by the clamours of Sir John Falstaff, and a crew of disorderly retainers, for bread and wine. The functionaries of the Highest were blasphemously attacked with gross speech and uncouth phrase,¹ and the sacred wine riotously and tumultuously ravished from their hands. Menaces of your highness's displeasure were muted from his unclean lips, and the vassals of the holy Virgin excited to irreverend demeanour by gesticulations more seemly to the spontaneous soil of youth, than the furrowed glebb of age. They were recreantly expelled, and solemn Excommunication pronounced against this impious man, who had profanely tendered a copper groat as an oblation, and libidiously drank with carnal appetite the blood of his Redeemer. If here, my lord, be room for treason, if the anathema of the church weigh too heavily with this contempt of its jurisdiction, I am content that imputed disaffection to my liege fill up the balance.

There is another matter, my lord.—Sir John, as I am well advised, is no purlieu-man. By the statute of his deceased majesty, none is to hunt unpossessed of certain hereditary lands. This knight hath not the substance of a pace; yet under the cloak

of your Highness' sacred name, his hounds unleashed by swain-motes, are loosed to every demesne. His soldiers, the curbing yoke of discipline slipped from their franchised necks, yerk at the imprescript, but sacred laws of society, and bleed the undressed peasantry;—nay, himself standeth not unaccused of certain enormities. In the ejectment of this unworthy man, the sacred service of the altar was violated. God forbid that suspicion should undeservedly call down a two-fold infamy, and blend sacrilege with impiety; but the very precisian, my lord, hath here scope for liberal conjecture: the silver candlesticks dedicated to the service of the holy Virgin, were stolen. True—the unhallowed theft may be ascribed to other than the knight or his retainers, for the tainted wether doth infect the whole flock: but, my lord, when Judas betrayed his master, the tumult of his followers was but a cloak for the—*All hail!* Your Highness' liege-subject,

WORCESTER.

THE PRINCE TO FALSTAFF.

AND so, Jack, thou didst piously offer up ten pound in humble gratitude for my safety—ha! ha! ha!—Here is Ned Poins doth protest 't was much more.—In good truth, Percy was a lusty warrior. How long didst lay, Jack? Fifteen minutes, as thou say'st, by Shrewsbury clock. By the mass, a very miser!—Thou should'st have sacrificed fifty times ten pound, and covered a score rood with thy fat Offerings. Had Hotspur been the minion of the God, farewell Jack! he had certainly mistaken thee for my greasepot, yea, dipped his sword in thy ribs, and sounded a retreat.

I pr'ythee hast ever beheld Satan, where the Apostle hath placed him a tip-toe on the pinnacle of the Temple? Not in Judea, Jack. Thou may'st view him, sans optick, at thy own Jerusalem, Eastcheap, on mine hostess's tapestry.—What says't thou to a likeness of him, with me at thy side for a Saviour? Not the hoary Roman whom the Gaul caught by the chin, could shew more ample reverence of beard than doth the tempter (meaning thee), or more meekness of carriage (that's myself, Jack), than the tempted.

My lord of Worcester, methinks, hath most excellent characters.—See here his

¹ I fear ancient Pistol was in this coil.

letter.—By Harry Percy dead, but he should be a pope.—Why he would rate rebellion that not a Scot would dare to call us Bolingbrokers¹ for very dread of his anathema. Canst thou not help him to the triple crown, Jack; thou, and Bardolph, and Pistol?—A copper groat, marry, and a pair of silver candlesticks, to bribe my lord's Cardinals—ha! ha! ha!—Well, Jack, thou art excommunicate; and whether the bosom of the church ever receives thee again, no matter.—There's nobody, I believe, cares less than thyself. For his holiness' toe—I pry thee hast good pig's trotters with thy Shallow law-giver?—Which had'st rather muzzle?—The bare-foot is a pleasant pilgrimage to Rome.

Ned Poins doth insist thou art nine pounds nineteen shillings eight-pence my debtor.—Why thou vaunting Pharisee, what is become of thy ten pound oblation? I tell thee what, Jack,—Here is my father much sick—I may be a king, heaven knows how soon, perchance to-night—If ever thou dost cloak excess beneath the name of Harry the Fifth—if ever receive bribes to conceal rebels, (and this thou knowest I am well advised of) thy look'd-for exaltation shall be on the gallows of Haman.² Farewell!

FALSTAFF TO THE PRINCE.

HA! ha! ha! And dost thou think I would not offer up ten pound for thee? Yea, a hundred—more—But take heed of displeasing in thy sacrifice. Cain did bring a kid, yea, a firstling upon the altar, and the blaze ascended not. Abel did gather simple herbs, penny-royal, Hal, and mustard, a four-penny matter and the odour was grateful.—I had ten pound for the holy offertory—mine ancient Pistol doth know it—but the angel did arrest my hand. Could I go beyond the word? The angel did stretch forth his finger, lest the good patriarch slay his son.

That Ned Poins hath more colours than a jay, more abuse than a taught pie, and for wit—the cuckow's dam may be Fool of the court to him. I lie down at Shrewsbury out of base fear! I melt into roods, and acres, and poles! I tell thee what,

Hal, there's not a subject in the land hath half my temperance of valour. Did I not see thee combating the man-queller, Hotspur; yea, in peril of subduement? Was it for me to lose my sweet Hal without a thrust, having my rapier, my habergeon, my good self about me? I did lie down in the hope of shanking him in the rib—Four drummers and a fifer did help me to the ground. Didst thou not mark how I did leer upon thee from beneath my buckler? That Poins hath more scurrility than is in a whole flock of disquieted geese.

For the rebels I did conceal, thou shouldst give me laud. I did think thou wert already encompassed with more enemies than the resources of man could prevent overwhelming thee; yea, that thou wert the dove on the waters of Ararat, and didst lack resting place. Was it for me to heap to thy manifold disquiets? Was it for me to fret thee with the advice of more enemies than thou didst already know of? I could not take their lives and therefore did I take their monies. I did fine them, lest they should 'scape, Hal, thou dost understand me, without chastisement; yea, I fined them for a punishment. They did make oath on the point of my sword to be true men—An the rogues foreswore themselves, and joined the Welchman, let them look to it—'tis no 'peachment of my virtue.

Thou didst conceit me a cherisher of rebellion—I must hang, forsooth, upon conception! Fie, Hal, Fie! Didst thou ever know mother to wean upon *conception*?—Fie!

Mine host Shallow doth greet thee well; he doth protest "thou art a good back-swordsmen, or the young earl's degree would never have been lowered;—the Northumbrians were ever good at fence."

He doth remember the old duke at tournament, Hal.—Ha! ha! ha!

I do purpose entertaining the Justice at Eastcheap—a rare guest, Hal,—Justice at mistress Quickly's; but therefore the more welcome.—Oh! he will give thee the dry laugh till thou art as much disjointed, yea, as the gates of Gaza.—He will be a very Sampson unto thee—He will pluck thee down.

I come, master Shallow, I come.—I am bidden to supper, Hal.—Let me hear of thee, but a' God's name no more acrimony, an thou lovest

JACK FALSTAFF.

¹ Probably the contemptuous manner in which the opposite party spoke of the house of Lancaster.

² Poor Sir John's views were rather confined; only fifty foot to look forward to for preferment.

JUSTICE SHALLOW TO DAVY.

How do affairs go? How do things go on, Davy? Are the sheep-stealers taken? Marry, bid Robin Bratton look to the deer, and let there be a fall among the Pollards that look to the Cleys.—We must have a good prospect, Davy.—We don't look far enough.—A lord should look far—I must have a pedigree conceived—Pelt, the tanner, must get some skins ready, a large skin or two—a new lord hath always a new pedigree.—Bid William take the streaked ram from the ewes, and let the 14 acre headland be thrown into the park—marry, for the red wheat—it must not appear.—A sad loss, Davy, but the rutting must have scope.—We must enlarge the deer-field—Sir John loves venison.

I hope, Davy, you comport yourself as becomes the representative of one of the Quorum. I would be understood, that you keep up your dignity, and carry your body discreetly, and soberly, and sedately, and not prabble and drink at common houses.—You are too much given to it, Davy.

It may please his sacred majesty, that I yield up his gracious commission—I say, Davy, 'tis a thing that is possible; and I could desire and wish, that my cousin Silence should have a doughty helpmate, one who knows the laws of the land, and could enforce his Majesty's most gracious briefs and ordinances.—Your understanding is good, Davy, and you have an indifferent knowledge in the statutes.—I could wish to see you in better provision; but indeed you do not comport yourself with that clean decency I could desire.—Whenever it pleaseth his most gracious majesty to call for my help and assistance at the Quorum, I ordinarily dine on slender pottage—you know it, Davy.—It preserves me clear and comprehensible; and, o'my conscience, you consume and devour leeks, and cheese, and fat bacon, in lieu of your morning hymns and prayers, and ruct at the mouth and elsewhere, and belch, o'my conscience, as loud as any Caliver, to the great detriment of every thing seemly, and in defiance of good rule in society. You must correct yourself, Davy—you must correct yourself.—It is a difficult point in rooting up ancient habits and customs, but it would not be kindly and good to make you suddenly great with all your stains and blotches upon you.—No—'tis meet we first grub up and eradicate the weeds, Davy;—and then the soil,

if indeed it be not too arid, will kindly receive the germen, the seed, Davy, of any thing good and palatable.

Take my three-cornered beaver, in which I beheld his last most gracious Majesty crowned, and see if you can begin to look a little creditable. Marry, are the Little Johns ploughed, and in proper and soft state for sowing?—See that it be done, Davy—'tis more than time it were done.—Look to it, Davy.

Bless my heart and soul!—'twere simply a sufficiency to slay any beast of burthen.—A matter of six score miles in half a score hours!—'Tis four leagues by the sixty minutes!—Measure it by ten, Davy, and it amounts to a point.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD¹
SHALLOW.

Davy to Ditto.

I wish your good Worship many blessings.—Marry, I humbly thank your worship for the precepts, and will, with our holy Mary's help, comport myself as your Worship was wont, and speak as much as any he at the Quorum.

Clement Perkes,² your Worship, was seen in the park yesternight, when the castle was going twelve. I humbly think he was knocking your Worship's deer in the head, and had him secured and put in the stocks, for the terror of all attempters. He's a great knave, your Worship; and I humbly think, with your Worship's leave, of giving him a good whipping. I'm sure if he was not after the deer, he wanted to kill the old ram; for h'as got, marry, ever since he's been in the stocks, h'as got, as your Worship was wont to say, a sheep-biting face.

What your Worship says of the weeds is very just. I humbly thank your worship for the beaver. I humbly suppose, your Worship, it was fellow-mate to the sun coloured doublet your Worship was wont to look so well in at the Quorum; tho'f it sits more wrinkled upon your Worship now than it did formerly; your Worship's belly grows thinner and genteeler.—Your Worship would not think how it sits upon me—it's close as

¹ Davy, I suppose, anticipated the honours of his master.

² Davy could never away with this Clement Perkes. Vide Henry the IVth.—1st Scene of the 5th Act.

any mail. I've clean left off ructing, your Worship.

That Clement Perkes has spoken flat burglary of your Worship. A' says I'm a dog. Your Worship was wont to say to a saucy malefactor, that his Majesty was in you, and you in his Majesty—good. And a'nt I in your Worship, and your Worship in me? A' says I'm a dog! I'll have him laid fast, till your Worship shall come to give directions at the Quorum, whether he shall be hang'd or transported.

Would it please your Worship to give directions about the ringers? Ah! your Worship, they did so do it! They drank a whole hogshead of your Worship's ale. William Visor has been of the peal two and thirty years come Lammas, and I humbly beseech your Worship he may have a crown above the rest.

The headland fences are all down and the hens are very busy at getting your Worship's crop in. Fourteen acre of seedland's a great matter; but your Worship's pullets will thrive against the large Knight shall accompany your Worship to town, A' loves capon.—Did your Worship mark how a' took all the wings and the thighs 'twixt his finger and thumb, and put 'em in his great belly, an they had been so many plumbs?

Marry, your Worship, Robin has shot two deer for the pedigrees, as your Worship was pleased to call 'em. Master Pelt has got the skins—Marry, will your Worship say, whether they are to be tanned like your Worship's buckler, or how? I humbly wait your Worship's directions in this point.

ANTIENT PISTOL TO SIR JOHN.

Dated, it seems, from Windsor.

SIR Knight, lament—be tristful—rue—for Bawcockhood is dead, extinct—the maw of Majesty hath it engulph'd—Kinghood's a thing of naught, a 'scutcheon damn'd, of blazonry most base. I hold it to my lip, and from my portly lungs call up Sir Æolus to bid the Lazar scowl. The King his memories hath grasped by the heel, and dipp'd in Lethe—Or he is mad become; the Cur hath bit him—he doth the thing eschew, that senses most did love.

Thy letter, Knight, in spite of yeomen and base hounds of Hesperus, which did him circumvent, I did deliver to the quondam Hal. "The man of mickle span un-

to his lovely bully"—Thus Antient Pistol—whereon the Fry of Majesty, Herodian worms and insects damn'd also, which Lucifer doth hatch upon his morning crown, did mow and chatter like to apes of Ind'. Shall Pistol shoulder'd be, and shall he recreant flee before the elbow of base sycophant, and shall good phrase be bastardis'd? I will revenges have, by Rowen' and her Chalice—I will arouse and woo the Fates, the sisters three—Concubinage is good—and they shall brooding on my pillow lay in consult deep, how flint and steel a spark may strike to blow up pandourship most base—My heart's a heart of flint—My forefoot eke's most subtil—Why then let fellowship ensue, let heart and hand combine, and let the web be spun—Ulysses baffle all!

Sir John, thy Pistol and thy legate hath been greeted foul—Not Bardolph, filching wight, that pluck'd the star to deck his nose, when blanketed unto the Welkin's height for chewing Baker's Roll, where Baker's roll should not be chewn—Not Nym, whose humour was in Pillory to stand ycover'd o'er with gold most potable for Yonker's silver whistle stol'n,—did feel reaction's force like Pistol. Shall goodly phrase be yclept uncouth, and shall it banded be like base Æolian bladder? Why then come Rowen's Chalice—though bitter be the draught, I will avenge or die.

THINE ANTIENT PISTOL.

FALSTAFF TO ANTIENT PISTOL.

MY good Antient, I do condole with thee. The King hath no more respect unto an embassy, than the fox hath unto the sex of the goose. I am in myself greater than a Prince, yea, in my personal right; and he doth make me out of myself less than a peasant, marry, to my personal wrong. There be more Deys in the court, than there be seconds in the day—I should have displayed my presents, and then would'st thou have had present audience. That Hal is become a very Ottoman—but be thou not discomfited—We must rally, we must rally, lads—We have been twice trodden down in open attack, and now to the sap-work. The King doth love venison—We will to Master Shallow's in Gloucestershire—he hath a deep Deer-feld—'tis a county of a clamorous rut—We did borrow his monies by

day; but we must make bold with his bucks by night—They have horns, good mine Antient, they have horns—'tis dangerous to meddle with Cuckoldom by day.

I grieve thou wert so sorely dealt with at the Court—I have salves for a bruise, an thou dost need them—salves, which I did apply to mine own discolourments.—Thou knowest I was trodden down like sugars for an export—yea, I was made a convenience—I was shap'd into a Promontory, which spectators of a subaltern height did flock to for a sight of passing Majesty—they did ascend and course o'er my belly like pismires, ants on a mole-hill, save that the compression was greater.—But 'twas ever the nature of Man to trample on fallen greatness—'tis no marvel.

Let Nym be advised of our expedition—Corporal Bardolph and myself will speedily quit Eastcheap, and rendezvous on the outskirts of Windsor—We will line our shambles with venison, and then, my lads, to Windsor again—Hal shall yet be our own.

JOHN FALSTAFF.

CORPORAL NYM TO SIR JOHN.

I WILL no more with Pistol rob—I do revolt—My fist is struck, and that's the humour on't—his phrases are known on the road. Venison hath mickle sweets—and sweets are luscious things, and luscious things do fit the maw of Nym; but thieves do hang, and their accomplices; and Nym would hang alone—Doth the humour pass? The Antient is abstruse—he robs not at a word—Travellers ken not his phrase, and parley is not good on the road; and that's the humour on't.—I do revolt, but mutiny is quell'd with grants; let Pistol utter couthly, and then come fellowship again—When speech will not bewray, then Gloucestershire's the word—But, *pauca*, Nym's a man of few—Sir John, I touch my brow—my fist is flat.

NYM.

FALSTAFF TO ANTIENT PISTOL.

WHAT, at spurs, good mine Antient? and an adventure afoot too! By my troth, I'll no cock-fighting—Pullets, pullets, are your only encounter. We that do assail are can-

nibals, indeed; but Mistress Partlet is frequent in her travail, and so society shall not lack sperm.

I prythees let Corporal Nym have his humour: thou art a shrewd linguist—thou hast ever a throng of goodly quips and conceits; yea, more at thy tongue's beck, than he that doth refine from his brain with the help of the Still, Time: but they are crude, they are crude, mine Antient—they do lack dressing—they are like to an unwrought commodity, which the handicraftsman cannot utter, until it is shap'd to the purposes of the consumer.

Here is Bardolph doth protest, 'twas thou who did'st slight him from foot to foot throughout the croud at the Installation: thou had'st robbed with him in the purlieus of the town, and the knaves did recognise thy quaintness of phrase; thy Shibboleth, Antient, thy Shibboleth.—Oh! 'tis most damn'd to be mark'd like a tupp'd ewe.—A slenderness of heel was indeed friendly to thy own retreat: but the Corporal, Heaven protect his parts! was compell'd to borrow expedition, marry, without pledge, and retire into himself like a hedgehog, that so he might travel with the better ease on the toes of the town—Ha! ha! ha! O my conscience, I marvel he blaz'd not like the Phoenix—he had fire and faggot on his side—his nose for a kindle, and his carcase for a fuel; and both in close league.

I entreat thee, mine Antient, to lay aside, yea, altogether reform these fierce sallies of thy tongue, and rob as a Gentleman should do; by the mass, thou wilt hang us all—thou wilt do it, mine Antient, thou wilt do it. Rememberest thou not how the lunatick Bishop did rate me to the Prince? An he had ever taken my good name in vain, but for thy incontinent flow of gall, then am I the grossest thief afoot.—Marry, I am not the most spare, for indeed I do empty me all purses, yea be their bottoms as deep as Hell; but I do mean in my person, my reins, where there is less specifick fat than is requisite to the peopling of a dozen wicks—Sack, spirit of burnt sack, doth make the belly gasconade and swell.

I did purpose being at the rendezvous ere now; but I must tarry here a season longer; do not thou and Nym break out again—I prythees yield to him, mine Antient—It were a foul thing we should sledge and upon 'peachment too! Farewell!

ANTIENT PISTOL TO SIR JOHN.

SHALL paucity of phrase and impotence also,
Curb manhood with the rein?
And shall it chew the bit?
Shall Mutes and Asian dogs controul the
tongue;
And shall not man speak free?
Why then Avernus roar!
Then Rhadamanth' his yawning floodgates
ope,
And Rowen'¹ brim her Chalice!
*Why then let icy death seize all,
Yea, upward from the foot unto the lungs,
And then the heart, perdy!*

The Nym's a pauper vile—I do retort—
he hath not utterance to woo his dog to bite
at badger—I do retort—his rest is eadem,
the *semper* eadem—he cannot cull—his
senses are most barren—Ah! beevemouth'd
bleating Nym! Ah! bull-calf old! I have
and I will hold the pristine tones of Man—
The Nym doth iterate, doth bay the echo
with his "humour on't."—And shall he
model be? Then Pistol, bow thy knee no
more to Dagon—Sir John, thy Philistine
doth flee—Avaunt the flux of fellowship, and
solus be the word!

DEPOSITION TAKEN BEFORE MASTER ROBERT
SHALLOW, AND MASTER SLENDER, AT
WINDSOR.

Shallow. Now, good man, what is your
business? what is the matter that you would
desire to disclose?—Marry, I am of the
Commission in the county of Gloucester;
but if you have any thing to depose, that is
salutary, and beneficial, and for the welfare
and good of his most gracious Majesty, I
care not:—Robert Shallow, Esquire, will
take cognizance of it, though in the county
of Berks.

Fellow. May it please your Worship, I've
a goatherd; and I've a great matter to
break.—Marry, your Worship, marry,
when his Majesty's life's in danger from a
Caitiff-monster, an't it the duty of every
honest subject to stand up and defend? An't

¹ The Editor most respectfully appeals to Mr. Malone for the sense of this word so frequently in the Antient's mouth.—Having in vain ransacked Chaucer, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Middleton and Rowley, &c., &c., he is at length compelled to print it *literatim* from the MS. for the comments of more learned men than himself.

that law? I would know that of your Worship.

Shallow. 'Tis among the Statutes.—'Tis the duty of every tall fellow, or he's liable to be 'peach'd upon the act as an abettor.—Proceed, good man—'tis just, very just—marry, proceed.—Trust me, a comprehensive fellow, Cousin Abram.—Marry, proceed.

Fellow. Being on the return yesternoon to dinner—'twas just about twelve o'clock, for us poor folk, your Worship, are hungry before your great-oneyers—as I was coming home, I say, to dinner, for tho' I am but a simple lodger, mine host Thacker pays Scot and Lot like a good subject.—Does your Worship know him? A' sells trotters and Jews'-harps, opposite Gil. Sneke, the weaver's—

Slender. 'Tis a small shot from Ann Page's, Cousin Shallow—Is't not, good youth?

Fellow. No, your Worship—It's hard upon where—

Shallow. Aye, 'tis no matter, 'tis no matter.—Marry, go on—briefly, good man.

Fellow. As I was saying, walking mainly on, thinking, God wot, what a mite a groat and a half a day is for seven souls!—For there's my wife Nel, and Martin, and Nich, and Jerome, and Dorcas, and Ruth—it's a wounded many teeth, and a teasterworth o' corn will hardly set them all grinding; and your Worship knows, that quinces are very windy and griping to the belly—Body o'me, I thought our Jerome would ha' been scoured—

Shallow. Stand away further, fellow.—By the mass, a foul varlet.—You smell, fellow—get ye gone.

Slender. Truly, Cousin—

Shallow. O' my conscience, 'tis the arrantest—Foh! get ye gone, knave; get ye gone—

Slender. Truly, Cousin, our Gloucestershire quince doth not reek thus—Indeed, la, you do him wrong.—Have you no pippins for your children, good youth? My Cousin could never away with a quince.—Your county hath good pears, too.

Fellow. I han't a single one, your Worship; not an atomy of any thing, only one quince-tree, as lonesomely as any yew.—As I was saying, our Jerome—

Shallow. Tell me not of your Jeromes and your Chrysostoms—be not so windy—be brief—Marry, to the point—

Fellow. I humbly beseech your Wor-

ship's pardon.—As I was saying, walking mainly on—'twas just in the nick, where our Dorcas goes to bleach in Datchet.—Does your Worship know the place?—What does I hear, but a great roaring an it had been any large bull a neighing; not a horse, your Worship—and the river bulg'd up and swell'd like any—I humbly beseech your Worship that our Nel have a pension—

Shallow. Pension! Why a pension, marry? 'Ods liggens! Know you what you ask, knave? Marry, why a pension?

Fellow. Truly, your Worship, 'twould be very hard that my family should live upon all quinces for a disease of mine caught in the King's affairs—Truly, your Worship, 'twould be very hard; for the water roll'd and wetted me, and I trembled, and trembled—I'm sure, an' please your Worship, I've an ague.

Shallow. O' my conscience, Cousin Abram, but the man is a lunatick, or a mountebank, or something as bad—O' my conscience, I believe a mountebank; for indeed he moves from place to place, and varies his points very knavishly.—Look you, friend—there is only one alternative shall serve; marry, chuse; and do it deliberately, and discreetly, and soberly—Either depose in a respectful manner, marry, without idle prabble about pensions, quinces, and bulls; either utter with a proper and decent carriage and demeanour, or else walk sedately out into the court-yard, and pull off your doublet, and your shirt, and your coat.—An a shrewd flogging don't bring him about—

Fellow. Oh! good your Worship, I've almost done—When the water swell'd, and swell'd, I perceived about a hundred paces ahead, a large creature rise up, mainly big, your Worship, about the belly, and it came slowly to the bank, an if it would land; and just then it roll'd over, and over, and over, of all the world like a huge tub, and then it so beat about and roar'd in the throttle!—An your Worship will give me leave, I'll try to—

Shallow. Marry, go on—proceed circumstantially—go on—what saw you more?—Depose briefly.

Fellow. When a' had floundered, and flounc'd about some five minutes under water, a' got on the land, and stood on it's legs, and drew a great dagger and lifted in the air, and so shook its weapon at the castle, and roar'd! Good, your Worship, I'm certain it hath a foul design against the

King's life—that I'll be sworn of upon the book.

Slender. I protest, Cousin, the—

Shallow. In the name of his Majesty's sacred person, I command and bind you to answer all interrogatories afore the Council. Here is a great conspiracy come to light.

Slender. Truly, Cousin, I—

Shallow. Marry, it had the gait of a warrior—I would mean, it shewed a tall personable figure, did it not? Betook it to the water again? And for it's complexion—marry, you observ'd it's countenance?

Fellow. An your Worship means the hue of it's skin, truly it had a doublet and hose on:—but the face was all the world of a colour with the bubucle at the left of your Worship's nose.

Slender. By yea and no, Coz—

Shallow. 'Tis the Welchman Glendower,¹ by my hopes of salvation through the pious and holy Virgin Mary!—The Privy Council must know it.—Here is a great Conspiracy—I'll to the Council.

Fellow. Marry, your Worship, sure a' was not a Salamander!—The water smoak'd and smoak'd, that, body o'me! you might ha' poach'd an egg!

Shallow. 'Tis Owen the Welchman, a very doughty Rebel—Fellow, be in readiness—You must depose at the Council—By the Mass, a great Traitor.—Be at hand.

Fellow. I humbly beseech your Worship, that our Nel—

Shallow. Aye, aye—be in readiness—She shall be look'd to.

ANTIENT PISTOL AND CORPORAL NYM TO
SIR JOHN.

PISTOL, lament—Sir Nym, the Willow be,
And hang o'er Datchet's side;
For chivalry is in, and unto Charon damn'd
Must, crouching, tender coin.
Pistol hath wrongs; but Pistol eke hath
pouch.
Sir Nym hath humours borne; but Nym
will pocket too.

¹ Shrewdly conceived, and profoundly, by Master Robert Shallow. For a man, of whom Hollingshed and other writers relate such wonders, to travel a score or two leagues Fish-fashion, were the most easy and consistent thing in the world. Take water at Radnor, pass Brecknock and Monmouthshires, land and cut across the country; wet his fins again at Cirencester, by Oxford, Wallingford, &c. &c., bait at Marlow, and thus to Datchet.

Why then cast Rancour forth, yea, into utter night,
 And let it gnash the tooth.
 Sir John. arise—thy knighthood is defam'd—
 At thee the Shallow ass and Slender foal do bray.
 Thou art the mark of Archery become
 To Council wags—Oh! damned Gloucester beasts,
 That will not wince, when hinds do ride and spur!
 We do inclose what goatherd hath depos'd.
 The quip's afoot, and quips do amble fast.
 Arise, Sir Knight, or Pæans will ensue;
 Yea, from the mouth of ballad-teeming harridans.
 Pistol! hath wrongs; but he doth caution thee,
 The River and the Ford also to flee.
 Nym will have rightere he doth say, *avoid*—
 But Scylla's deep, and that's the humour on't.

ANTIENT PISTOL.
 CORPORAL NYM.

MRS. FORD TO SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

AH! dear Sir John! I tremble to think what you have suffered. Tell me, has the wittolly wretch discoloured your poor stomach? But, alas! I'm too certain of it—I felt it all, every blow;—no wonder he put you into such a territ and fright—Mercy on me, how shrewdly he handled his weapon!

Well, I always will say the stars were of a mouse-colour when you were born.—Think, if you had been let into the Thames directly upon this exercise—Indeed, la', I won't call it *beating*—all melting with heat—for, indeed, Sir John, I never beheld you run so nimbly—bruised and frightened, as you were! Mercy on me, 'twould have been your death, quite a surfeit!—Yes; your stars are certainly of a mouse-color;—they are neither black nor white—

Ah! dear Sir John! you little know the ——— but let the end speak.—Well; to think of the tears that your mischances have cost me! Heigho!

Beshrew my weak head, but I dreamt all last night of horns.—Oh! I beheld a great

calf fastened to a stake, and he was baited, of all things in the world, by such a sweet portly boar-pig, so plump and so sweet! And he was so gored and tossed as often as ever he came into the ring, (indeed, Sir John, it's ominous—you shan't enter my house again) that it quite sunk my heart within me.—La', and it was so whimsical! for in capered a pretty youngish Gentleman, and he danced and played upon his Kit round and round the Calf, till he stood quite dumfounded; and presently there shot out of his head large Horns, and soon they grew larger, and larger, and larger, and spread, and spread, till they looked of all the world like Herne's Oak; and we all danced about him so merry, that it was quite whimsical.—La', Sir John, you shall meet me at the Oak, and we'll have a revel there, and I'll directly send Dr. Caius to cure your poor bruises—I will be humoured in this—a poor weak woman, that hazards her reputation for your sake, and not to be pleased in such a trifle! Indeed, now, I will not be refused.—Dr. Caius shall immediately come to cure your knocks and bruises, and then it will be so pure to dance at midnight, round the Oak! La', now, indeed it will. In this I rest, Your loving.

ALICE FORD.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF TO MRS. FORD.

I'LL caper—I'll dance with thee,—Any thing, any thing, my Queen of Sheba, but no Doctor Caius.—Indeed my hurts are not of that extent—No—I have a surgeon of my own employ too—No, I'll not see him. Can I live to hear it bandied from mouth to mouth, that the Knight Falstaff, he who hath nightly taken his repose under the ach of more soldier-like bruises than the spirit of the holy Stephen fled upon, that *he* hath foregone his days of hardihood, and commenced Glyster in the hands of a dole-dealing Esculapian.—Name it not: rather hang me by the gills on Mistress Keech's stilliards, and mete me out by halfp'worths to the parish poor.—No; I'll no Caius. What, I'm to meet thee at Herne's Oak?—Well, I'll be a Nimrod—I'll personate any thing to encounter my fair Cainilla; any thing, save an Eunuch and a Wode-woman.—I would, Mistress Ford, I might have dealt him a filip on the crown.—I have one bruise larger than a

¹ It should be observed, that Sir John had discarded Nym and Pistol for refusing to become his emissaries in the design on Ford's wife.—See *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act I. Scene 3.

porter's shoulder-knot—'tis on my cheek, I cannot sit, my nether cheek; for, indeed, I lack'd the habiliments of a woman—I was sparsely coated.—But I had determined to forget this—Yea, I'll forget it—'tis laudable in Man to be passive.

Shall I order my horses? 'Twere best be fleet, should the knave find us again.—There is a pond at hand, and I would be loth to reign over a subaltern province: no—an I am born to be deified, an I must needs be a God of the Waters, let me be immersed on the point of a Whaler's Harpoon—Give me to preside in Greenland, my natal soil.—Ha! ha! ha!

Thou seest, Mistress Ford, I am incontinently given to merriment, in despite of the fiery ordeals my flesh and blood have undergone.—But I love thee, I love thee, and there is much endurance in affection.

Let me have advice of thy appointments with Herne—I will attend thee with the precision of the dial, the dial of the night, which is Mistress Luna, the moon, unto his Oak—

And there we'll wanton caper on the plain,
And weave for Herne a horn to wind again.

Farewell, fair Mistress Ford;—and remember, I'll no Leech Caius applied to me.¹

FALSTAFF TO BROOK.

COULD a gentleman foresee the many crosses, the many mishaps, that await him that simply treadeth within the sphere of a woman's habitation, (I speak not of gross corporeal touch) he would use after-lustrations, as liberally as the pallid wretch, who had escaped him from the ravages of a pestilential Calenture.—There is a noisome rankness, to me more hateful than the Cleymes² of unslacken lime, that imperceptibly steals upon the whole man, who holds but even converse with a woman. If the Box of Pandora was other than a combination of villainous qualities in one damn'd housewife, then am I a very box to contain the freedom of every man's reproach in.

¹ Dr. Caius had been present at the beating of Falstaff when disguised as the Maid's Aunt of Brentford.—This accounts for his frequent cantions to Mrs. Ford.—He dreads a discovery.

² Cleymes were artificial sores raised by the application of unslacken lime on the legs of paupers, &c. for the purpose of exciting compassion in passengers.

I informed thee, Master Brook, of my skilful advances, of my seeming successes.—I likewise unfolded to thee of my mishaps, of the depth of the Datchet, and other localities.—I blended them, Master Brook, in order to preserve an equilibrium; lest the Avoirdupois of my successes might appear without dross, and so thou be led to build on an uncertain tenure.—I told thee too, how I became proxy for one Mistress Pratt, and in her behoof was compelled to gather up nimbly my chitterlings, my reins, and escape from the discipline of the knave Ford.—Prepend further—my molten frame being a little consolidated, a most soothing letter, tender withal, full of condolences, comes from Mistress Ford.—She assureth me, she felt every blow I received.—Master Brook, believe her not—the force of sympathy is faint, to the force centered in Ford's hand.—She lies in her throat.—The knave laid me out in such natural colours, I have every shade pertaining to the Herald's art in my body.—I cannot extract, or I should make money.—To love compulsatorily is not in the nature of Man.—I can be beat into a mummy, but not into love; but I'll woo for thee.—Expect her, Master Brook, expect her still.—I shall meet her at Herne's Oak—Call upon me, bring money—thou shalt hear more.

JOHN FALSTAFF.

FALSTAFF TO BROOK.

MASTER Brook, there is a point, which I did in some sort forget to touch upon—I will tell you; but, indeed, Master Brook, 'tis a subtle point, and I must handle it discreetly—for tho' it is not the Needle's point, Master Brook, yet may it goad; yea, and hath variations, and doth lay in a small compass.

I will tell you, Master Brook, and briefly, but you must be secret—I must play the light heel, flit to and fro like a shadow, to swift nimble tunes—Mistress Ford will have it so—I must dance, caper in the air like a ton of Molass'; only my ascension will be heavier, in regard I must rise without a crane, Master Brook. I did never practise the art as a Yonker, and now must I take to it like an old Man:—but 'tis for your sake, 'tis for your sake, Master Brook.—For mine own part, I had as lief swell out a Weaver's doublet, and compass my belly

from the navel round with a dozen wisps of hemp, and manufacture twist rope by the length. I am not fashioned for the end of a pipe—I had as lief, for mine own part, bind myself to the common hangman, Master Brook, and supply the gibbet with ropes, yea, at a foul shirt per felon, Master Brook; for I am not fond of liquoring the ground—I was never a dancer, Master Brook—it is not my art—my soles do somehow cleave to the ground—I could never weigh them up twain at a caper, save when I did personate Mistress Pratt; for as a witch, Master Brook, I can vault like a roebuck—but then I must step out of myself. I do remember the Welch priest did protest 'twas bread and cheese to him—he might have added butter, Master Brook—I lacked but Mistress Paget's churn to be shaped into pounds.—But I do err from my subject. In few, Master Brook, Ford's wife will have me dance at the Oak, and you must commend me to a minstrel-sounder—the fitting knave must tutor me, that so I appear not a stranger to the art—I must be conversant—for women, Master Brook, are won by the throng of good parts—the simple display of countenance hath no more purchase, than is in the shell of a boiled Lobster—I do know it, I do know it, Master Brook. I must write unto town for apparel; for the Thames hath somehow an antipathy to a good suit—I do smack of the Haddock. Do thou on thy part allow not the furlough to a moment; but haste, Master Brook.

JOHN FALSTAFF.

MISTRESS QUICKLY TO SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

MERCY on me! Fall! I tell you what, Sir John—Dorothy must fall with it—I must have her warn'd to quit, and you must take to her, Sir John, and put some shifts to her back, you must. An honest trifling gain of five-pence odd in the quart, and to be snatch'd from a poor Widow, as one might say, without an atomy of reason! Sir John, you must take to her—you must spend upon her body—a fine shewy creature, goodsooth, with silk gowns and kirtles for the first Lady in the land, and not a modest change next her skin! Fie, Sir John! you ought to fit her, Sir John. You know her

¹ Does Sir John mean as a pea, blown by the breath of school-boy.

nakedness—I have bought for her, and bought for her, and she hath pawn'd and pawn'd, that 'tis quite a shame to think on—and I'm sure the gains of a poor hostess in drinkings won't pay for it. Sir John, I'll tell you what, Sir John—Here's been a great to do in my house, and all about you, Sir John—I shall be ruin'd and fracted—I must break—My Customers tell me you are gone, and I must charge sack a matter cheaper, and there's no scarcity now you are away.—Here's Master Martlet, that you call'd the Eaves-dropper, 'cause, goodsooth, he had a bird's name—'twas no longer ago than yesterday,—says he, Goodwife Quickly,—*Goodwife*, Sir John—for he always names me so, altho' he knew my poor husband that's dead; and I tell him so, and then he says, I am your Lemon¹—and, indeed, Sir John, it's true enough; for you have squeezed me, and squeezed me, till I have not a bit of sour left—yea, I am too humoursome to you, and you know it. Well, as I was saying, there was Master Martlet—says he, Goodwife Quickly, who breeds, who lays your eggs? Alice Plenesperm, quoth I, and I take twelve dozen of a week when good Sir John's here, and six dozen when he 'journs. Then, says he, you must take half the price of sack away too, for the knight's not here now to make a scarce—And with that, they all in a throng pertest-ed I must 'bate and come down, or my house would not hold its own—And, indeed, Sir John, it's grown quite a desert—only there are no beasts to be sure.—You are far away, and Bardolph, and Pistol, and there's no sport toward, as there was wont to be, and I'm oblig'd to lower to keep open house.

I beseech you, good Sir John, sweet Sir John, to come back quick, that I may bring the liquors to a good creditable head again, and not let them dwindle, and dwindle, that every flea-bitten rascal may perfume his blood like a gentleman, forsooth! I pray you now, Sir John, and don't let 'em ride an honest body—Here's Dorothy and myself—we have both been rode, Sir John, that it were a shame to mention how, since you have been at Windsor—And don't let the Boar fall away, Sir John.—There's Master Rahab, that loved Dol, thereby bringing you into Canaries, and Neighbour Dumb our minister, that used to come dis-

¹ *Lemon*, or *Mistress*, I rather suppose to have been Master Martlet's meaning.

guised in the green doublet, and Mr. 'Tolemy the Harlotry Player, they have all forsok Eastcheap, and gone into the suburbs, that we are quite, as one might say, no better than lone Penitents, and people of no character. Dol sends her service, and holds her own marvellously—I beseech you, good Sir John, to delay no longer than need.

MISTRESS QUICKLY TO SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

A WHOLE suit in sattin! Twelve and twelve's twenty-four—that's seven pound four—and six is thirty—Sir John, I won't do it—You think I'm spun of sattin; yea, a worm, goodsooth! But you shall see, Sir John, that I won't be trod on, as I have been—I won't credit it, Sir John—You had a whole top-to-bottom suit at my charge no longer ago than two days before you 'journed—'twas the same day that you had such a kind letter from the King—and you can't have worn them a pin's point. You want to give it to women, Sir John, and I won't countenance such vileness. Here's one Mistress Ursula calls here about you, and you ought to be 'sham'd to leave Dol in the manner you have. I have tended you myself late and early, and wash'd your flesh before and behind, and help'd you to bed.—Yes, Sir John, when you could not help yourself, that you'd have died of being senseless and dead of liquor—I've put salt on your belly o' nights, or you'd have burst—pounds and pounds of salt, when you were swell'd, that I never got the tythe of a dram for; that nobody, not my own servants, would touch, Sir John. 'Twas but at Allhallowmas that I lent you money, thirteen pound odd that you won at Primero and was not paid—You promis'd I should have it on the morrow; but you did not say what morrow, and I wonder how you should, goodsooth, when my own servants know you never won a groat of it.

Come and discharge a poor Hostess's dues, Sir John, like an honest man, do—and don't give kirtles away and never pay for them.—Here's Mr. Dombledon had well nigh got Dol's body for a kirtle you gave her with your own hands—I can witness it, and the poor young creature has been compell'd to part with her ear-rings and bracelets to prevent an arrest.—It's a shame, Sir John, and you need not send

any more for sattin to me, Sir John, for I won't part with another yard's-worth to you again, while my name's Quickly; and so you may get it where you can, Sir John.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF TO MISTRESS URSULA.

No, no, no—thou art misadvised—thou dost suffer Baker's wives, and barren Gossips, who do conceive upon the novelties of a stale world, get the rule over thee.—The King doth counsel with me in the chewing of a Spanish Nut—He knoweth not the height of six foot himself—I do prick his very yeomen for him—Even now hath there been with me a certain Welch Priest in these parts, who would have access unto the Court—Why he doth present me with a silver toaster, as a bribe, a prologue to his induction—Take it—I do give it thee—'Tis nothing in respect of what thou shalt possess. Thou art one of the first Ladies in the land, an thou wert but sensible of it. If 'twere as thou say'st, that the King doth neglect me, and like the wicked Rehoboam hath taken unto young Counsellors, why should I tarry at Windsor? Let that suffice thee.

Thirty yards of Fustian! I may not hear of it.—Shall it be said, that Sir John Falstaff doth take his seat among the Nobles of the land in the vest of an unbelieving Rabbi? It may not be.—Why, I must do the King honour.—Sattin, sattin, is your only Courtier's wear. Come, come—'tis only a pretty provoking humour thou hast of giving the lustre to thy favours.—Let it be four and twenty yards then—Keep the remnant for new ruffs, and adorn thee for thy advancement.—Why, there it is now—I have simply more ductility than the nimblest quicksilver, and less opposition than a drove goose—I am tractable to anything, and thou seest it—anything, that may add to the excellent favour of thy countenance—I have not controul of mine own will—thou hast used spells with me—but thou know'st this, thou know'st this—I have told thee so before.

Let it be a quarter¹ yard wider than I did at first speak of.—Let me have it speedily, for I may not appear at Court—and indite direct letters unto me of thy desires—Chuse

¹ Sir John is determined not to lose by his boasted acquiescence.

thy own dignity—look out for thyself—be prodigal, be prodigal—all is in my gift.—Thou may'st become the Goddess Dian' an thou wilt, and lead the chace—Thou wilt look well with a quiver—for I do mean to preserve the Rangership. No more scruples, but be quick in my affairs, and so shalt thou be procuress of thine own greatness. Adieu!

JOHN FALSTAFF.

MASTER SLENDER TO ANN PAGE.

FAIR Mistress Ann, sweet Mistress Ann, Abraham Slender craveth leave and liberty to salute thy white hand—He doth by these commend his worthlessness unto thy grace, and favour. He would be thy slave, thy servant, to the height and extremity of all vow'd service; to wit, thy suitor and thy wooer. Yet not so much of his own free motion, indeed la', as because his friends desire it of him—that is to say, his friends will, that thus matters should stand. There is the learned Doctor Sir Hugh Evans, and the wise and Worshipful Justice Shallow, my good friend and relation, stand by me in this matter. I will briefly recount what words were uttered in my hearing no longer ago than Thursday was a fortnight—I do remember it was after a Christening, at which the aforesaid Welch Divine administered the Rites, the Ceremonies, as are indeed appointed by the Church in such cases, as your fair self cannot but know. It is to be found in the Rubric, and it followeth the Communion-service, and it is indeed a goodly ordinance, as is well known to you, fair Mistress Ann. As I was saying, I chanced to observe upon the sober and decent demeanour with which our learned Pastor went through the service; as indeed the whole was notably well performed, saying that he had not the gift of the English speech so glib as one might desire (our Gloucestershire Divines have the best smack of it of any I know). This did I remark, and the Gossips did so titter and laugh, and whisper, that indeed, la', I was quite put to confusion; and then Mistress Quickly¹ tapped me on the cheek, and sought of me, fair Ann, if she should stand Godmother to my first child; and whispered in my ear (loud enough, forsooth, for

all the company to hear) that it was rumoured all over Windsor, that there was speedily to be a match between me and Mistress Ann Page—And I bowed, and stammered, and rejoined, that it was a promise above my hopes—and then the Gossips fell to tittering and whispering incontinently, that indeed la', I was quite abash'd.

Fair Mistress Ann, it is not the fashion of Abram Slender to disparage any. There be some among thy suitors, that have very good gifts and graces. Imprimis, or first of all, Mr. Fenton.—He hath a good leg and an indifferent breast, and is indeed a youth of good conditions—He danceth, singeth songs without book, and hath store of riddles and good nights, and is, in sooth, a very dog at fence—but he hath seen wild days, Mistress Ann, and wild nights—he hath consorted with the loose, the idle, and the graceless—he hath kept more wassels and spent more monies upon riotings and chamberings, I think on my conscience, than the mad merry fat knight himself. I will not say much of myself—it is not my way—but the learned Sir Hugh, and the wise Justice Shallow, who is also my cousin by my mother's side—she came of the Shallows of Gloucestershire, and spelt her name with an *e*, *Shallowe*) these can vouch for me, that I am not given to drinkings, and expenses, and wasting my patrimony—Folks did use to commend me therefore. I was call'd in mine own country, "Staid Abram," sometimes "Sober Abram;" good commendations, as times go—good commendations, if rightly taken, fair Mistress Ann. I say again, I do not mean to disparage any—neither again will I run comparisons with the French Leach Caius—he is suspected, yea shrewdly, fair Ann, of a plot—he is disaffected—shun him—he is thought to be a spy.—My Cousin Shallow hath also an eye upon him—I do repeat it, shun him.

For thy servant, it is not meet that he sound his own praises—let his friends, who also put him upon this, answer for him. Thus much let me say, that I fall not short of any of thy suitors in rare gifts of body, mind, and fortune—I am a very dog at stew'd prunes¹; and I have estates, and beeves and a goodly mansion in Gloucestershire, when I come of age (nine months and odd days only, I do lack of coming to years of dis-

¹ This is not Mrs. Q. of Eastcheap.

¹ For an explanation of this phrase, see Note in the 3d Scene of the 3d Act, first part of *Henry the 4th.*—Johnson's Edit. of Shakespeare.

cretion) and I will settle upon thee, and thy heirs lawfully begotten, five hundred mark a year, if the thing might be brought to bear—I would it might, fair Mistress Ann! for folks would think it sin and shame, that the family of the Slenders should perish for lack of heirs. And I pray you, fair Ann, do not listen to the tales of the slanderous.—Jacob Perkins hath taken unto himself the shame and the sin of the illegitimate base-born offspring laid to my charge, and the youth and the maiden are settled in a neighboring Hamlet.

I do send with these my servant Simple, an honest knave, and of good wit.

Farewell, sweet Ann!

SIR HUGH EVANS TO ANN PAGE.

I do peg and peseech you, and I do make requests, moreover, and entreaties, look you, in the behalf and behoof of Master Apram Slender in the goot town Windsor resident, that you would pestow your craces and your smiles, and your favours, upon the poor youth.—He is a youth of coot gifts and promises, and it is the desire of your Father, and withal of the sage Justice Shallow, that you would look with an eye of pity and compassion upon him.—The case, look you, is a desperate case—the poor youth's knaggin is primful of faucies, and melancholies, and despondencies; that it would make any Christian heart pled to see.—I do fear me his wits are going; his judgements and his memories, observe, which we are apt to denominate and call his wits, or his faculties;—they are both approved words and phrases. He was 'ont be a youth of coot parts, and of creat learning; and now hath he forgot his moods, and his tenses, and his Quæ-Genus withal. He did never fail give the answer, and the responses, which are set down in the Church Catechism, freely and with creat readiness, and without pook, look you; and now hath he no judgment in these things.—O' my conscience, he hath clean forgot his outward and his fisible signs and his craces, and is a fery Heathen in such matters, which is a shame, and a sin, and a creat pity, moreover.—The pig fat Knight put him down the other day, when he required of him who was the strongest man?—"By'r Lady," quoth Apram, "I cannot tell." Thy memory is a thing of nought, rejoined the

Knight.—Tell me, who lay in Dalila's lap, and had his poll claw'd, and lo! the enemy came upon him, and shaved him with a razor of Gath?—and so fell to mockings and vloutings; for he hath a foul uncodly tongue, and a fery Infidel wit, look you.—Py the Mass, he will not spare Cot's pook when it doth come in his way.—Coot Mistress Ann, I do counsel and exhort you to use the poor young man tenderly, or he may be triven to desperations, and cholers, and lunacies—you have your 'visaments o'this matter—look to it—he is a well-conditioned youth, and a pold; and one, moreover, that hath Quarter-staff'd with a Warrener, and hath look'd a Packsword in the face upon occasions, marry.

As I can learn, he hath not proke the matter to you, that is to say, verpally and py 'ord of mouth: but he hath written, he tells me; and I hope in a Gentlemanly phrase, and that he hath offered coot offers and conditions, look you—for he cometh of gentle blood.—Coot Mistress Ann, give the youth lifts and encouragements, for he is packward and shy in these matters, and may need it, look you.—Indeed, the youth is a youth of coot parts, and creat motesty, and hath an indifferent skill in the languages, and may come to pe of the Quorum, observe: for his creat crandfather and father, and his crandfather old Simon Slender, have peen all of the Quorum before him: and it is not meet nor fitting, look you, that there should fail a man out of the House of the Slenders to judgement the land. Farewell, coot Mistress Ann!

H. EVANS.

ANCIENT PISTOL TO MASTER ABRAM SLENDER.

LET Doves and Lambkins sigh.—Must Pistol verses write?
Down, princely choler, down!—Shall Man of War turn pimp?
Then ballad-monging thrive—Pistol will nought indite.—
Turn verse to prose for me—turn day to night—
And Chaos judge thy rhymes—for prosody shall rue,
False concords halt—pronoun and adverb limp—
For parts of speech are none, when none can speech impart.

2020



J. M. Hackett.

Author of "The History of the

Revolution of 1848."

Be Slender therefore mute, for slender is his wit.

The Fox shall cater for the silly Goose,
And lordly Lion eke for base Jackall,
E'er true love woo by proxy.
Couragio, Lads! Mecænas is the word—
Poets their patrons have, and Verses do ensue.—

Why then let purses gape, for Gratis is a Fool,

And golden wires make music.

Shall Phœbus thread-bare go, the Muses nine also,

Those dainty Imps on top of high Parnasse,

Shall they undowried weep? Then Spinster be the word—

Wedlock is nought—Pistol will single live.

Pistol Pistoles doth love—like loveth like.

Let purse-strings crack—Nan Page is thine, sweet boy.

She doth thee fly, but Cretan is her wing—
The wax doth melt, when Pistol is the Sun,

And thou shalt seal, go to—contented be therefore—

But let the labourer live, for he his wages earns.—

Pistol Pistoles doth lack, who lacketh nought of wit.

Nan Page is thine, and Fenton he shall flee;

Yea, be exhaled, like damned dog of dung-hill;

For Pistol he hath spoke by Rowen' and her Chalice.

Note.—Master Slender appears to have been tampering with Pistol to write him some love-verses for Ann Page.—How he could suspect Mine Ancient of going to work without his accustomed implements, his *Aurum Durabile*, &c. I can only attribute to his very slight acquaintance with the Ancient.

COMBINATION OF THE WINDSOR INN-KEEPERS.

Sir Knight, thy Clarion—Blow, Bully Rock! Blow, Robin Muns, Peter Pimple, and Arthur Swipes! To him of the cumbersome Womb the Recheat! Sir Knight, we greet thee.—Thy Fist of Chivalry, most radiant Dad of Bacchus! From Herne's Oak unto Datchet Mead do our lintels swell to receive thee, most puissant Elve-queller!—Are our Husbands pamper'd, do Brows inflame and itch? Arise, Sir Knight, arise and woo—Quick Trot! Jog!—Into the

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basket go, and dive into the deep—Descend, Mistress Pratt, descend, and to the Forest speed with Herne the Hunter's Horns—Purge wittolly Husbandhood of it's humours, and let Housewifery appear most chaste.—Thou art the pumice-stone of Philosophy in Windsor-quarry found:—our Dace and our Plaice, our Venison, and our Samson, our nether Socks, and our upper Shirts, our Wodewoman, and our Sack-master.—We have no Dragons, bully; we have no riddlemongers to gobble up our unexpounders, no dainty Monster to breakfast on our Virginity, or thou should'st be our Harcles and our Champion too. Shall us lose thee, Bully? Shall us lend thee Horses? Thou art big, thou art fat, convex, rotund—Thou wilt break their backs—Spavins and navel-galls do slacken paces.—Thou art rein-swoln, pot-bellied—Diseases are catching, Knight-fracted wind is foul—Candy is not good with Horseflesh—Do we utter well, Bully? Speak we scholarly? We are confederate, join'd, Men of Compact—Thou shalt not straddle our Nags—they bear not double, old Castor and Pollux. To the Common go—ascend, Sir Galilean; mount, and to the City trot—We will strew the way we will climb palms—Will it do, Bully? The Ass doth trample most Priestly—'twill be pompous, Greekish.

We the Caputs, and the Heads of the merry Order of Hostwood in King Harry's Town Windsor resident, do protest that the Knight Falstaff shall not have our, or any of our Horses.—Doth he tender Coin for hire? He hath mickle weight—he's a Mineral, a Fossil a Mine of Lead—he will crush, overwhelm.—Do we ken his Angels, will he purchase? We have bowels, we have bowels—Naghood's Tongue doth utter not—it is ty'd—We will not sell—we are leagu'd.

Sign, seal, deliver—Quick, Neighbours!

Signed,

{ BULLY ROCK.
ROBIN MUNS.
PETER PIMPLE.
ARTHUR SWIPES.

SIR JOHN TO ANTIENT PISTOL.

HASTE, my good Antient, I would see thee—Haste to Mistress Quickly's—I have

misused thee—I confess it, I confess it; but be thou the good Samaritan—I have need of oil to my wounds—I have been cozen'd, revil'd, and whipt—cozen'd by Woman, revil'd by man, and whipt by Child.—I have been antler'd, my good Antient, though not wedded.—But I lie, I have been wedded too;—to a buck-basket, to the hot fingers of fairy-elves, to the frail promises of woman.—Yea, I have had the Spinster's ring—I was sous'd into the Thames, and wrung by mine Host's scullions; cramp'd 'twixt hand and hand like a rinc'd doublet.—I had thought my swoln belly were but a mass of congealed sack, beverag'd, indeed, with a slight smack of distillation from the poppies of the drowsy God; but I was out, villainously mistaken.—I had more bucket-water than sack: and for distillations, I'm a knave an there hath been a scruple of it in my whole system for a matter of eight and forty hours.—There is no rest in a cart—Mine Host, and his fry of Inkeepers—all the lice of Egypt lye in their quarters!—did enter into confederacy to unhorse me—I broke their backs, forsooth! 'Tis a lie.—The disciple Ananias leas'd not so largely—'tis a lie.—But thou art at Windsor—thou must be advised of all this; for the ballad-singing knaves did deal out, circulate their protest—'twas a standing jest—thou must know it.—I will briefly then unfold to thee, mine Antient, how I escaped me away. I had note of a commodity of hides being carted for London,—buckler's for Hal's, I would say the *King's* service.—A curse on Hal! Would he were fellow-twin to the Giant, he with the vulture at his chitterlings!—To Windsor went I for a reconciliation; from Windsor came I for a Tanner's yard!—Mark me, good mine Antient:—Having notes that there were hides going for London, I barter'd with the Carter, brib'd the Boor to decamp at midnight without coil, for the town was mad, would ha' kept me for sport, made a Sampson of me, had I consorted with Ox-hides by day.—In I got, unknowing of other passengers—there were myriads—by night they did roost—on the morrow I was envelop'd, a lump of corruption! a very dunghill, with all it's suffocative smells!—The buck-basket was a mansion to it, a Court—would I had been there again! I'd submitted to be quoited into the river—I'd submitted to be stirred like a boiled cabbage—yea, by the cowlstaff.—I was fifty times in the mind to descend on the road, and

trust to dame Fortune for the rest; but the rogue will'd it not—he had a jest in store—for the goal I bargain'd and for the goal I must on.—'Twas not in my ability to vault—'twas a precipice of five foot—I should ha' burst like a bladder, and with as much explosion too, for I had fasted.—The town did come in view, and I was in a cart, drove like dung for a fallow; a man of my rank and parts!—I was compell'd to creep between the horns of the teeming hides, and ensconce me beneath.—I was compell'd to forego the light of day, or would I have lived, mine Antient, to be shotten, like a tale of bricks, from the nether end of a cart into Tanner's yard? I'd rather roll'd and been dash'd—I'd rather have lain till the day of resurrection in the paunches of fallow hounds.—Had I been diminutive, I must have into the pit—but I o'ershadow'd it—the tan-pit, for the foul-favour'd whipshot had made it his mark.

Haste, good mine Antient, I have no more to tell thee.—Mine Hostess did think I had risen from the dead—Would I had not been so much among the living! But indeed I was much corrupted.—Let me see thee—Delay not.

JOHN FALSTAFF.

SIR JOHN TO CORPORAL BARDOLPH.¹

WHY, thou damn'd Mulciberian Cyclops—beaming rascal—thou recreant servitor to recreant Hinds; thou hast no more honourable aspirement in thee, than is in a tail-abbreviated Butcher's retainer.—Because the apostate Prince, the Eastcheap Iscariot, commended the boy Francis, thou must, forsooth, perpetually gibbet, gibbet, gibbet, up and down like mine Hostess's pybald turnspit.

One would think, the only particle of Promethean animation thy carcase was dowered with, had concenter'd in thy perpetually verduring nasalities;—and yet have I seen thee trail a pike most puissantly,—Nay, 'twas thy gait, thy warlike deportment, procured thee a Halbert; superadded indeed to a subtilty of finger thou wert egregiously endowed with.

¹ Perhaps the Reader should be reminded, that Bardolph had left Sir John's service on account of the Knight's increased expenses, and engaged himself as Tapster to mine Host of the Garter.—"Merry Wives of Windsor." Act 1.—Scene 3.

Hast thou forgotten, when some thirty years ago thou wert piously bawling out a rosary with good Mistress Blurt, at Paul's? Hast thou forgotten the theft of her holy beads? I saw it, and dubb'd thee an Officer upon the spot; and now are these good Gentlemanly acquirements shrunk to the service of a pewter-pot!—By the Spirit of Cacus, 'tis an apostacy more egregious than that of the betrayer Judas.—To see a fine, dull, indifferent, dispassionate, Pick-purse, forego his laudable, his honourable avocation, and commence waiting-varlet, 'mong the draff of society! 'Tis a breach, a perilous gap in the holy Command, which prescribes unto Man to be duteous and content in his ordained state of life.—I shall live to see thee damn'd, Bardolph.—In the name of a soldier, I conjure thee bestir thyself.—Instant discharge me the Knave *Tapster*, and inlist me the tall Recruit *Ambition*.—Think not I would that thou should'st forswear ale.—Drink, drink—an it's an angel a quart, I'll answer the brewage.

If thou conceit'st, that the deep Wassel is only to be kept in common houses, thou art villainously mistaken.—I was never a Tapster, and yet hath my blood kept a perpetual Coronation.—Sack, burnt sack, hath preserv'd me an illuminated front; but indeed 'twas ever an emblem of the Falstaff loyalty. My Grandsire, when he died, bequeath'd to his son's portion a swoln kidney. The young heir, a Roman of the true stamp, increas'd the family estate—it throve with him.—For myself, thou hast known me, Bardolph, thou hast known me.—I am not like a many of these now-a-day summer heirs, who prodigally lavish in civets the estates of their ancestors—No—I have religiously kept up the inheritance.—Prove that the fires of my liver have ever been extinct—Prove that they have, and scourge me with rods like the drowsy vestal.

In the most profound science of philosophy there is a term, Corporal, and it is much used, called an *Axiom*.—But I will not mispend the supererogatory wind, with which the omnipotence of Candy hath kindly bless'd me withal, by entering into verbose definition, and perplexing thee with crude phrase.—No—I am too well acquainted with thy indiscriminate uncleanly appliances of papers.—I will briefly observe then, that it hath been ever esteemed a self-evident principle, that the sincerity of returning allegiance is better expressed by deeds than words.—I know not whether

the Apostle Thomas had my belly; but this I know, I have his *unbelief*. Thou may'st have the faith and sufferance of Zopyrus—more, more—I deny it not.—But, Corporal, I'll see thee damn'd ere I'll trust to it, till thou hast given the irrefragable proof—My horses are under arrest—Mine Host hath them in durance for a credit of Ford's—he that made a Yonker of the fat Knight, under the semblance of Master Brook—that dealt him angels in his pocket, and blows on his skin—that slighted him into a ditch for a tadpole, and hunted him through Windsor Forest for a buck—that—but the breath of man is not sufficiently competent to great revenge.—I did never wish to controul the south-west wind till now—I'd blister him, till the very beasts trembled at his din.—Bardolph, bring off my beasts, my horses—Steal—Enter Ford's house—there is a south door but ill-fortified; and let me see thee forty pound the weightier for thy tapstership. I shall be in Eastcheap—Delay not the moments—Mine Antient Pistol doth await to greet thee by the fist.—I'll not bid thee *adieu*, but I'll bid thee *farewell*.—Nym faith, there is a stoop of excellent malt-liquor in tap here.

JOHN FALSTAFF.

SIR HUGH EVANS OF THE GOOT TOWN WINDSOR, PRIEST, TO SIR JOHN FALSTAFF GREETING.

SIR JOHN, I emprace you fery affectionately—I fold you to my posom—marry, not itentically and literally, o'my conscience you are too pig; put py type and py token, as Mistress Ford is 'ont express her affection, peradventure, in 'Indsor Forest. Ha! ha! ha!—Sir John, why you are creat upon your own elections and immunities—Free Ranger in King Harry's Park, and Knight of the most respectable and goot Order of the Path; invested, marry, in Datchet Mead.—Pless my soul! why I did never know Christian rise to such preferments without the assistance of Majesty save and except our own countrymen, who have, inteed, been compell'd to crow creat of themselves since the days of Llewellyn¹. Why, if the opinion of some shrewd Philosophers pe just and goot, which do aser, that the soul of man (and the pody is con-

¹ The last King of Wales.

junctive¹ and inseparate) doth proccessively crow nearer to perfection, o'my conscience, you make such strides, you will pe exalted above the heads of all the people fery shortly; if py no other means, marry, at the callows for stifing some poor 'oman to death with that monstrous feather-ped in your pelly. Ha! ha! ha! You see, Sir John, we of the Rubrick can pe fery merry, maugre a plack coat and doublet; put you must pear with a little—(Pless my soul, what is the 'ord? Galen hath it—) aye, 'tis a *Retort*—you must pear with a little retort for the mockery and gybe you did put upon me 'fore Master Ford, and his goot friends.

Put all this is not my present pusiness.—There is a man, Sir John, marry, one Pandolph, or *Pardolph*, for inteed he hath not, God help, the appearance of a Pope's Legate—a sleepy, heavy-look'd man, with lifid knots on his nose and cheeks—you must recollection the man—he lives with mine Host of the Garter, and traws ale and peer in a greasy old red coat.—Well, peing very illiterate and padly prought up, the more the pity! he hath fery properly, look'e, made motions to me, as his Pastor, to frame something goot by way of answer to a tender made him.—Got pless my heart and soul, why you are 'orse than the Arch-Tevil in Paradise!—You tempt man and 'oman both.—Look'e, Sir John, the intention may pe goot; put I must pe pold to declare, the man peareth himself with greater order and principle, o'my conscience, than there is reason to pelieve and credit of him, aforetime—Inteed, he is a little pit given to trowsiness; put then he doth not pilfer, and do dirty actions, as Abraham Slender, Esquire, Got's Lords! a creat Magistrate o' the County o' Gloucester, can fouch.—I do afer, Sir John, the man is petter pe a door-keeper in the House of the Lord, than a creat one in the tents o' the ungodly—so, take your 'visaments in this.—He 'ould altogether remain with mine Host, who doth plead him, and physick him, and inteed 'ork with as much discrections on his face to render somewhat like the image of a man; though more the misfortune, without effect.—Peradventure, he may have some private hankerings after a prother soldier—'tis to pe expected—Got's Lords! Thirty years is a long shot to follow the Trum;—put I do peseech, and de-

sire of you, that he pe not enticed nor spirited away; for, o' my conscience, the man hath put little prain to help himself.—Peseech you, Sir John, look'e, as a shrewd turn.

I shall pe glad to pe advis'd of your emparkation to pull down the French King.—God send his Majesty 'ould make his peace with Glendower—He's a prave man, and 'ould atchiefe 'onders—O' my life, you'll do nought without him.—Ah you have admittances to his Majesty, make a prief o' the matter, and report it—he may pe soon found—depend, he's only among the plack mountains.

Marry, Sir John, there is one matter beside.—You did porrow at my house a silver toaster.—Mine Host of the Garter hath it not.—Peseech you, look among your service of plate, and let me have it—'tis a weight o' fourteen ounce—Mine Host did merrily say your plate was all carried off on your pack. Ha! ha! ha! Pe you a pedlar, Sir John, or was it a vlout, and a freak of the scald knave's? O' my conscience, one 'ould think you had enough to do to pear away your own powels; more especially after the merry compination o' the Inn-keepers. Peseech you, Sir John, look among your service for my toaster.—I have a present of Seese from Monmouth.

Well! Got's comfort go with you!—his Angels piddle down plessings on your knaggin!

HUGH EVANS.

SIR JOHN TO CORPORAL BARDOLPH.

BARDOLPH, thou wilt make me call on Heaven to take me to itself—I shall regret having survived to witness the degeneracy of Gentlemen, my good friends.—I know not whether Dame Fortune will have it so for some disservice I have done her, but my late passages in life have been villainously wayward—Pistol hath play'd me the light heel—Nym hath revolted—thou art a truant.—Mine Antient, and Nym, indeed, unable to procure forage without me, have come to confession and received absolution; and thou dost only withstand the affectionate tenders and remonstrances of thy old Master.—Bardolph, have I wrong'd thee at any time? Have I not made mine own necessities crouch to thy wants? Nay, have I not, many a time and oft, advanced thee monies

¹ Sir Hugh, Sir Hugh, thou art schismatick, Sir Hugh.

when mine whole company were fain, out of very poverty, quarter upon the country? Thrice have I rescued thy legs from the Stocks.—When have I withheld my linen, when thy body had else rotted in bed? But that I saved thee, thou had once been flogg'd from Hamlet to Hamlet, been skinn'd for a fox, for pullet-stealing.—What matters it, that thou wert employed by me? Thy duty and fidelity to thy Master would gain thee laud at the latter day, I grant ye; but would it have pour'd in oil to thy wounds here?

I had thought of retiring from the world, like a good white-headed old man, surrounded by every my antient and approved good domestics.—I had thought of devoting a portion of my future days of strength to the subduing of my juvenile passions—I was loth to put it off too long; for know, Bardolph, there is a certain point in the age of Man, when the Delights of the Flesh do wax palsied in their government.—I mean not, that the accumulation of a specifick number of years must of necessity blunt the powers.—No.—God forbid, that threescore should be unprocreative!—Indeed, I am more than that myself.—No.—There is a period, I say, which is more distant or early, according to the strength of the fortress, when our ally, Dame Nature, causeth the foe to withdraw, and saveth us the merit of a self-conquest.

Hast thou never observ'd, good Corporal, (now can I not call thee by any other name) hast thou never observ'd in Eastcheap a spare acrimonious-looking Cannibal, feeding on his brethren, I would mean on roast crabs? Hast thou never observ'd the dew-lap'd Elder, with finger trembling on the chords of old-age, apply bestriding glasses to his well-contrived nose, and view the figures on mine Hostess' tapestry? His ocular powers have grown dim by age—in vain doth he look out for the soft colourings that once pleas'd him—his eye can discern nought but the ordinary shades—his film, his film does it.—Just so fares it with this goodly landscape of the world.—The Yonker admires it's softer colourings, it's pleasures; and by habit is too prone to retain a smack for them, till the last hour of actual enjoyment passeth away; till the blood, it's uncheck'd spirit flagg'd in reaching the imaginary goal, courseth along like a staid mule. This state of incompetent imbecility would I provide against—I would have the merit of a forestall'd repentance.

There is a thing, Corporal, mentioned in Holy Writ, and it is known to many in our land by the name of mushroom—*Manna*, I would say; but indeed 'tis the same thing.—This Manna, as Moses doth assert in his Reports upon adjudged Cases, fell as the dew of Heaven upon an hungry people. Now, if they had possessed no teeth, good Corporal, God's Elect had been lost, and the Manna remained unmasticate at this day.

Such another windfall is Penitence, unprofitable to him who findeth it too late.

For this cause had I thought of retiring timely with my good domestics and retainers about me.—Thyself, Nym, Pistol, my faithful dogs, Mistress Dol, with thy own Helen, good corporal, all, all should embrace the blessed moment of Regeneration.—For this did I desire thee to bring off my horses.—Is it for me, Corporal, to abandon my gentle, my good cattle, to the mercy of the ungodly, to the thong of a mundanely-minded hunt-counter, an Inn-keeper? I thank my God, I have not yet the bowels of a Turk.

Mine Antient, who bears these, will inform thee more fully.—Advise with him, and remember, Bardolph, if thou still adherest to thy damnable heresy, Sir John is no longer thy friend. Farewell.

ANTIENT PISTOL TO SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

LET sack abound!—Be merry Good-man Buff—for Bardolph, foul-engender'd Wight, the Mule of stubborn rein, doth yield to Knighthood's proffers.—Sir John shall have the stud—avaunt the stud of mushroom growth, the Bardolph's nasal stud! I mean the Bully Rock's—Bucephalus, and Alexandrine nags! Sir John shall steed again—Pistol hath said it.—Shall deeds proclaim, how Garter'd Hosts, and Brazen Bulls were charm'd? Or will old Eson list, ere Jason doth bring home the Golden Fleece? I will unfold, for since that Quorum-oneyers¹ yearn to sack, Pauca's a tatler grown.

When Pistol kenn'd the Lazar, he of spigot-puissance, off-shogg'd the scouler like to Dutchman's pinnace.—And did not ancestry o'ertake? Yea, and subdue; or Pistol's Caliber is not of England's mould.

Sir John, and master mine, thou art the kernel and the core of Clerkish Knight.

¹ Antient Pistol must allude to the mirth of Master Silence in his cups.—Vide Henry IVth. Second Part.

hood.—The Apple of mine Eye is base—Foh! a Figo for the phrase!—Let paucity be Nym's—Pistol is quaint of quip.—Thou art the Tree on Ida's top, whence golden apples grow to tempt the maw of man.—Bardolph will pluck, go to.—Thy schoolish letter, Knight, hath from the lees of ale incorporate distill'd unmanly tear; at scan of it, the bashful Corporal did weep like she of Thebes.—His senses are most fap—he hath been brew'd, and wort's his age—Doth the humour pass?—He is a child, go to—and from his swaddling-clothes will Pistol shape the doublet, slops, and eke the short cloak hight, for Knight-hood's wear.—Shall Dombledons and silk-worms vile lay dead in Sepulchre, and shall not man be cloath'd? Why then let Ford be spun.—He shall be robb'd; for warriors must have Mark in body and in breech—Clip we the Bardolph's snuff, when services are done? Or do we fuel add, for he is to the socket burnt?—In filching time his eyelids do bow down and pawn'd he hath to weaver's man most base, his goodly Caliver, for hose of second wear.—He must be sherk'd, or charges will ensue.—Come we to the *pauca one*, or shall the Phoenix blaze? We must adopt, or Dian will become maid Marian to Lucifer, and lead his mowing Imps, his damned Apes of Hell.—We must succession have; for lads and compeers, wooers of the Moon, should never dwindle fellowship—Pistol will Jack-all be unto the crew.—Sir John, and Lion mine, arrest thine eyes' epistolary progress, and mark the Calf—I mean the crural Calf.—Seest thou ought unsymmetried? Now, by the Lad that Vulcan, he of antler'd brow, did catch like Sparrow, his soul is as well apportion'd.—Palm him the Nief of mickle Fellowship, and from the tiding-bearer low bid boyhood rise the puissant Pick-purse.—Ought, that Pistol hath not utter'd, he will unfold.—Bow down umbrageous Manhood, and perpend unto him.

Thine ANTIENT PISTOL.

Ford shall be robb'd—Bardolph is Taster to him, and doth his threshold know.—Thy nags shall forage in Eastcheap ere bats do sleep again.—Farewell!

DAVY TO SHALLOW.

I BESEECH your good Worship to come quick. Here is Master Abram very ill—

He goes about, and about, and lobs his head over this shoulder, and over that shoulder, like, your Worship, as it were, just of all the world like the large sun-flower of an afternoon by the tulip borders.—I'm afraid, and so's Robin, that he's bestraught! for he sighs, and slobbers his beard, and Robin says, a' sometimes looks, marry, just as your Worship did, when your Worship went mad about the Coat of Arms at old Sir Thomas's death. He went on the Bench with your Worship's Cousin Silence,¹ to commit some vagrants, for stealing the nettles out of the ditch in the Park to make broth, thereby hurting the fences; and he took no note of anything, but look'd down upon the ground, and sigh'd, and sigh'd—and presently, when your Worship's Cousin Silence ordered I should make out a mittimus for one Alice Page, a' cried out, *Mum!* and said, she was in white—and she was an old gypsey, your Worship, in drab; and so I told Master Abram, but he called me a *Post-boy*.—I beseech your Worship to come quick, for a' heeds nobody.—Master Abram was wont speak very soft, and play ball with the maids, and sing to us in the Hall; and now a' goes about, and pines, and pines, and eats no not the tithe of a gooseberry.—I got him a dish of prunes, stew'd prunes, your Worship, that a' was wont to delight in; and a' touch'd them not; but said, *Mr. Fentum, Mr. Fentum* must have 'em.—But I told him there was not such a Gentleman in Cotswold; then a' called out, "*Nan Page was a maid,*" and so fell a gobbling them up with his hands, both his hands, that, your Worship, 'twas quite unlike Master Abram, that was always so bashful to eat afore anybody at all.—I beg your Worship to hasten, or a' may come to a bad end.—A' went out at twelve o'clock last night, and said the fat Knight Falstaff, he that robb'd your Worship's Park, was under the Elms—Robin and I took our Calivers to shoot him, remembering your Worship's directions; but a' was not there—all was lonely, your Worship, and yet Master Abram would not come in.—A' said, "*Nan Page would appear in white,*" and then a' call'd out, *Mum! Mum!*

Good your Worship, I'll be bold to observe upon a point:—A matter has struck me, as your Worship was wont to say—marry, and very hard.—I hope he be not, that is, I think a' would not, your Worship conceits

¹ Query.—Was not this same Master Silence a descendant of the Roman *Tullius*?

me, I should grieve that—that our Master Abram were in league with—Truly, I have serv'd your Worship very faithfully a matter of twelve years, as serving-man, and steward, and butler, and—I have but six marks a year, your Worship—and clerk, and keeper of the stocks, and—all for six marks, your Worship—and cook, and cook's man, and—hatch'd your Worship's young turkies, worn all your Worship's cast doublets and hose—it's a long charge for one lone man, and six marks a short reckoning, and I hope, your Worship would make a friend of me in any great matter—An Master Abram be one on 'em, he may have great reason for it—and I'll be suppos'd he is; for a' walks back and back quite in thought, and speaks to himself, and then answers, and does all just as Percy the Duke's son did, afore he was kill'd—Your Worship may trust a worse man than me, and trust a friend.—Master Abram¹ may stand in Percy's shoes, and yet wear them out, I can tell your Worship that.—There's much wool in Cotswould, altho' little cry.—The Stroud's a small shot over; but a bullet won't find the bottom soon.—Would your Worship have the bucklers and the mails clean'd up, that hang in the Hall? Marry, and the Welch hooks new pointed? Glendower will teach us trail the hook.—I would, your Worship would come among us.—Here's William Visor, and Ralph Rampant and Phil Snugges, and Mark Maple-eye, and a many more of us—we exercise, your Worship, every day; and I deal out provisions and ale from your Worship's cellar—and I would your Worship would give order for pay; and some hops, your Worship, for brewing; and some hurdles for the turnip-field; and a new yoke for the oxen; and a word of comfort for Alice Shortcake;—she pines, your Worship, about Master Abram.

With these matters I humbly take leave of your Worship.

SHALLOW TO DAVY.

God bless my heart and soul!—Disband

¹ Who could suspect ABRAHAM SLENDER, ESQ. of taking part in National Commotions? Davy's conceit is certainly a little mirthful.—Yet it should be remarked, that the wild and irregular starts of Percy have been the subject of much talk with the common people, and by such shrewd fellows as Davy be considered the distinguishing mark, or (as Falstaff says) the *Shibboleth* of a Rebel of Rank.

the soldiers, Davy,—Let 'em be disbanded.—Bless my heart, I shall be attainted of affection to his Majesty's enemies.—That Mark Maple-eye hath more colours than one—I have seen him a good subject.—Marry, doth my Cousin Silence know, is he advised of the matter?—Let him not know it, Davy.—How long hath Ralph Rampant been a rebel? Marry, he shall remain Rampant—he shall be quarter'd for their arms, hung, drawn, and quarter'd.—Let my Cousin Slender be tended, Davy, closely, Davy—a crook in love should be in the hand of a good shepherd—He hath been cross'd, Davy.—A fair sprag maiden of good conditions and endowments, but come of the first woman, yea more fig-leaves to conceal her tendencies than Eve, Davy—marry, a *Budget*.¹ Let John Coomb widen the stocks—Hath he sent his bill, Davy? Let my Cousin Silence have it for the Quorum.—The County must pay it—'tis a repair awarded for damages, damages by the rebels—in their retreat, Davy.—A new granary, and a dove-cot indeed, on my own lands, but that is nought, not a whit.—Marry, we examine—we cast, and pay.—Truly, an a Justice of the Peace could not shift to edge any little tiny matter in of his own, the Quorum would not hold plural—'twould quick be in the singular number, Davy, soon *Qui, quæ, quod*.—Ha! ha! ha!—We don't labour in the vineyard for nought, Davy—Ha! ha! ha! Marry, let the Stocks be widened—Bid John Coomb look to it, and see that it be done.—I'm resolv'd, that William Visor shall not 'scape—his legs shall not bear him off again—he hath a gross calf; but the stocks shall bind it—he shall not get away—yea, he shall be bound in calf.—God bless my soul, Davy, how could you assemble; how encourage, marry, and marshal, the foes of his gracious Majesty?—O' my conscience, I might have been proclaim'd, yea, marry, declared a rebel by attainder, and march'd against.—But indeed you have not been in love, Davy—You never lov'd.—My Cousin Slender hath a great trial—look to him, Davy—he hath much—Give him attendance, Davy—he may start, marry, and break out, and—'tis love, Davy, look to him, a liege subject, and a loyal, may do it.—I could

¹ Whether Shallow is intentionally witty, I cannot pretend to affirm; but this same word was to have been sweet Ann Page's private answer to Master Slender's Quail-call in Windsor Forest.—Vide *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act V. Scene 1.

name you the day, when the hear of a fine tall Bona-Roba would make me, I should ha' hop'd you——God bless my heart, why what, Davy—it is not all brew'd—hath become of the Pocket from Hinchley market—the Pocket of Hops, new hops, Davy, bought at the Wake, marry, of Hugh Rycrop?—You can't chuse want hops, Davy—certain you can't.——Marry for the yoke, let it be had; but the hurdles, Davy, must be stak'd and bound—You don't give range, you don't give scope, Davy, to the flock.—Let them have an half acre turnip—they'll not level fences.—Look to my Cousin Slender.—I shall tend him myself, Davy, soon, Davy.

ROBERT SHALLOW.¹

DAVY TO SHALLOW.

MASTER Abram is dead, gone, your Worship—dead! Master Abram! Oh! good your Worship, a's gone.—A' never throve, since a' came from Windsor—'twas his death. I call'd him a rebel, your Worship—but a' was all subject—a' was subject to any baby, as much as a King—a' turn'd like as it were the latter end of a lover's lute—a' was all peace and resignation—a' took delight in nothing but his book of songs and sonnets—a' would go to the Stroud side under the large beech tree, and sing, till 'twas quite pity of our lives to mark him; for his chin grew as long as a muscle—Oh! a' sung his soul and body quite away—a' was lank as any greyhound, and had such a scent! I hid his love-songs among your Worship's law-books; for I thought, if a' could not get at them, it might be to his quiet; but a' snuff'd 'em out in a moment.—Good your Worship, have the wise woman of Brentford secured—Master Abram may have been conjured—Peter Simple says, a' never look'd up, after a' sent to the wise woman—Marry, a' was always given to look down afore his elders; a' might do it, a' was given to it—your Worship knows it; but then 'twas peak and pert with him—a' was a man again, marry, in the turn of his heel.—A' died your Worship, just about

¹ Here is an air of pleasantry throughout, that I have never observed in Shallow before. Through all his affected anger, 'tis easy enough to discover, that his vanity is not a little fed by Davy's anticipating officiousness.—No matter to Robert in what cause they had assembled, he had a corps of soldiers training in his service!

one, at the crow of the cock.—I thought how it was with him; for a' talk'd as quick, aye, marry, as glib as your Worship; and a' smiled, and look'd at his own nose, and call'd "Sweet Ann Page." I ask'd him if a' would eat—so a' bade us commend him to his Cousin Robert (a' never call'd your Worship so before) and bade us get hot meat, for a' would not say nay to Ann again.¹—But a' never liv'd to touch it—a' began all in a moment to sing "Lovers all, a Madrigal." 'Twas the only song Master Abram ever learnt out of book, and clean by heart, your Worship—and so a' sung, and smiled, and look'd askew at his own nose, and sung, and sung on, till his breath waxed shorter, and shorter, and shorter, and a' fell into a struggle and died. I beseech your Worship to think he was well tended—I look'd to him, your Worship, late and soon, and crept at his heel all day long, an it had been any fallow dog—but I thought a' could never live, for a' did so sing, and then a' never drank with it—I knew 'twas a bad sign—yea, a' sung, your Worship, marry, without drinking a drop.

Alice Shortcake craves, she may make his shroud.—Ah! had your Worship but never ha' taken him to Windsor! I knew Mistress Alice's mind, marry, and Master Abram's too—they'd ha' coupled, your Worship, and never dreamt of love, any more than all their forefathers, and grandfathers did afore them.

Old Sir Simon's vault must be opened, I humbly conceit, your Worship; and Master Abram's effigy placed by his side in the Chancelry, in armour, marry, with his hands folded on his breast, by way of denoting his death's-wound! for I humbly think, with your Worship's leave, it may tend to warn all such, as have not shrewd heads, from entering into love-matters.—An your Worship will specify time and place, I'll bring the horses to meet and carry your Worship home, in order to have directions about Master Abram's funeral.

Your Worship's serving man, DAVY.

The following fragment appears among Sir John's papers.—It evidently formed part of a Letter to the Prince; but being

¹ Vide Merry Wives of Windsor—Latter part of the 1st Scene 1st Act.

very mutilated, the Editor was for some time irresolute as to granting it admission among his more perfect MS.—However, an innate reverence to every the most trifling relique of the good Knight, at length determined him to present it to the publick.

* * * * made up of the shreds and clippings of the several arts and sciences.—He hath made much progress in Italian, doth begin to wax villainously nasal in his pronunciation of French; and for dancing, Hall he would flit ye to and fro like a shadow * * * * *

* * * * In height he is about 5 foot 11, or by'r lady, inclining to six foot; but the face, the face, is the Trumpeter to this aspiring inclination of Master Slender's; the distance from chin to brow being a common pace, or geometrically speaking, is to the whole upright system as 4 to 16½—one-fourth, if we omit fractions. With all this majesty of * * * * *

Cæd. Desunt.

CAPTAIN FLUELLIN TO MRS. QUICKLY.

Got bless my heart! Captain Falstaff dead! Mistress 'Ickly, I hope he departed with the fear of his Majesty in poth his eyes, marry, and of Got too? His Majesty, to pe sure, was repukings and gallings to him, when his Majesty, look'e, was King upon the death of his father; but that is nought—If he used his goot pleasures in the matter, look'e, Mistress 'Ickly, he might degrade, and create a trummer, or a fifer, or what is 'orse, the sutler's paggagebearer o' the camp, of me, or of any captain. Sir John was old, most certain, and his preed might pe a matter pigger than I can recollection to have seen; put that, look'e, should not kill him a whit the more sudden.—'hy, I did have letters from him—when was the messenger arrive? Aye, yesterday is the week, 'tis in my pocket, advising of a kind of intention, marry, to empark for the enemy's coast with me and Captain Gower—'tis as gypish and jokish, and as primful of the altogetther Knight, o' my conscience, as one graff'd pippin might favour of another.—Put Death is fery ill and moody in his

'haviour and manners.—He is not the Gentleman, peradventure, in his intercourses, that I might observe of other his relatives.—There was Ulysses the Greek had occasions and matters to discuss with Pluto—'hy, he was received, look'e, pelow, as his rank merited—O, Death had a goot pattern in Pluto!—I have had readings apout Death—You shall hear—

*And when he 'ould pe merry, he doth chuse
The gaudy champer of a dying King—
O! then he doth ope wide his poney chaws,
And with rude laughter and fantastic tricks
He claps his rattling fingers to his side;
And when this solemn mockery—*

Put I will end with this solemn mockery.—You see, Mistress 'Ickly, that Death hath his vlouts, and his freaks, and his meriments, maugre what all the antient writers may afer; tho', o' my conscience, I cannot say, I did ever in any my pattles and skirmishes see him, look'e, so much as on a proud grin.—I am forget the lineage and family of the author; put it pe *Irish*.

Hath Captain Falstaff left any creat matters in the way of estate? Put that's no matter at all—send me the pill of his funeral charges, and I will pe three crowns in his debt to puy him a pound of lead to lay in.—So Got me 'udge, I affection'd the man, as a man, peradventure, might estimate of a prother, where there was only one in the family, look'e, peside the father and his ownself.—He was the fery person of all the 'orld to keep th' universal army in goot glee, when the athversary, o' my conscience, approach'd with his pike as far off as the jerk of half a stone.—Hath he left sons and daughters to represent and typify him in the 'orld? Let me pe advised o' this matter, Mistress 'Ickly.—I will promotion and make them as pig men under King Harry, as he that peget them of 'omen; that is, Mistress 'Ickly, upon the well fouchment, and pelief, and credit too, that they pe honest and goot subjects, and pe not given to porrowings and sackings.—O' my credit, there is three pounds Sir John did get advance of me py way of possets, which is no petter than dross—Put that, look'e, is a matter of affapility between us, that I 'ould not discuss to an own prother.—He is dead, and I am three crowns in his debt, and there's the finish.

Got bless you, Mistress Quickly!

FALSTAFF IN HADES.

[Not content with his knowledge of Falstaff in the present life, one illustrious writer has, in imagination, followed him to the spirit world. For the following hint touching the Fat Knight's behaviour in Hades, we are indebted to OLIVER GOLDSMITH'S *Reverie at the Boar's Head Tavern, Eastcheap.*]

THE character of old Falstaff, even with all his faults, gives me more consolation than the most studied efforts of wisdom: I here behold an agreeable old fellow, forgetting age, and shewing me the way to be young at sixty-five. Sure I am well able to be as merry, though not so comical as he—Is it not in my power to have, though not so much wit, at least as much vivacity?—Age, care, wisdom, reflection, be gone—I give you to the winds. Let's have t'other bottle: here's to the memory of Shakspeare, Falstaff, and all the merry men of Eastcheap.

Such were the reflections that naturally arose while I sat at the Boar's Head tavern, still kept at Eastcheap. Here, by a pleasant fire, in the very room where old Sir John Falstaff cracked his jokes, in the very chair which was sometimes honored by Prince Henry, and sometimes polluted by his immoral, merry companions, I sat and ruminated on the follies of youth; wished to be young again; but was resolved to make the best of life while it lasted, and now and then compared past and present times together. I considered myself as the only living representative of the old knight, and transported my imagination back to the time when the prince and he gave life to the revel, and made even debauchery not disgusting. The room also conspired to throw my reflections back into antiquity: the oak floor, the gothic windows, and the ponderous chimney-piece, had long withstood the tooth of time; the watchman had gone at twelve; my companions had all stolen off; and none now remained with me but the landlord. From him I could have wished to know the history of a tavern, that had such a long succession of customers; I could not help thinking that an account of this kind would be a pleasing contrast of the manners of the different ages; but my landlord could give me no information. He continued to doze and sot, and tell a tedious story, as most other landlords usually do; and, though he said nothing, yet was never silent: one good joke followed another good joke; and the

best joke of all was generally begun towards the end of a bottle. I found at last, however, his wine and his conversation operate by degrees: he insensibly began to alter his appearance. His cravat seemed quilled into a ruff, and his breeches swelled out into a fardingale. I now fancied him changing sexes; and, as my eyes began to close in slumber, I imagined my fat landlord actually converted into as fat a landlady. However, sleep made but few changes in my situation: the tavern, the apartment, and the table, continued as before; nothing suffered mutation but my host, who was fairly altered into a gentlewoman, whom I knew to be dame Quickly, mistress of this tavern in the days of Sir John; and the liquor we were drinking, which seemed converted into sack and sugar.

"My dear Mrs. Quickly," cried I, (for I knew her perfectly well at first sight) "I am heartily glad to see you. How have you left Falstaff, Pistol, and the rest of our friends below stairs! Brave and hearty, I hope?" "In good sooth," replied she, he did deserve to live for ever; but he maketh foul work on't where he hath flitted. Queen Proserpine and he have quarrelled for his attempting a rape upon her divinity; and were it not that she still had bowels of compassion, it more than seems probable he might have been now sprawling in Tartarus."

CONCLUSION OF FALSTAFF.

A FAMOUS judge came late to court,
One day in busy session,
Whereat his clerk, in great surprise,
Inquired of him the reason.

"A child was born," his honor said,
"And I'm the happy sire."
"An infant judge?" "Oh, no," said he,
"As yet he's but a crier."

REGULAR AND STEADY.—"How many regular boarders have you, madam?" asked a census-taker of a lady. "Well, really, I can't say as any of 'em is any too regular. They stop out." "I mean, madam, how many steady boarders have you?" "Well, really, out of nineteen, there's not more 'n two that I'd call steady."

A NEGRO once gave the following toast: "De Gubernor ob our State.—He come in wid berry little opposition; he goes out wid none at all."

CAPTAIN PATON.

TOUCH once more a sober measure, and let
punch and tears be shed,
For a prince of good old fellows that alack-
a-day is dead;
For a prince of worthy fellows, and a pretty
man also,
That has left the Salt-market in sorrow,
grief, and wo;
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain
Paton no mo!

His waistcoat, coat, and breeches, were all
cut off the same web,
Of a beautiful snuff-colour, or a modest genty
drab,
The blue stripes in his stocking round his
neat slim leg did go,
And his ruffles, of the cambric fine, they were
whiter than the snow;
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain
Paton no mo!

His hair was curl'd in order at the rising of
the sun,
In comely rows and buckles smart that about
his ears did run,
And before there was a toupée, that some
inches up did grow,
And behind there was a long queue that did
o'er his shoulders flow;
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain
Paton no mo!

And whenever we foregather'd he took off
his wee three cockit,
And he proffer'd his snuff-box, which he
drew from his side-pocket,
And on Burdett or Buonaparte he would
make a remark or so,
And then along the plainstones like a provost
he would go;
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain
Paton no mo!

In dirty days he pick'd well his footsteps with
his rattan,
Oh! you ne'er could see the least speck on
the shoes of Captain Paton;
And on entering the coffee-room about two,
all men did know,
They would see him with his *Courier* in the
middle of the row;
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain
Paton no mo!

Now and then upon a Sunday he invited me to
dine

On a herring and a mutton chop, which his
maid dress'd very fine,
There was also a little Malmsey, and a bottle
of Bourdeaux,
Which between me and the Captain pass'd
nimble to and fro;
Oh! I ne'er shall take pot-luck with Captain
Paton no mo!

Or, if a bowl was mention'd, the Captain he
would ring,
And bid Nelly run to the West Port, and a
stoup of water bring;
Then would he mix the genuine stuff, as they
made it long ago,
With limes, that on his property in Trinidad
did grow;
Oh! we ne'er shall taste the like of Captain
Paton's punch no mo!

And then all the time he would discourse, so
sensible and courteous,
Perhaps talking of last sermon he had heard
from Dr. Porteous,
Or some little bit of scandal about Mrs. So-
and-So,
Which he scarce could credit, having heard
the *con* but not the *pro*;
Oh! we ne'er shall hear the like of Captain
Paton no mo!

Or when the candles were brought forth, and
the night was fairly setting in,
He would tell some fine old stories, about
Minden field or Dettingen,
How he fought with a French major, and dis-
patch'd him at a blow;
While his blood ran out like water on the
soft grass below;
Oh! we ne'er shall hear the like of Captain
Paton no mo!

But at last the Captain sicken'd, and grew
worse from day to day,
And all miss'd him in the coffee-room, from
which now he stay'd away;
On Sabbaths, too, the wee kirk made a melan-
choly show,
All for wanting of the presence of our ven-
erable beau;
Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain
Paton no mo!

And in spite of all that Cleghorn and Cork-
indale could do,
It was plain, from twenty symptoms, that
death was in his view;
So the Captain made his test'ment, and sub-
mitted to his foe,
And we laid him by the Ram's-horn kirk,—
'tis the way we all must go;

Oh! we ne'er shall see the like of Captain
Paton no mo!

Join all in chorus, jolly boys, and let punch
and tears be shed,
For this prince of good old fellows that alack-
a-day! is dead;

For this prince of worthy fellows, and a pretty
man also,

That has left the Salt-market in sorrow,
grief, and wo;

For it ne'er shall see the like of Captain
Paton no mo!

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART, 1794-1854.

"SAME OLD LIE."

FOUR or five of us (says a writer in "The Whitehall Review") were enjoying our last pipe for the night in the smoking-room at Craigfalloch. We had had a long day's tramp over the moors, and the conversation lay chiefly between Jack Winstanley and Charley Vane. These two had been at Oxbridge about the same time, and discovered that, though they had never met there, they had a lot of friends in common. Of course they began telling each other who had gone into the church, who into the civil service, who was dragging out life at an up-country station in India, who had got shot in South Africa, and who had made a fortune in colored yarns.

"Did you know Merton?" asked Winstanley.

"I think I've met him. Wasn't he a St. Bridget's man?"

"Yes; a tall, pale fellow, if you remember, with a straw-colored hat and a delicate gossamer beard that he never would shave off."

"Rather good family, eh?"

"Daresay. He was a very decent fellow, if he was a little strait-laced. A parson now, of course. Did you ever hear of a visit he once got from 'a fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time?'"

"No. Tell us the story."

"Well, Merton was really a good fellow, but he had been brought up at home—coached at the family rectory; you understand? He never got into scrapes like the rest of us, and in fact was the most irreproachable soul you ever saw. One term, Merton's eldest sister, a mature lady of some thirty summers, came down to stay with some friends near Oxbridge, and the day after her arrival, wishing to give dear

William a surprise, she ran over to see him early in the afternoon. Of course he got a cup of coffee for her, and they were having a pleasant chat in his sitting-room, when the scout comes in with a card, 'Mr. Edward Mandelay.'

"The gen'man sends his compliments, sir, and hopes it would be convenient for you to see his rooms. He had these rooms, he says, sir, when he was up here fifty years ago, and he has a great fancy to see them again."

"Very natural, very natural, I'm sure. I shall be delighted, Thomas. But wait a moment. Agatha—"

"Will it look odd for me to be here, dear?"

"Oh, no; but, you see, if the old gentleman sees you he will be tempted to sit down and talk, and we shall lose all the afternoon. Here's the scout's closet. Run in, and I'll get rid of him as soon as I can."

"The fact is that Merton was so awfully afraid of being chaffed that he wouldn't have had it come to our ears on any account that a stranger had found him entertaining a lady in his rooms. Agatha was rather shy, and very glad to take refuge in the scout's closet."

"Presently in comes Squire Mandelay. A fine bluff old fellow, something over seventy, a little shaky on his pins, red face, white mutton-chop whiskers, white hat, check tie—you know the style?"

"Happy to make your acquaintance, sir. Hope I'm not in your way. The scout told you, perhaps, that I used to have these rooms—ah! a good fifty-three years ago—before your father was born, I daresay? Dear me! How time flies! It all looks like yesterday—like yesterday! The same old view into the master's garden. Yes, the same old view. The same old pictures, too; and the old boy got up and tapped the frames; and I declare! the same old sofa. Dear me!"

"Next, he walked round the room, stopping at the fireplace. 'Same old mantelpiece!' Then he got to the door of the scout's room, and turned the handle."

"Same old——" He had just opened the door, when he caught the flutter of a petticoat, and suddenly closed it.

"Ah!" says he, shaking his head, 'same old games! same old games!'

"Sir!" gasps Merton, in an awful funk; 'sir! that's my sister! She—that is——'

"Well, I declare! Same old lie! Same old lie!"

HOW THE MONEY WAS BURIED.

Two young men of the race and lineage of Abraham, formed a partnership, each investing \$750 in the business.—Their business prospered and so did their friendship, which passing years cemented more and more closely. As neither of them married, they lived chiefly for each other, and it was agreed between them that whichever died first should make the other his heir. Finally one of them was smitten with a mortal illness; and not unmindful of the compact, he made a will bequeathing all his fortune to his friend and partner. He made, however, one singular reservation. He had,—he assured his sorrowing comrade,—a singular but strong desire that the original capital of \$750 that he had put into the business, should be buried with him. It was, in truth, a strange whim; yet the friend made haste to assure the dying man that his last wish would be respected. So the sick man departed in peace. But the survivor, with the thriftiness which characterizes his race, had no sooner closed his friend's eyes than he began to reflect on the unreasonableness of his request and to think of the utter wastefulness of burying \$750 where it could do no manner of good. As the upshot of his cogitation he decided that, while he did right to make the promise in order to satisfy his friend, he would do equally right to break the promise in order to prevent so grievous a waste. Accordingly the man was buried without the money.

As the promise had been a matter strictly between the two friends, the violation of it remained a secret with the survivor. It preyed upon him. He grew restless, sleepless, lost his appetite, and became pale and haggard. Finally, a friend inquired the cause of his unhappiness, and the conscience-stricken sufferer unbosomed himself. "Your remedy is simple," said the friend; "I advise you to fulfil your promise to your dying partner, without further delay. And why should you not? You are rich, and will never miss the money." "You are right," said the other, "I will do it." When the gentleman who gave this advice, met his friend some days later, he observed a marked change in his appearance; "Ah!" said he, "you are looking quite yourself again—I need not ask whether you per-

formed your promise, for it is plain that your mind is entirely at ease." "Yes," replied the descendant of Abraham, "when I determine upon doing a thing I generally do it at once. That very day I had the grave dug up and the coffin opened, and put in it a check for \$750, drawn to the order of my dear dead friend."

RORY O'MORE;

OR, GOOD OMENS.

Young Rory O'More courted Kathleen Bawn; He was bold as the hawk, and she soft as the dawn;
He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,
And he thought the best way to do that was to tease.
"Now Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry,
Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye;
"With your tricks, I don't know, in throth, what I'm about;
Faith you've teased till I've put on my cloak inside out."
"Och! jewel," says Rory, that same is the way
You've thrated my heart for this many a day;
And 't is plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?
For 't is all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like,
For I half gave a promise to soothing Mike;
The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound"—
"Faith!" says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground."
"Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go:
Sure I dream ev'ry night that I'm hating you so!"
"Och!" says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,
For dhramas always go by contraries, my dear.
Och! jewel, keep dhraming that same till you die,
And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie!
And 't is plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?
Since 't is all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've teased me enough ;
 Sure, I've thrashed, for your sake, Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff ;
 And I've made myself, drinking your health, quite a baste,
 So I think, after that, I may talk to the priest."
 Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,
 So soft and so white, without freckle or speck ;
 And he looked in her eyes, that were beaming with light,
 And he kissed her sweet lips—Don't you think he was right ?
 "Now, Rory, leave off, sir—you'll hug me no more,—
 That's eight times to-day you have kissed me before."
 "Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,
 For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

SAMUEL LOVER, 1794-1868.

SANDIE MACPHERSON.

A VIGNETTE IN PROSE.

It was my privilege, during the last days of his strangely prosperous career, to see a good deal of the late Mr. Thomas Ercildoune¹—'True Thomas,' as he was affectionately called by the generation to whom he told so many grim truths. I had gone to him as a literary aspirant—one of the many who, coming up from Scotland to fight for fortune, carried letters of introduction to the great man. The nation delighted to honor him, and despite his dislike of the literary class generally, he never failed to say a kind word to any young brother Scot who sought his advice. For some reason or other, he took to me, and though so many years his junior, I became a frequent visitor to his house, and received a great deal of his confidence. It was one winter evening, as we sat alone together in his study—that study which was a very Mecca to literary pilgrims of all nations—that he made the singular confession which I am about to place on record.

There he sat, aged, honored, famous, the leading man of letters, perhaps, of his gener-

ation ; an old dressing-gown wrapped around him, slippers on his feet, his face grim as granite (just as it appears in Woodman's bust), and his eyes with that sad, prophetic gaze which is reproduced in all the photographs. On the book-shelves close around him were well-thumbed volumes, nearly all of them presentation copies, with the autographs of their mighty authors ; chief among them a set of Goethe, with notes in the poet's own handwriting. On the wall, over the mantel-piece, was a scroll in vellum, given to Ercildoune by the savants of Germany on the occasion of his sixtieth birthday, and his reception of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Sauerkraut, from the hands of the king of Thuringia. In the desk at his elbow was a precious correspondence—signed by such names as Heine, Thiers, Balzac, Hartmann, Darwin, Macaulay, Coleridge, Dickens. Only the day before, Ercildoune had been sent for by the Queen of England, as one of the two or three great men it behooved her to know and honor ; and having spent several hours of conversation with her, he had pronounced her a "nice homely body, just like scores of farmers' wives he had met in Allandale." Certainly, he was one to whom the world did homage—kings might have envied his authoritative position. It was therefore, with some surprise that I discovered, listening to his confession, that the great man was not altogether contented with success ; that it had one serious qualification, which had (as he himself expressed it) cost him many a sleepless night.

Let me explain the matter, as far as possible, in his own words. I despair of reproducing the peculiar accent and the deep pathetic "burr" of his voice—which he preserved to the last, as well as certain eccentricities of pronunciation, which I shall not imitate.

"You think me a successful man, and such I allow, is the popular opinion. Well, maybe I have been successful beyond my merits, which are small enough, Lord knows ; but lest I should grow daft with my own self-conceit, the Lord sent Sandie Macpherson to keep me humble !

"It is a humiliating confession to make, but almost at any point of my long career, from the very beginning, the thought of having converted Sandie would have been more precious to me than the admiration of all the rest of the world. Sandie, however, never believed in me from the first. When I published my first book, my chief thought was,

¹ The real hero of this narrative, as the reader will easily perceive, is Thomas Carlyle.

'What will Sandie Macpherson think of this?' and when I heard the criticisms, which cut me up like a haggis right and left, I could have borne every thing but the thought of how he would gloat over them down yonder in Scotland. I was somewhat consoled and a wee bit hopeful, when, some years afterward, I published my 'History of the Renaissance in Thuringia;' for the critics, knowing nothing of the subject, praised it to a man, and talked nonsense about my industry, my originality and my erudition. I cared nothing for the critics, but I said to myself, with a smile, 'That's one for Sandie Macpherson at last!'

"Perhaps you will be asking who Sandie Macpherson is, that I set such store by his opinion? Well, up to a few months ago you might have seen his name—'Alexander Macpherson,' as it was given baptismally—over the door of a small grocer's store in the Gallowgate of Glasgow.

"Sandie and I were schoolfellows.

"We first met in the Rev. Mr. Macindow's seminary, out beyond the Cowcaddens, and afterward we attended Mr. Parallel's mathematical and Dr. Skelpum's Latin classes, in the High-school. As I mind Sandie now, he was a wee, smug-mouthed, black a-veezed laddie, with eyes like a hawk, and a stoop in the shoulders. From first to last he was ever at the top of the class. He carried away all the prizes at the Rev. Mr. Macindow's, and when he came to the High-school, among lads twice his size, he was "dux" of the class. Such a memory as he had! It was wonderful, wonderful. He could repeat the whole Latin Delectus with his eyes shut, and he knew the whole of Euclid, when we were laboring over the 'Pons Asinorum.' Dr. Skelpum himself was afraid of him. As for me, where he was dux I was dunce. I had the 'taws' nearly every day from the doctor, and ever and aye, while I writhed in my corner, I could hear the cry, 'Alexander Macpherson, tell Tammas Ercildoune how to construe' this or that passage in the 'Metamorphoses.' Sometimes, just to shame us, he was put at the very bottom of the class, and then—Lord, to see him louping from place to place, like one running up a brae, and then standing flushed and triumphant, in his old place, at the very top!

"Sandie's father was a small tradesman in Glasgow, and you may be sure he was proud enough of his son. Sandie was ever spick and span, had the best of clothes, and

a silver watch and chain given to him by his aunt on his birthday. His books were like himself—clean, white and neat, with no thumb-marks or dog's leaves to disfigure the pages. He wrote a beautiful hand, like copperplate, and in the writing class, as well as the rest, he was *facile princeps*. Well might he look with scorn on my slovenly dress, my books all thumbed and torn, and on my handwriting, which was ill to make out as heathen Greek. Well might he be held up to me as a shining light and an example. 'Tammas Ercildoune, go out and wash your face; when will ye learn to be tidy, like Alexander Macpherson?' 'Tammas, your books are a disgrace; do ye no' think shame when ye see the books of Alexander Macpherson?' 'For shame, Tammas, for shame; do you ever see Alexander Macpherson sucking black candy in the midst of school?' 'Tammas, your handwriting is abomination; Alexander, set him a copy yourself, to show him how a lad should write.' These were cries ringing for ever in my ears. What wonder if I grew to look on Sandie as a superior being—to be gazed at with admiration and envy, to be imitated with awe and fear? It was just the same story when we went to college.

"We met there on our former footing; that is to say, he distinguished himself as usual, while I watched him from a respectful distance. Few words ever passed between us, for we had never been on speaking terms—either in or out of school. But the relationship between us was clearly understood. Sometimes, as he passed me on the street, wearing grandly his red college gown and his college hat, while I crept along with my gown on my arm, he would give me a patronizing nod, that was all. We began Greek together under Whiteland, and moral philosophy under old Dr. Plainstones. It was the old story. He was the pet pupil of both professors. He drank in learning like his mother's milk. From the first Greek to the second and third I followed him laboriously—as a clumsy fledgling follows the flight of some splendid eagle, whom it seeks to emulate in vain.

"After we left college, I lost sight of him for some years. I believe he might have received a bursary and gone to Oxford, but his father, proud as he was of his attainments, did not want to spoil him for a trade, and withdrew him before he had completed his course. I myself took to pupil-teaching,

having not yet decided to try my fortune in literature.

"But one day, fired by sudden enthusiasm, I wrote a long letter to *The Glasgow Herald* on some question of the day. It was printed next morning in all the glory of large type, and signed "Thomas Ercildoune." It was the proudest day of my life, but alas! it was destined to be overclouded. Toward afternoon I entered a coffee-shop, and saw, in the compartment next to me, his head buried in the paper, a human figure. The paper was *The Herald*, open at the page containing my letter. I sat, blushing with all the pride of fresh-blown authorship. Presently the face looked up, and I saw, to my surprise, my old schoolfellow, Sandie Macpherson. Our eyes met, but his stony orbs gave no sign of recognition. Then he turned to the paper again, and smiled. Yes, he was reading my letter. It might astonish the public, but it could not impose upon him. There were Latin and Greek quotations in it, and fragments of moral philosophy; how ashamed I felt of them, as I saw them come under his baleful eye. He smiled again, placed down the paper, paid his reckoning, and walked out of the shop, without a word. I went home a miserable man. I might put on grand airs before the public, but one man knew my measure, and that man was Sandie Macpherson.

"It was no use arguing with myself that the man was an idiot; that although he was glib at uptaking what was taught him, he had neither talent or originality. The memory of those early days haunted me like a shadow.

"I am not going to weary you—and myself—with a history of my literary struggles, till I conquered the book-taster, the magazine editor and the publisher, and became a recognized producer of the popular literary article. Years passed away. In the course of years I emigrated to London, on the invitation of John Still, the philosopher. Then I published my first book, and as I have told you, it was a failure. I retrieved myself by my second, which was about half as good, and not near so earnest as the first. I still had Glasgow and Sandie Macpherson in my mind when I failed or succeeded, but in course of time the impression grew dimmer and dimmer. It was one fine day that John Still, returning from the North, where he had been lecturing on some political subject, spoke to me as follows:

"By the way, Ercildoune, I met an old school-fellow of yours in Glasgow."

"Ay, indeed?" I said, feeling the blood mount to my face in a moment.

"A man named Macpherson, a small tradesman, and a member of the local club which took me down. A prosy fellow and very sarcastic. He amused me very much by his reminiscences of your schooldays, and seemed greatly astonished that you had made any mark in the world."

"I forced a laugh, but I felt hot and cold all over.

"Do you remember him?" proceeded Still. "He remembers you wonderfully."

"I'm not sure," I returned with carelessness. "I believe there was a lad by that name in the class with me, but I've almost forgotten him. It's—It's a long time ago!"

"Hypocrite that I was! Did John Still know that I was lying? He looked at me for some moments with an amused smile, as if he were calling up some queer reminiscence; and I—I could have brained him. Some little time after that John Still and I fell out. He wrote a criticism of Suckle's 'History of Civilization,' and published it in the Radical *Lambeth Review*. I handled the same book next quarter in *The Caledonian*, and turned Still's arguments inside out in no very complimentary fashion. Still was a sensitive man, and a while after that, he cut me dead in the street. We made it up afterward, but were never the same as before. Till the day of his death, I never gave him any explanation. I cared no more for Suckle or his arguments than for the fly on the wall! Suckle, indeed—the poor, silly, over-crammed Cockney gawk! The real cause of my attack on John Still was anger and irritation. Sandie MacPherson again was at the bottom of it all!"

"A year or so after this I went down to Glasgow on business. By that time I had made a name for myself and my visit caused a stir in the city. I stayed with Sir Robert Mungo, the lord provost—a silly man, with a sniggering taste for philosophy. After a few days I grew weary of being lionized; for nearly every time there was a grand dinner, and I was bored to death with the admiration of daft folk of both sexes. One forenoon, as I was wandering about the streets, looking at the old houses and calling to mind the places I had known when a lad, I passed down the Gallowgate, and saw the name of 'Alexander Macpherson' over a small grocer's shop. Now I was in a

sympathetic mood that day; the contemplation of old scenes, and the thought of the kindness of my countrymen had touched my heart, and it melted suddenly at the name of my old school-fellow. Could it possibly be the same? Before I knew what I was doing I had entered the shop.

"Yes, I was right. There, standing behind the counter, was Sandie himself, older, grimmer, but neat and clean as usual. As I entered in, he was measuring out a pound of moist sugar for a barefooted servant lasing in petticoat and a short gown.

"Mr. Macpherson? I said, when he had done.

"He looked up, and our eyes met. I saw in a moment that he recognized me, but his face remained grim as granite, and his eye was cold as ice.

"That's my name," he replied.

"I smiled, and prepared to hold out my hand.

"I think we were old schoolmates together. My name is Ercildoune, Thomas Ercildoune. Do you remember me?"

"He looked at me from head to foot. His eyes rested on my old cloak, my broad-brimmed hat, and he nodded darkly, as he replied:

"I mind ye well enough. Can I serve ye with any thing?"

"Nothing, thanks; only—I was passing, and I thought I should like to remind you of our old acquaintanceship."

"As I spoke, Sandie proceeded leisurely with his business behind the counter—opened his till and looked into it; took down a piece of loaf sugar, and began breaking it into small portions. He gave a sort of grunt as I finished my address to him, and nodded again; then, after a pause, while I stood hesitating, he observed quietly, surveying me critically from head to foot:

"You're staying up in London, I hear?"

"Yes."

"You're what they call a leetery man, noo?"

"Just so, I replied, smiling good-naturedly, but feeling rather ashamed.

"Atweel," said Sandie, reflectively, as he swept up his pieces of sugar and put them into a large jar, 'Atweel, London's a big place, and they call it the centre of ceevilization; but'—here he shut the lid of the jar sharply—'Mony things please the folk in London that wouldna gang doon in Glesgow!'

"What he meant I could hardly gather:

it was a mere general reflection, but I felt somehow that it had a personal application. A long pause ensued. I stood awkwardly waiting in front of the counter, but Sandie did not seem inclined for further conversation. At last, feeling rather uncomfortable, I determined to put an end to the interview.

"Well, I'll wish you good morning," I said moving to the shop door.

"Good morning," grunted Sandie, not raising his eyes from his desk and ledger, to which he had just gone.

"I walked out of the shop, indignant at the man's imperturbability. Glancing back from the pavement, I saw Sandie's face quietly regarding me over his ledger—and smiling—just as it had smiled when I saw him reading my first effort in literature. He was certainly quite irreconcilable.

"About this period of my career, as you may remember, I was particularly severe in my writings on the British Philistine, and on the sordid, self-conceited, money-grubbing secularity of the trading classes in this country. I denounced the hypocrisies of Sodom and the fleshpots of Gomorrah. The press took up my cry, and Philistinism had a bad time of it. Poor idiots, they thought that I had a grievance against society. Nothing of the kind. I was only trying to have my revenge on Sandie Macpherson.

"For, wrestle as I might against him, the man had mastered me. Folk might compare me to John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness, they might say that I had come to preach honesty and independence, pure living and high thinking, to a rotten generation, but Sandie Macpherson knew better. Sandie saw through me. It was no use posing as a great thinker and teacher before him. I minded his words, 'Mony things please the folk in London that wouldna gang doon in Glesgow.' It was humiliating, to say the least of it. Much as I despised the fellow, his attitude of invincible stupidity was something Titanic. To the bedside of the heathen Emperor a slave used to come each morning, saying, 'Philip, remember you must die!' To my bedside for many a day came the spirit of Sandie, saying, 'Thomas Ercildoune, remember you're a poor creature;' and I know it!

"I thought to have my revenge on Sandie at last, the day they made me Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow.

"More proud and exultant than you can

think, I went down to my natal city to deliver the rectorial address. I was an old man by this time, and had a great name all over the world. Such a reception as they gave me! As I stood in the large hall, with the Professors and citizens around me, the students in their thousands cheering me, fine ladies in the galleries smiling down upon me, I felt that I had reached the height of my ambition. I addressed them like a man inspired. I spoke of my early days, my struggles, my fondness for the country of my birth, and I was in the middle of a splendid peroration, when, all of a sudden, I became conscious of a man's face looking quietly up at me. One man's face, in all that sea of faces! But I knew it only too well—grim, cold, hard as granite, yet with a kind of pitying smile upon it—whose face could it be but the one I had dreaded all my life? The words went out of my head, and I ended feebly, sitting down into my chair with a sigh of relief when I had finished. * * * The next day there were columns in the papers, and in the course of the long report something to this effect: 'At this point of his discourse, alluding to his early days in this city, Mr. Ercildoune was visibly affected. His emotion was touching to witness, and he almost broke down, but amidst the loud cheering of his enormous audience he at last concluded his magnificent address.' 'Visibly affected,' indeed!—and 'touching emotion!' They little knew that my speech was nearly ruined by the sinister influence of Sandie Macpherson."

The great man paused, half amused, half angry, at the remembrance of his old experience. Reaching out his hand he took down a pipe from the mantelpiece, filled and lit it, and smoked for some minutes in silence, with his sad eyes fixed on the fire. I sat watching him reverently and wonderingly. At last he broke the silence:

"I never saw Sandie again after that.

"About a year ago, however, an old friend, a minister of the Kirk, coming on a visit from Glasgow, informed me that my former school-fellow, who was one of his congregation, had recently died. My friend had been with him frequently during his last illness, I asked, not without anxiety, if the poor fellow had still remembered me?

"My friend smiled.

"Oh, yes, he remembered you well,' he replied, 'and only a few days before his death he spoke about you.'

"Indeed! and what did he say?" I said carelessly.

"Shall I give you the very words?" asked my friend, laughing merrily.

"Certainly."

"They're telling me,' he said, 'that Ercildoune has just written another book. Lord, Minister, surely the world has gone clean daft! What can folks see in such a silly sump as you?'

"So Sandie passed away," concluded the old philosopher, "and now, whatever happens to me, I know that my career must be considered a failure, for the one dream of my existence, to make an impression on Sandie Macpherson, has been rendered impossible forever."

ROBERT BUCHANAN, b. 1841.

A BENEDICT CANTICLE.

Or all the insidious
Temptations invidious,
Contrived by the devil for pulling men down,
There's none more delusive,
Seductive, abusive,
Than the snare to a man with a wife out of town.

He feels such a delightfulness,
Stay-out-all-night-fulness,
Shall-I-get-tight?-fulness—
I own it with pain!—
A bachelor rakishness,
What-will-you-take?-ishness,
Next-day's-headache-ishness,
None can explain:

His wife may be beautiful,
Tender and dutiful—
'Tis not that her absence should cause him
delight:
But the cursed opportunity,
Baleful immunity,
Scatters his scruples as day scatters night.

He feels whiskey-and-water-ful,
Rapine-and-slaughter-ful,
Nothing-he-ought-to-ful,
To his toes' ends;
So bachelor-rally-some,
Quite *corps-de-ballet*-some,
Make-stories-talley-some
With wicked friends.

—Life.

THE COMET.

LAST year, before the carnival *fêles*, a report came to Hunebourg that the world was coming to an end. It was Doctor Zacharias Piper, of Colmar, who first spread this disagreeable news; he read it in the *Lame Messenger*, in the *Perfect Christian*, and in fifty other almanacs.

Zacharias Piper had calculated that a comet would descend from heaven on Shrove Tuesday, that it would have a tail thirty-five millions of leagues long, formed of boiling water, which would pass over the earth, so that the snows on the highest mountains would be melted, the trees dried up, and the people consumed.

It is true that an honest *savant* of Paris, named Popinot, wrote, a little later, that the comet would come without doubt, but that its tail would be composed of such light vapors that no one would feel the least inconvenience; that each one might attend quietly to his business; that he would be answerable for the truth. This assurance calmed all terrors.

Unfortunately, we have at Hunebourg an old wool-spinner, named Maria Finck, living in Three Pots Lane. She is a little old woman, white haired, all wrinkled, whom people go to consult in all the delicate circumstances of life. She lives in a low room, whose ceiling is ornamented with painted eggs, little bands of rose and blue, gilded nuts, and a thousand other curious things. She dresses herself in antique furbelows, and lives on buns, which gives her great authority in the country.

Maria Finck, instead of approving the opinion of good, honest M. Popinot, declared for Zacharias Piper, saying:

"Convert yourselves and pray; repent of your sins, and make your peace with the Church; for the end is near, the end is near!"

At the end of her room you see a representation of hell, where the people are going down by way of a road strewn with roses. No one mistrusts to what place this road is leading; they go dancing, some with a bottle in their hands, others with a ham, others with strings of sausages. A fiddler, his hat trimmed with ribbons, is playing on the fiddle to make their travels gay; several embrace their gossips, and all these unfortunates are approaching with

carelessness a chimney full of flames, where the foremost of them are already falling, with their arms extended and their legs in the air.

Just imagine the reflections of all reasonable beings on seeing this representation. We are not so virtuous that each one of us has not a certain number of sins on his conscience, and no one can flatter himself that he will sit down immediately at the right of the Lord. No, it would be very presumptuous to dare to imagine that things are going like that; it would be the mark of a pride much to be condemned. So most people said:

"We will not make any carnival, we will pass Shrove Tuesday in acts of contrition."

Never was anything seen like it. The adjutant and the captain of the place, as well as the sub-officers of the Third Company of the —th garrison at Hunebourg, were really in despair. All the preparations for the *fête*, the great town hall which they had decorated with moss and trophies of arms, the stage which they had raised for the orchestra, the beer, the *kirschwasser*, the *bischofs* which they had ordered for the *buvette*, in short, all the refreshments were going to be pure loss, because the young girls of the city wouldn't hear anything more said about the dance.

"I am not wicked," said Sergeant Duchêne, "but if I had hold of your Zacharias Piper, he would be lodged roughly."

The most disappointed of all were Daniel Spitz, the secretary of the mayoralty; Jérôme Bertha, the post-master's son; the tax-collector Dujardin, and myself. Eight days before we had made the voyage to Strasbourg to get costumes for ourselves. Uncle Toby had even given me fifty francs out of his own pocket, so that nothing should be wanting. I had chosen mine at M^{lle} Dardenai's under the little arcades, a Pierrot's costume. It is a sort of a shirt with large folds and long sleeves, trimmed with buttons in the form of onions, as large as the fist, which you toss from the chin to the thighs. You cover your head with a black cap, whiten the face with flour, and, provided you have a long nose, the cheeks hollowed and the eyes well shaded, it is admirable.

Dujardin, on account of his large paunch, had taken a Turk's costume embroidered on all the seams; Spitz had a Punch's coat, made of a thousand pieces of red, green, and yellow, a hump before, another behind,

a big *gendarme's* hat on the nape of his neck—you never saw anything handsomer. Jérôme Bertha was to be a savage, with parrot feathers. We were sure, in advance, that all the girls would quit their sergeants to hang on our arms, and when one goes to such expenses, to see everything going to the deuce for the fault of an old fool of a Zacharias Piper, isn't that enough to make one take a dislike to the whole human kind?

In fine, what would you have? People have always been the same; fools will always have the upper hand.

Shrove Tuesday came. The sky was full of snow. They looked to the right, the left, above, below—no comet! The young girls all appeared confused; the boys ran to their cousins, to their aunts, to their godmothers, to all the houses: "Now, you see, that old Finck is crazy, and your ideas about the comet are not sensible. Do comets come in the winter-time? Don't they always choose the vintage-time? Come, come, it must be decided; what the deuce—there is time enough still."

The sub-officers on their side went into the kitchens and spoke to the servants; they exhorted them, and loaded them with reproaches. Several recovered their courage. The old men and women came arm in arm to see the great hall of the mayoralty; the suns between the windows, made of sabres, daggers, and the small tri-colored flags, excited universal admiration. Then there came a change; they remembered it was Shrove Tuesday; the young girls hastened to take their petticoats out of the *armoire* and to wax their little shoes.

At ten o'clock, the great town hall was full of people. We had gained the battle; not a young girl of Hunebourg was missing at the roll-call. The clarionets, the trombones, the great drum, resounded; the high windows shone in the night, the waltzers turned like madmen, the country dances went on in their fashion; the girls and boys were in an inexpressible jubilation; the old grandmothers, seated comfortably near the wreaths, laughed with all their hearts. They jostled each other in the *buvette*; they could not serve enough refreshments; and Father Zimmer, who had been allowed to furnish these, might brag of having made his cabbages fat on that night.

All the length of the outside staircase, you could see those who had refreshed too much come stumbling down. Outside, the snow fell steadily.

Uncle Toby had given me the house key, to come in when I wished. Up to two o'clock I had not missed one waltz, but then I had enough; the refreshments were turning about over the heart. Once out in the street I felt better, and began to deliberate whether I should go back again, or whether I should go to bed. I would have liked to dance more; but on the other hand I was sleepy.

I decided to go home, at last, and I started for the Rue Saint Sylvestre, my elbow against the wall, and making all sorts of reasonings to myself.

For about ten minutes, I had been advancing thus into the night, and I was going to turn at the corner of the fountain, when, raising my nose by chance, I saw behind the trees on the ramparts a moon as red as a coal which was coming through the air. It was still millions of leagues off, but it was going so fast that it would be on us in a quarter of an hour. This sight upset me utterly: I felt my hair shriveling up, and I said to myself:

It's the comet! Zacharias Piper was right! And, without knowing what I was doing, I began to run toward the mayoralty. I climbed up the staircase, overturning those who were coming down, crying out in a terrible voice: "The comet! the comet!"

It was just the best time of the dance; the big drum was thundering away, the boys were stamping their feet—raising the leg when they turned—the girls were as red as corn-poppies; but when they heard this voice rising in the hall, "The comet! the comet!" there was a profound silence, and the people looking about, saw every one pale, their cheeks drawn down and their noses sharp.

Sergeant Duchêne, darting toward the door, stopped me and put his hand over my mouth, saying:

"Are you crazy? Will you hold your tongue?" But, I, throwing myself backward, did not cease repeating in a tone of despair, "The comet!" And already the footsteps were heard rolling down the staircase like thunder, the people rushing outside, women groaning—a frightful tumult. Some old women, seduced by Shrove Tuesday, raised their hands to heaven, stammering out: "Jesus! Maria! Joseph!"

In a few seconds the hall was empty. Duchêne left me: and hanging to the edge of a window, all exhausted, I looked at the

people who were running up the street. Then I went out, crazy with despair.

Passing by the *buvette*, I saw the sutler, Catharine Lagoutte, with Corporal Bouquet, who were drinking the last of a bowl of punch.

"Since it is ended," said they, "this will end it well." Below, on the staircase, a great number were sitting on the steps and confessing to each other. One said, "I have made usury!" another, "I have sold false weights!" another, "I have cheated at play!" All were talking at once, and from time to time they interrupted themselves to cry out together: "Lord, have mercy on us!"

I recognized Fèvre, the old baker, there, and Mother Lauritz. They beat themselves on the breast like wretched sinners. But all these things did not interest me; I had plenty of sins on my own account.

I soon caught up with those who were running toward the fountain. You should have heard the groans there; they all recognized the comet, and I found that it had doubled in size.

The crowd standing in the shadow never ceased repeating in lamentable tones:

"It is finished, it is finished! Oh, my God! it is finished! We are all lost!"

And the women invoked St. Joseph, St. Christopher, St. Nicholas; in short, all the saints in the calendar.

At this moment, I revised all my sins since I came to the age of reason, and I felt a horror at myself. I grew cold under my tongue, thinking that we were all going to be burned up; and, as the old beggar, Balthazar, was standing near me on his crutch, I embraced him, saying:

"Balthazar, when you are in Abraham's bosom, you will take pity on me. won't you?"

Then he replied, sobbing:

"I am a great sinner, M. Christian; for thirty years I have deceived the community out of love of idleness, for I am not so lame as they think."

"And I, Balthazar," said I to him, "I am the greatest criminal in Hunebourg."

We wept in one another's arms.

See, though, how people will be at the last judgment: kings with boot-blacks, citizens with the go-bare-foots. They will no longer be ashamed, one of the other; they will call each other brother; and he who is well shaved will not be afraid to embrace him who lets his beard go full of dirt,

because fire purifies all, and the fear of being burned makes your heart tender.

Oh! without hell, we wouldn't see so many good Christians; that is the finest thing in our holy religion.

At last, when we had all been on our knees there a quarter of an hour, Sergeant Duchêne arrived all out of breath. He had run first toward the arsenal, and seeing nothing down there, he came back by the Rue des Capuchins.

"Well!" said he, "what is it, then, that you have cried about?" Then perceiving the comet: "Thousand thunders!" cried he, "what is that?"

"It's the end of the world, sergeant," said Balthazar.

"The end of the world?"

"Yes; the comet!"

Then he began to swear like a devil, crying: "Now, if the adjutant of the place was there—they might know the countersign!"

Then all at once, drawing his sabre, and creeping along the wall, he said: "Forward! I don't care for it; I must push a reconnaissance."

Everybody admired his courage; and, attracted by his audacity, I followed behind him. We went softly, softly, our eyes staring, looking at the comet, which grew visibly to the eye, making some thousands of leagues each second. At last, we came to the corner of the old Capuchin convent. The comet seemed to be rising; the farther we advanced, the more it rose; we were obliged to raise our heads, so that, finally, Duchêne had his neck almost broken, looking straight up in the air. Twenty steps further off I saw the comet a little to one side. I asked myself if it was prudent to advance, when the sergeant stopped.

"*Sacre bleu!*" said he, in a low voice, "it is the reflector."

"The reflector," said I, coming up; is it possible?" And I looked astonished.

It was really the old reflector of the Capuchin convent. It was never lighted, for the reason that the Capuchins were gone since 1798, and at Hunebourg everybody went to bed with the chickens; but the night watch, Burhus, foreseeing that on that night there would be a good many drunk, had the charitable idea of putting a candle in, in order to prevent people from rolling into the ditch which runs along the ancient cloister, and then he had gone to bed by his wife's side.

We distinguished the branches of the

lantern very well. The wick was as big as your thumb; when the wind blew a little, this wick would light up and throw out flashes, and that is what made it move like a comet.

Seeing that, I was going to cry out to inform the others, when the sergeant said to me:

"Will you be quiet? If they knew that we had charged on a lantern, they would make fun of us. Attention!"

He unhooked the chain, all rusty; the reflector fell, making a great noise; after which we ran away. The others waited a long time yet; but, as the comet was extinguished, they ended also by gathering courage and going to bed.

The next day, the report spread that it was on account of Maria Finck's prayer that the comet had been extinguished; so, since that day, she is holier than ever.

That is how things happen in the good little city of Hunebourg.

ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN.
[Emile Erckmann, b. 1822; Alex. Chatrian, b. 1826.]

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

I.

I DISTINCTLY remember (and who dares doubt me?)

Having been (now, I care not who believes!)

An ape with a forest around about me—

Prodigious trees and enormous leaves,

Great bulks of flowers, gigantic grasses,

Boughs that bent not to any gale:

And thence, I date my contempt for Asses,

And my deep respect for the Devil's Tail!

II.

I shall never forget the exquisite feeling

Of elevation, sans thought, sans care,

When I twisted my tail round the wood's bough-ceiling,

And swung, meditatively, in the air.—

There's an advantage!—Fairer shapes can

Aspire, yearn upward, tremble and glow,

But, by means of their posteriority, apes can

Look down on aspirants that walk below!

III.

There was a life for a calm philosopher,

Self-supplied with jacket, and trousers, and socks,

Nothing to learn, no hopes to get cross over,

A head that resisted the hardest knocks,

Liquor and meat in serene fruition,

A random income from taxes free,

No cares at all, and but one ambition—

To swing by the Tail to the bough of a tree!

IV.

Whence I firmly believe, to the consternation

Of puppies who think monkeyosophy sin,

In gradual human degeneration

And a general apely origin.

Why, the simple truth's in a nutshell or thimble,

Though it rouses the monkey in ignorant elves;

And the Devil's Tail is a delicate symbol

Of apehood predominant still in ourselves.

V.

Pure class government, family glory,

Were the delights of that happy lot;

My politics were serenely Tory,

And I claim'd old descent from God knows what:

Whence I boast extraction loftier, nobler,

Than the beggarly Poets one often meets,

A boast I am happy to share with the cobbler

Who whisked his Tail out—to whip John Keats.

VI.

There was a life, I assever! With reasons

That lead me to scorn every star-gazing Ass;

And because I loved it, at certain seasons

'Tis a pleasure to gaze in the looking-glass.

When the bright sun beckons the spring,

green-deckt, up

The Ape swells within me: whenever I see

Mortals look skyward, walking erect up,

I long for a Tail and a large strong Tree!

ROBERT BUCHANAN, b. 1841.

BARNY O'REIRDON.

BARNY O'REIRDON was a fisherman of Kensal, and a heartier fellow never hauled a net or cast a line into the deep water: indeed, Barny, independently of being a merry boy among his companions, a lover of good fun and good whiskey, was rather looked up to by his brother fishermen as an intelligent fellow, and few boats brought more fish to market than Barny O'Reirdon's; his opinion on certain points in the craft was considered law, and, in short, in

his own little community, Barny was what is commonly called a leading man.

Seated one night in a public house, the common resort of Barny and other marine curiosities, our hero got entangled in debate with what he called a strange sail—that is to say, a man he had never met before, and whom he was inclined to treat rather magisterially upon nautical subjects—at the same time that the stranger was equally inclined to assume the high hand over him, till at last the new-comer made a regular out-break by exclaiming, "Ah, tare-an'-oun's, lave off your balderdash, Mr. O'Reidon, by the powdher's o' war it's enough, so it is, to make a dog bate his father, to hear you goin' on as if you wor Curlumberus or Sir Crustyphez Wran, when ivery one knows the divil a farther you ivir wor nor ketchin' crabs or drudgin' oysters."

"Who towld you that, my Watherford Wondher?" rejoined Barny: "what the dickins do you know about sayfarin', farther nor fishin' for sprats in a bowl wid your grandmother?"

"Oh, baithershin!" says the stranger.

"And who made you so bowld with my name?" demanded O'Reidon.

"No matter for that," says the stranger; "but if you'd like for to know, shure it's your cousin Molly Mullins knows me well, and maybe I don't know you and yours as well as the mother that bore you—ay, in throth; and shure I know the very thoughts o' you as well as if I was inside o' you, Barny O'Reidon."

"By my sowl, thin, you know betther thoughts than your own, Mr. Whippersnapper, if that's the name you go by."

"No, it's not the name I go by; I've as good a name as your own, Mr. O'Reidon, for want of a betther, and that's O'Sullivan."

"Throth, there's more than there's good o' them," said Barny.

"Good or bad, I'm a cousin o' your own twice removed by the mother's side."

"And is it the Widda O'Sullivan's boy you'd be, that left this come Candlemas four years?"

"The same."

"Throth, thin you might know betther manners to your eldher's, though I'm glad to see you, anyhow, agin: but a little thravellin' puts us beyant ourselves sometimes," said Barny, rather contemptuously.

"Throth, I nivr bragged ont o' myself yit, and it's what I say, that a man that's only a fishin' aff the land all his life has no

business to compare in the regard o' thrackericks wid a man that has sailed to Fingal." This silenced any further argument on Barny's part. Where Fingal lay was all Greek to him; but, unwilling to admit his ignorance, he covered his retreat with the usual address of his countrymen, and turned the bitterness of debate into the cordial flow of congratulation at seeing his cousin again.

The liquor was freely circulated and the conversation began to take a different turn, in order to lead from that which had nearly ended in a quarrel between O'Reidon and his relation.

After the introduction of the liquor, it would not be an easy matter to pursue the conversation that followed. Let us, therefore, transfer our story to the succeeding morning, when Barny O'Reidon strolled forth from his cottage, rather later than usual, with his eyes bearing eye-witness to the carouse of the preceding night. He sauntered about in the sun, at which he often looked up, under the shelter of compressed bushy brows, and long-lashed eyelids, and a shadowing hand across his forehead, to see "what time o' day" it was; and, from the frequency of this action, it was evident the day was hanging heavily with Barny. He retired at last to a sunny nook in a neighboring field, and stretching himself at full length, basked in the sun, and began "to chew the oud of sweet and bitter fancy."

He first reflected on his own undoubted weight in his little community; but still he could not get over the annoyance of the preceding night, arising from his being silenced by O'Sullivan, "a chap," as he said himself, "that lift the place four years ago, a brat iv a boy, and to think iv his comin' back and outdoin' his eldher's, that saw him runnin' about the place, a gossoon, that one could tache a few months before;" 't was too bad. Barny saw his reputation was in a ticklish condition and began to consider how his disgrace could be retrieved. The very name of Fingal was hateful to him; it was a plague-spot on his peace that festered there incurably. He first thought of leaving Kinsale altogether; but flight implied so much of defeat, that he did not long indulge in that notion. No; he *would* stay, "in spite of all the O'Sullivan's kith and kin, breed, seed and generation." But, at the same time, he should never hear the end of that hateful place, Fingal; and

if Barny had had the power, he would have enacted a penal statute, making it death to name the accursed spot, wherever it was; but not being gifted with such legislative authority, he felt Kinsale was no place for him, if he would not submit to be flouted every hour out of the four and twenty, by man, woman, and child, that wished to annoy him. What was to be done? He was in the perplexing situation, to use his own words, "of the cat in the tripe shop;" he didn't know which way to choose. At last, after turning himself over in the sun several times, a new idea struck him. Couldn't he go to Fingal himself? and then he'd be equal to that upstart, O'Sullivan. No sooner was the thought engendered, than Barny sprang to his feet a new man; his eye brightened, his step became once more elastic—he walked erect, and felt himself to be all over Barny O'Reirdon once more. "Richard was himself again."

But where was Fingal?—there was the rub. That was a profound mystery to Barny, which, until discovered, must hold him in the vile bondage of inferiority. The plain-dealing reader will say, "Could n't he ask?" No, no; that would never do for Barny—that would be an open admission of ignorance his soul was above, and, consequently, Barny set his brains to work to devise measures of coming at the hidden knowledge by some circuitous route, that would not betray the end he was working for. To this purpose, fifty stratagems were raised and demolished in half as many minutes, in the fertile brain of Barny, as he strided along the shore; and as he was working hard at the fifty-first, it was knocked all to pieces by his jostling against some one whom he never perceived he was approaching, so immersed was he in speculations, and on looking up, who should it prove to be but his friend "the long sailor from the Aysthern Ingees." This was quite a godsend to Barny, and much beyond what he could have hoped for. Of all the men under the sun, the long sailor was the man in a million for Barny's net at that minute, and accordingly he made a haul of him, and thought it the greatest catch he had ever made in his life.

Barny and the long sailor were in close companionship for the remainder of the day, which was closed, as the preceding one, in a carouse; but on this occasion there was only a duet performance in honor of the jolly god, and the treat was at Barny's ex-

pense. What the nature of their conversation during the period was, I will not dilate on, but keep it as profound a secret as Barny himself did, and content myself with saying that Barny looked a much happier man the next day.

It was in this agreeable spirit that Barny bent his course to the house of Peter Kelly, in order to put in practice a plan he had formed for the fulfilment of his determination of rivalling O'Sullivan.

As the Irish saying is, "to make a long story short," Barny prevailed on Peter Kelly to make an export, but in the nature of the venture they did not agree. Barny had proposed potatoes; Peter said there were enough of them already where he was going, and Barny rejoined that "praties were so good in themselves, there never could be too much o' thim any where." But Peter being a "knowledgeable man, and up to all the saycrets o' the airth, and understanding the the-o-ry and the che-mis-thery," overruled Barny's proposition, and determined upon a cargo of *scalpeens* (which name they give to pickled mackerel), as a preferable merchandise, quite forgetting that Dublin Bay herrings were a much better and as cheap a commodity, at the command of the Fingalians. But by many similar mistakes, the ingenious Mr. Kelly has been paralleled by other speculators. But that is neither here nor there, and it was all one to Barny whether his boat was freighted with potatoes or *scalpeens*, so long as he had the honor and glory of becoming a navigator, and being as good as O'Sullivan.

The boat was laden and all got in readiness for putting to sea, and nothing was now wanting but Barny's orders to haul up the gaff and shake out the jib of his hooker.

But this order Barny refrained to give, and for the first time in his life exhibited a disinclination to leave the shore. One of his fellow-boatmen, at last, said to him, "Why, thin, Barny O'Reirdon, what the devil is come over you, at all at all? What's the maynin' of your loitherin' about here, and the boat ready and a lovely fine breeze aff o' the land?"

"Oh! never you mind; I b'lieve I know my own business anyhow, an' it's hard, so it is, if a man can't order his own boat to sail when he plazes."

"Oh! I was only thinkin' it quare—and a pity more betoken, as I said before, to lose the beautiful breeze, and——"

"Well, just keep your thoughts to yourself, if you please, and stay in the boat as I bid you, and don't be out of her on your apperl, by no manner o' manes, for you see I don't know when it may be plazin' to me to go aboard an' set sail."

"Well, all I can say is, I never seen you afeared to go to say before."

"Who says I'm afeard?" said O'Reirdon; "you'd better not say that agin, or in throth I'll give you a leatherin' that won't be for the good o' your health—throth, for three straws this minit I'd lave you that your own mother wouldn't know you with the lickin' I'd give you; but I scorn your dirty insinuation; no man ever seen Barny O'Reirdon afeard yet, anyhow. Howld your prate, I tell you, and look up to your betthers. What do you know iv navigation? maybe you think it's as easy for to sail an a voyage as to go a start fishin';" and Barny turned on his heel and left the shore.

Well, the next day was Friday, and Barny, of course, would not sail on this unpropitious day. On Saturday, however, he came running in a great hurry down to the shore, and, jumping aboard, he gave orders to make all sail, and taking the helm of the hooker, he turned her head to the sea, and soon the boat was cleaving the blue waters with a velocity seldom witnessed in so small a craft, and scarcely conceivable to those who have not seen the speed of a Kinsale hooker.

"Why, thin, you tuk the notion mighty suddint, Barny," said the fisherman next in authority to O'Reirdon, as soon as the bustle of getting the boat under way had subsided.

"Well, I hope it's plazin' to you at last," said Barny; "throth one 'ud think you were never at say before, you wor in such a hurry to be off; as new-fangled a'most as a child with a play-toy."

"Well," said the other of Barny's companions (for there were but two with him in the boat), "I was thinkin' myself as well as Jimmy, that we lost two fine days for nothin', and we'd be there a'most, maybe, now, if we sail'd three days agon."

"Don't b'lieve it," said Barny emphatically. "Now, don't you know yourself that there is some days that the fish won't come near the lines at all, and that we might as well be castin' our nets an the dhry land as in the say, for all we'll catch if we start an unlooky day? and sure I towld you I was waitin' only till I had it given to me to

undherstan' that it was looky to sail; and I go bail we'll be there sooner than if we started three days agon, for if you don't start with good look before you, faix, maybe it's never at all to the end o' your thrip you'll come."

"Well, there's no use in talkin' about it now anyhow; but when do you expect to be there?"

"Why, you see we must wait antil I can tell you how the wind is like to hould on, before I can make up my mind to that."

"But you're sure now, Barny, that you're up to the coorse you have to run?"

"See now, lay me alone and don't be crass-questionin' me—tare-an-'oun's, do you think me sitch a bladdherang as for to go to shuperinscribe a thing I wasn't aiquil to?"

"No; I was only goin' to ax you what coorse you wor goin' to steer?"

"You'll find out soon enough when we get there—and so I bid you agin, lay me alone—just keep your toe in your pump. Shure I'm here at the helm, and a weight on my mind, and it's fither for you, Jim, to mind your own business and lay me to mind mine. Away wid you there and be handy, haul taut that foresheet there, we must run close an the wind; be handy, boys; make everything dhraw."

These orders were obeyed, and the hooker soon passed to windward of a ship that left the harbor before her, but could not hold on a wind with the same tenacity as the hooker, whose qualities in this particular render it peculiarly suitable for the purposes to which it is applied, namely, pilot and fishing boat.

We have said a ship left the harbor before the hooker had set sail, and it is now fitting to inform the reader that Barny had contrived, in the course of his last meeting with the "long sailor," to ascertain that this ship, then lying in the harbor, was going to the very place Barny wanted to reach. Barny's plan of action was decided in a moment; he had now nothing to do but to watch the sailing of the ship and follow in her course. Here was, at once, a new mode of navigation discovered.

But Barny, like many a great man before him, seemed not to be aware of how much credit he was entitled to for his invention, for he did not divulge to his companions the originality of his proceeding; he wished them to believe he was only proceeding in the common-place manner, and

had no ambition to be distinguished as the happy projector of so simple a practice.

For this purpose he went to windward of the ship and then fell off again, allowing her to pass him, as he did not wish even those on board the ship to suppose he was following in their wake; for Barny, like all people that are quite full of one scheme, and fancy everybody is watching them, dreaded lest any one should fathom his motives. All that day Barny held on the same course as his leader, keeping at a respectful distance, however, "for fear 't would look like dodging her," as he said to himself; but as night closed in, so closed in Barny with the ship, and kept a sharp look-out that she should not give him the slip in the dark. The next morning dawned, and found the hooker and ship companions still; and thus matters proceeded for four days, during the entire of which time they had not seen land since their first losing sight of it, although the weather was clear.

"By my sowl," thought Barny, "the channel must be mighty wide in these parts, and for the last day or so we've been goin' purty free with a flowin' sheet, and I wonder we are n't closin' in wid the shore by this time; or may be it's farther off than I thought it was." His companions, too, began to question Barny on the subject, but to their queries he presented an impenetrable front of composure, and said, "it was always the best plan to keep a good bowld offin'." In two days more, however, the weather began to be sensibly warmer, and Barny and his companions remarked that it was "goin' to be the finest sayson—God bless it—that ever kem out o' the skies for many a long year; and maybe it's the whate wouldn't be beautiful, and a great plenty of it." It was at the end of a week that the ship which Barny had hitherto kept a-head of him, showed symptoms of bearing down upon him, as he thought, and, sure enough, she did; and Barny began then to conjecture what the ship could want with him, and commenced inventing answers to the questions he thought it possible might be put to him in case the ship spoke to him. He was soon being put out of suspense by being hailed and ordered to run under her lee, and the captain, looking over the quarter, asked Barny where he was going.

"Faith thin, I'm goin' an my business," said Barny.

"But where?" said the captain.

"Why, sure, an' it's no matter where

a poor man like me id be goin'," said Barny.

"Only I'm curious to know what you've been following my ship for, for the last week?"

"Follyin' your ship!—Why thin, blur-an'-agers, do you think it's follyin' yiz I am?"

"It's very like it," said the captain.

"Why, did two people niver thravel the same road before?"

"I don't say they did n't; but there's a great difference between a ship of seven hundred tons and a hooker."

"Oh, as for that matter," said Barny, "the same high road serves a coach and four, and a low-back car; the thravellin' tinker an' a lord a' horseback."

"That's very true," said the captain, "but the cases are not the same, Paddy, and I can't conceive what brings you here."

"And who ax'd you to consayve anything about it?" asked Barny, somewhat sturdily.

"Hang me, if I can imagine what you're about, my fine fellow," said the captain, "and my own notion is that you don't know where you're going yourself."

"O bathershin!" said Barny, with a laugh of derision.

"Why then do you object to tell?" said the captain.

"Arrah sure, captain an' don't you know that sometimes vessels is bound to sail *saycret ordher*?" said Barny, endeavoring to foil the question by badinage.

There was a universal laugh from the deck of the ship, at the idea of a fishing-boat sailing under secret orders: for, by this time, the whole broadside of the vessel was crowded with grinning mouths and wondering eyes at Barny and his boat.

"Oh, it's a thrife makes fools laugh," said Barny.

"Take care, my fine fellow, that you don't be laughing at the wrong side of your mouth before long; for I've a notion that you're cursedly in the wrong box, as cunning a fellow as you think yourself. Can't you tell what brings you here?"

"Why thin, by gor, one id think the whole say belonged to you, you're so mighty bowld in axin' questions an it. Why, tare-an'-oun's, sure I've as much right here as you, though I haven't as big a ship nor so fine a coat—but maybe I can take as good sailin' out o' the one, and has as bowld a heart under th' other."

"Very well," said the captain, "I see there's no use in talking to you, so go your

own way." And away bore the ship, leaving Barny in indignation, and his companions in wonder.

"An' why would n't you tell him?" said they to Barny.

"Why, don't you see," said Barny, whose object was now to blind them, "don't you see, how do I know but maybe he might be goin' to the same place himself, and maybe he has a cargo of *scalpeens* as well as us, and wants to get before us there?"

"Thru for you, Barny," said they. "By dad you're right." And their inquiries being satisfied, the day passed as former ones had done in pursuing the course of the ship.

In four days more, however, the provisions in the hooker began to fail, and they were obliged to have recourse to the *scalpeens* for sustenance; and Barny then got seriously uneasy at the length of the voyage, and the likely greater length, for anything he could see to the contrary; and, urged at last by his own alarms and those of his companions, he was enabled, as the wind was light, to gain on the ship, and when he found himself alongside he demanded a parley with the captain.

The captain, on hearing that the "hardy hooker," as she got christened, was under his lee, came on deck, and as soon as he appeared Barny cried out—

"Why, thin, blur-an'-agers, captain dear, do you expect to be there soon?"

"Where?" said the captain.

"Oh, you know yourself," said Barny.

"It's well for me I do," said the captain.

"Thru for you, indeed, your honor," said Barny in his most insinuating tone; "but whin will you be at the end o' your voyage, captain jewel?"

"I dare say in about three months," said the captain.

"Oh, Holy Mother!" ejaculated Barny; "three months!—arrah, it's jokin' you are, captain dear, and only want to freken me."

"How should I frighten you?" asked the captain.

"Why, thin, your honor, to tell the thruth, I heerd you were goin' *there*, an' as I wanted to go there too, I thought I couldn't do better nor to folly a knowledgeable gentleman like yourself, and save myself the trouble iv findin' it out."

"And where do you think I *am* going?" said the captain.

"Why, thin," said Barny, "is n't it to Fingal?"

"No," said the captain, "'tis to *Bengal*."

"Oh! Gog's blakey!" said Barny, "what 'll I do now, at all at all?"

The captain ordered Barny on deck, as he wished to have some conversation with him on what he, very naturally, considered a most extraordinary adventure. Heaven help the captain! he knew little of Irishmen, or he would not have been so astonished. Barny made his appearance. Puzzling question, and more puzzling answer, followed in quick succession between the commander and Barny, who, in the midst of his dilemma, stamped about, thumped his head, squeezed his caubeen into all manner of shapes, and vented his despair anathematically—

"Oh, my heavy hathred to you, you tarnal thief iv a long sailor, it's a purty scrape yiv let me into. By gor, I thought it was *Fingal* he said, and now I hear it is *Bingal*. Oh! the devil sweep you for navigation, why did I meddle or make with you at all at all! And my curse light on you, Teddy O'Sullivan, why did I iver come across you, you onlooky vagabone, to put sitch thoughts in my head! An' so it's *Bingal*, and not *Fingal*, you're goin' to, captain?"

"Yes, indeed, Paddy."

"An' might I be bold to ax, captain, is *Bingal* much farther nor *Fingal*?"

"A trifle or so, Paddy."

"Och, thin, millia murther, weirasthru! how 'll I iver get there, at all at all?" roared out poor Barny.

"By turning about, and getting back the road you've come, as fast as you can."

"Is it back? Oh! Queen iv heaven! an' how will I iver get back?" said the bewildered Barny.

"Then you don't know your course, it appears?"

"Oh, faix I knew it, iligant, as long as your honor was before me."

"But you don't know your course back?"

"Why, indeed, not to say rightly all out, your honor."

"Can't you steer?" said the captain.

"The devil a betther hand at the tiller in all Kinsale," said Barny, with his usual brag.

"Well, so far so good," said the captain; "and you know the points of the compass—you have a compass, I suppose?"

"A compass! By my sowl an' it's not let alone a compass, but a pair of compasses I have, that my brother, the carpinther left me for a keepsake whin he wint abroad: but indeed as for the points o' thim I can't

say much, for the childher spylt thim intirely, rootin' holes in the flure."

"Confound your thick head!" said the captain, "Why, what an ignoramus you must be not to know what a compass is, and you at sea all your life? Do you even know the cardinal points?"

"The cardinals? faix an' it's a great respect I have for thim, your honor. Sure, ar'n't they belongin' to the pope?"

"Confound you, you blockhead!" roared the captain, in a rage—"t would take the patience of the pope and the cardinals, and the cardinal virtues into the bargain, to keep one's temper with you. Do you know the four points of the wind?"

"I do, and more."

"Well, never mind more, but let us stick to four. You're sure you know the four points of the wind?"

"By dad, it would be a quare thing if a sayfarin' man didn't know something about the wind, anyhow." By gor, I know as much o' the wind a'most as a pig."

"Indeed I believe so," laughed out the captain.

"Oh, you may laugh if you plaze, and I see by the same that you don't know about the pig, with all your edication, captain."

"Well, what about the pig?"

"Why, sir, did you never hear a pig can see the wind?"

"I can't say that I did."

"Oh, thin he does, and for that rayson who has a right to know more about it?"

"You don't for one, I dare say, Paddy; and maybe you have a pig aboard to give you information."

"Sorra taste, your honor, not as much as a rasher o' bacon; but it's maybe your honor never seen a pig tossin' up his snout, consaited like, and running like mad afore a storm."

"Well, what if I have?"

"Well, sir, that is when they see the wind a-comin'."

"Maybe so, Paddy, but all this knowledge in piggery won't find you your way home; and, if you take my advice, you will give up all thoughts of endeavoring to find your way back, and come on board. I cannot leave you here on the open sea, with every chance of being lost."

"Why thin, indeed, and I'm behowlden to your honor; and it's the hoighth o' kindness, so it is, your offer; and it's nothin' else but a gentleman you are, every

inch o' you; but I hope it's not so bad wid us yet, as to do the likes o' that."

"Well, Paddy," said the captain, after trying to persuade him to come along with the ship, "as you are determined to go back in spite of all I can say, you must attend to me while I give you as simple instructions as I can. You say you know the four points of the wind, north, south, east and west."

"Yis, sir."

"How do you know them, for I must see that you are not likely to make a mistake. How do you know the points?"

"Why, you see, sir, the sun, God bless it, rises in the aist, and sets in the west, which stands to raison; and whin you stand bechurt the aist and the west, the north is forinist you."

"And when the north is forinist you, as you say, is the east on your right, or your left hand?"

"On the right hand, your honor."

"Well, I see you know that much, however. Now," said the captain, "the moment you leave the ship, you must steer a nor-east course, and you will make some land, near home, in about a week, if the wind holds as it is now, and it is likely to do so; but mind me, if you turn out of your course in the smallest degree, you are a lost man."

"Many thanks to your honor!"

"And how are you off for provisions?"

"Why, thin, indeed, in the regard o' that same, we are in the hoighth o' distress, for, exceptin' the scalpeens, sorra taste passed our lips for these four days."

"Oh! you poor devils!" said the commander, in a tone of sincere commiseration, "I'll order you some provisions on board before you start."

"Long life to your honor! and I'd like to drink the health of so noble a jintleman."

"I understand you, Paddy, you shall have grog, too!"

"Musha, the heavens shower blessins an you, I pray the Virgin Mary, and the twelve apostles, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, not forgettin' St. Patrick."

"Thank you, Paddy; but keep all your prayers for yourself, for you need them all to help you home again."

"Oh! never fear whin the thing is to be done, I'll do it, by dad, wid a heart and a half."

"Now, then, Barny, the sooner you turn

your face towards home the better," said the captain: "since you will go, there is no need in losing more time. Are you sure you remember my directions?"

"Throth an' I'll never forget them to the day o' my death, and is bound to pray, more betoken, for you and yours."

"Don't mind praying for me till you get home, Barny! but answer me, how are you to steer when you shall leave me?"

"The nor-aist coorse, your honor; that's the coorse agin the world."

"Remember that I never alter that coorse till you see land—let nothing make you turn out of a nor-east coorse."

"Throth an' that id be a dirty turn, seein' that 't was yourself that ordered it. Oh, no, I'll depend my life an the nor-aist coorse, and God help any one that comes betune me an' it—I'd run him down if he was my father."

"Well, good-bye, Barny."

"Good-bye, and God bless you, your honor, and send you safe."

"That's a wish you want more for yourself, Barny—never fear for me, but mind yourself well."

"Oh sure I'm as good as at home wanst I know the way' barrin' the wind is contrary: sure the nor-aist coorse 'ill do the business complate." And so saying, Barny descended the ship's side, and once more assumed the helm of the "hardy hooker."

The two vessels now separated on their opposite courses. What a contrast their relative situations afforded. Proudly the ship bore away under her lofty and spreading canvass, cleaving the billows before her, manned by an able crew, and under the guidance of experienced officers—the finger of science to point the course of her progress, the faithful chart to warn her of the hidden rock, and the shoal, the log line and the quadrant to measure her march and prove her position. The poor little hooker cleft not the billows; each wave lifted her on its crest like a sea-bird; but three inexperienced fishermen to manage her; no certain means to guide them over the vast ocean they had to traverse, and the holding of the "fickle wind" the only chance of their escape from perishing in the wilderness of waters. By the one, the feeling excited is supremely that of man's power. By the other of his utter helplessness. To the one, the expanse of ocean could scarcely be considered "trackless." To the other, it was a waste indeed.

Yet the cheer that burst from the ship at parting was answered as gaily from the hooker as though the odds had not been so fearfully against her, and no blither heart beat on board the ship than that of Barny O'Reirdon.

Happy light-heartedness of my poor countrymen! they have often need of all their buoyant spirits! How kindly have they been fortified by nature against the assaults of adversity; and if they blindly rush into danger, they cannot be denied the possession of gallant hearts to fight their way out of it if they can.

But each hurrah became less audible. By degrees the cheers dwindled into faintness, and, finally were lost in the eddies of the breeze.

The sense of utter loneliness and desolation had not come upon Barney until now; but he put his trust in the goodness of Providence, and, in a fervent inward out-pouring of prayer, resigned himself to the care of his Creator.

The night fell, and Barny stuck to the helm as long as nature could sustain want of rest, and then left it in charge of one of his companions, with particular directions how to steer, and ordered, if any change in the wind occurred, that they should instantly awake him. He could not sleep long, however; the fever of anxiety was upon him, and the morning had not long dawned when he awoke. He had not well rubbed his eyes and looked about him, when he thought he saw a ship in the distance approaching them. As the haze cleared away, she showed distinctly bearing down towards the hooker. On board the ship, the hooker, in such a sea, caused surprise as before, and in about an hour she was so close as to hail, and ordered the hooker to run under her lee.

"The devil a taste," said Barny, "I'll not quit my *nor-aist coorse* for the king of England, nor Bonyparty into the bargain. Bad cess to you, do you think I've nothing to do but to plaze you?"

Again he was hailed, and fired at, but he preserved his course, and got clear off.

The third day Barny's fears for the continuity of his *nor-aist-coorse* were excited. as a large brig hove in sight, and the nearer she approached, the more directly she came athwart Barny's course.

"May the devil sweep you," said Barny, "and will nothin' else sarve you than comin' forninst me that-a-way. Brig-ahoy,

there!" shouted Barny, giving the tiller to one of his messmates, and standing at the bow of his boat. "Brig-ahoy, there! Bad luck to you; go 'long out o' my *nor-aist coorse*." The brig, instead of obeying his mandate, hove to, and lay right ahead of the hooker. "Oh look at this," shouted Barny, and he stamped on the deck with rage—"look at the blackguards where they're stayin', just a-purpose to ruin an unfort'nate man like me. My heavy hatched to you; *quit* this minit, or I'll run down an yez; and if we go to the bottom, we'll hant you for ever more—go 'long out o' that, I tell you. The curse o' Crummil an you, you stupid vagabones, that won't go out in a man's *nor-aist coorse*!"

From cursing Barny went to praying as he came closer—"For the tender mercy o' heavin, and leave my way. May the Lord reward you, and get you out o' my *nor-aist coorse*! May angels make your bed in heavin, and don't ruinate me this a-way." The brig was immovable, and Barny gave up in despair, having cursed and prayed himself hoarse, and finished with a duet volley of prayers and curses together, apostrophising the hard case of a man being "*done out of his nor-aist coorse*."

"A-hoy there!" shouted a voice from the brig; "you're a small craft to be so far at sea. I suppose you have provisions on board."

"To be sure we have; throth if we had n't, this'd be a bad place to go a beggin'."

"What have you eatable?"

"The finest o' scalpeens."

"What are scalpeens?"

"Why, you're mighty ignorant, intirely," said Barny, "why, scalpeens is pickled mackarel."

"Then you must give us some, for we have been out of everything eatable these three days, and even pickled fish is better than nothing."

It chanced that the brig was a West India trader, that unfavorable winds had delayed much beyond the expected period of time on her voyage, and though her water had not failed, everything eatable had been consumed, and the crew reduced almost to helplessness. In such a strait, the arrival of Barny O'Reirdon and his "scalpeens" was a most providential succor to them, and a lucky chance for Barny, for he got in exchange for his pickled fish a handsome return of rum and sugar, much more than

equivalent to their value. Barny lamented much, however, that the brig was not bound for Ireland; that he might practice his own peculiar system of navigation; but as staying with the brig could do no good, he got himself put into his *nor-aist coorse* once more, and ploughed away towards home.

The disposal of his cargo was great good luck to Barny in more ways than one. In the first place he found the most profitable market he could have had; and, secondly, it enabled him to cover his retreat from the difficulty which was still before him, of not getting to Fingal, after all his dangers, and, consequently, being open to discovery and disgrace. All these beneficial results were not thrown away upon one of Barny's readiness to avail himself of every point in his favor; and, accordingly, when they left the brig, Barny said to his companions, "Why, thin, boys, 'pon my conscience but I'm as proud as a horse wid a wooden leg this minit, that we met them poor unfort'nate craythers this blessed day, and was enabled to extend our charity to them. Sure an' it's lost they'd be only for our comin' across them, and we, through the blessin' o' God, enabled to do an act of mercy, that is feedin' the hungry; and sure every good work we do here is before us in heaven—and that's a comfort, anyhow. To be sure, now that the scalpeens is sowld, there's no use in going to Fingal, and we may as well jist go home. To the divil now wid Terry O'Sullivan, what does he know what's an elegant place? What knowledge has he of iligance? I'll go bail he never was half as far a navigatin' as we—he wint the short cut, I go bail, and never daur'd for to vinture the round, as I did."

Nothing particular occurred for the two succeeding days, during which time Barny most religiously pursued his *nor-aist coorse*, but the third day produced a new and important event. A sail was discovered on the horizon, and in the direction Barny was steering, and a couple of hours made him tolerably certain that the vessel in sight was an American; for, though it is needless to say, he was not very conversant in such matters, yet from the frequency of his seeing Americans trading to Ireland, his eye had become sufficiently accustomed to their lofty and tapering spars, and peculiar smartness of rig, to satisfy him that the ship before him was of transatlantic build: nor was he wrong in his conjecture.

Barny now determined on a *manceuvre*,

classing him amongst the first tacticians at securing a good retreat. He calculated the American was bound for Ireland, and as she lay *almost* as directly in the way of his *nor-aist coorse*, as the West Indian brig he bore up to and spoke her.

He was answered by a shrewd Yankee captain.

"Faix, an' it's glad I am to see your honor agin," said Barny.

The Yankee had never been to Ireland, and told Barny so, and that a pilot was wanted for Cove.

"You know Cove?" said the American.

"Is it the Cove o' Cork, why?"

"Yes."

"I was bred an' born there, and pilots as many ships into Cove as any other two min out of it."

Barny thus sheltered his falsehood under the idiom of his language.

"But what brought you so far out to sea?" asked the captain.

"We wor lyin' out lookin' for ships that wanted pilots, and there kem an the terriblest gale o' wind aff the land, an' blew us out to say intirely, an' that's the way iv it, your honor."

"I calculate we got a share of the same gale: 't was from the nor-east."

"Oh, directly!" said Barny, "faith you're right enough, 't was the *nor-aist coorse* we wor an sure enough; but no matter now that we've met wid you—sure we'll have a job home anyhow."

"Well, get aboard then," said the American.

"I will in a minit, your honor, when I just spake a word to my comrades here."

"Why sure it's not goin' to turn pilot you are?" said Jemmy, in his simplicity of heart.

"Whisht, you omadhaun!" said Barny, "or I'll cut the tongue out o' ye. Now, mind me, Pether; you don't undherstan' navigashin' and the various branches o' knowledge, an' so all you have to do is to follow the ship when I get into her, an' I'll show you the way home."

Barny then got aboard the American vessel, and begged of the captain, that as he had been out at sea so long, and had gone through "a power o' hardships intirely," that he would be permitted to go below and turn in to take a sleep, "for, in throth, it's myself and sleep that is sthrayngers for some time," said Barny; "an' if your honor'll be plazed I'll be thankful if you won't

let them disturb me until I'm wanted,—for sure till you see the land, there's no use for me in life, an' throth I want a sleep sorely."

Barny's request was granted, and it will not be wondered at, that after so much fatigue of mind and body, he slept profoundly for four and twenty hours. He then was called, for land was in sight; and when he came on deck, the captain rallied him upon the potency of his somniferous qualities, and "calculated" he had never met any one who could sleep "four and twenty hours on a stretch before."

"Oh, sir," said Barny, rubbing his eyes, which were still a little hazy, "whiniver I go to sleep, I *pay attention* to it."

The land was soon neared, and Barny put in charge of the ship, when he ascertained the first land mark he was acquainted with; but as soon as the head of Kinsale hove in sight, Barny gaye a "who," and cut a caper that astonished the Yankees, and was quite inexplicable to them, though, we flatter ourselves, it is not to those who do Barny the favor of reading his adventures.

"Oh! there you are, my darlint ould head! an' where's the head like you! throth it's little I thought I'd ever set eyes on your good-looking faytures agin." In such half-muttered exclamations did Barny apostrophise each well-known point of his native shore, and, when opposite the harbor of Kinsale, he spoke the hooker, that was somewhat astern, and ordered Jemmy and Peter to put in there, and tell Molly immediately that he was come back, and would be with her as soon as he could after piloting the ship into Cove.

The Hooker put into Kinsale, and Barny sailed the ship into Cove. It was the first ship he had ever acted the pilot for, and his old luck attended him; no accident befel his charge, and, what was still more extraordinary, he made the American believe he was absolutely the most skilful pilot on the station. So Barny pocketed his pilot's fee, swore the Yankee was a gentleman, for which the Republican did not thank him, wished him good-bye, and then pushed his way home with what Barny swore was the easiest made money he ever had in his life. So Barny got himself paid for piloting the ship that *showed him the way* home.

MISERY loves company, and so does a marriageable young lady.

DICK SPARROW'S EVENING "OUT."

It was with a perceptible amount of nervous excitement that Mr. Richard Sparrow stood in superintendence, while an old fellow—the private watchman of the neighborhood—put up the shutters of the shop in which his father during so many years had carried on the business of a button-maker. This job done, the young gentleman hurriedly retreated to his own chamber, where he completed his evening toilet with as much expedition as is compatible with the nicest care, and whence he soon descended to the dining-room to receive that tribute of admiration from his Aunt Reddish, who was arranging the "tea-things," which the good lady never failed to pay, when a new vest or a stock of novel sprig or tie exacted it.

Our young friend Dick accepted this homage with laudable moderation, only murmuring a few words to the effect, that an "air distingwy" was something that was not readily attainable by all classes of people; and then, changing the subject, begged his aunt to give him an instant cup of tea, as his father would not return from the "Woolpack" for half an hour at least, whither the old gentleman had gone, to smoke his pipe.

"And so you're invited out to supper to Garton's?" remarked Aunt Reddish. "They live a great way off, don't they?"

"Delta Villas, Bellevue Road, somewhere between Camden Town and Islington," answered Dick. "I shall know the house by two great stone lions on each side of the door, that sit flanking the steps. But what do you think of old Garton inviting me to supper? Ain't I as fit as any one else—I believe you too, to drink champagne, and cry 'Hip, hip, hurrah!' Yes, and return thanks in a neat speech. I think I ought to stand a little higher in his estimation than cold meat and a glass of grog, now he's trying to hook me into marrying his daughter."

"True; but your father says she's a nice girl, and has a bag full of money," suggested Mrs. Reddish.

"Yes; but mind you, Aunt, there are lots of nice girls, with lots o' tin, that go a-begging now-a-days," returned Dick. "Not but what," he added after a mo-

ment, "I deeply and truly love Maria Wilcocks Garton."

"Ah!" sighed Mrs. Reddish, "when two young hearts are tightly knit together,—when there's a harmony—"

"That reminds me," interrupted Dick, "of a capital thing I said yesterday. Prater looked in, and told me he was going to dine with Garton to-day, they're such old friends. 'But,' says he, 'you're not to suppose he gives this party because he's got into his new house. It's his wedding-day that he means to keep.'—'Now, if that ain't fulsome, Prater,' said I. 'A man keep his wedding-day who's got a daughter old enough to be escorted up to the hymeneal altar!'—'Ah, but,' says he, 'Mr. and Mrs. Garton have been a very happy couple all their lives: they have, so help me Dunmow!' And he told me about the Dunmow fitch. You've heard of it Aunt, have you? 'Well,' says I,—for I was aggravated Prater should be asked to dinner, and I not,—'well, if the Dunmow fitch waited till they claimed it, it would be precious rusty. And,' I says, 'I'll lay a side o' Wiltshire to a rasher of streaky, never a week passes but they're at it, hammer and tongs.'"

"You were very wrong to talk in that manner to Mr. Prater, who is so particular a friend of the Gartons," observed Mrs. Reddish, shaking her head admonishingly, "especially now they're so likely to be related to you."

"D'ye think so?" answered Dick, laying down his tea-cup; "then I won't do so again."

Dick now drew his chair to the side of his aunt, and began expressively, but in haste, to stigmatize his father as an old screw, who would never let him have any tin; and as Mrs. Reddish officiated as the old gentleman's housekeeper, the topic was not disagreeable to her.

"Don't you think he's a most desperate and aggravating old citizen?" urged Dick. "Doesn't he try to keep me as much back as he can? And does he care a button for me, although he's less cause to set a value on buttons than most men?"

Having obtained satisfactory replies to these queries, Dick hinted at the phthisicky state of his exchequer, and in his most insinuating manner besought the loan of four sovereigns, and his late uncle Reddish's highly-admired ring,—the sovereigns merely to have about him, lest they

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Dick Sparrow's Reception.

should be required as counters if he sat down to cards, and the ring to flash conviction upon the eyes of the assembled guests that the wearer was an eligible partner for life of Miss Maria Wilcocks Garton.

Admiring the worldly wisdom of the youth, and perceiving nothing very unreasonable in his request, Mrs. Reddish suffered herself to be prevailed upon to accede to it. The boy was right. It was a crying shame that his father who, by the bye, had recently permitted him to open an account with a tailor—should not long ago have suffered him to make a better appearance. Accordingly, she handed out the four sovereigns, with awful and almost terrifying injunctions that he should take the most painful care of them, and placed the ring on his finger with her own hands, shedding a few tears, as she did so, to the memory of its original wearer.

Dick, affected by these symptoms, made all needful promises and protestations, and was suffered to depart. He brightened wonderfully as he descended the stairs, and was all himself again at the street door. The post-man, as he sallied forth, was delivering on the opposite side of the way, and held up a letter to his nose, intimating that its destination was Sparrow's; but Dick waved his fingers gracefully, and directed his thumb backwards towards the first floor, thereby giving the public functionary to understand that epistolary matters would be duly attended to within, and so went on his way rejoicing.

Now, we have seemed to intimate, in what has gone before, that Dick Sparrow was in a hurry,—a circumstance likely to excite the surprise of the acute reader, seeing that Dick had just swallowed a cup of tea, and was invited to sup with a friend somewhere near Islington. But the fact is, he had another and a previous appointment to keep. If the truth must be told, Dick Sparrow was, in the most innocent sense in which so discreditable an epithet may be applied, a "gay Lothario." However profound the depth, and however sincere the truth of his love for Maria Wilcocks Garton, his shallower and less constant predilections occasionally took random and vagrant rambles after other young ladies. It so happened that, about a week previously, his friend Frank

Townsend had imparted to him the fact of his having made the acquaintance of two "nice girls," sisters, whose love of sight-seeing was so tremendous, and whose confidence in the efficiency of his protection was so unbounded, that they absorbed the whole of his spare time, during which each arm was constantly kept at right angles. He had appointed, therefore, Dick Sparrow to meet him this very evening at seven o'clock, under the portico of the Lyceum Theatre, that he might there and then be introduced, and be henceforth duly qualified to take one of them—which of the two he pleased—off his hands, or rather his elbows; his friend Frank averring that they were the most delightful and ethereal beings extant, but cautiously withholding the fact, that when these sylph-like figures glided past a box-keeper, or honored a stool in a pastry-cook's, they were, to all intents and purposes, a source of as grave expense as though they were the most corporeal couple that ever trudged into a theatre, or made ice-creams vanishing quantities.

"I'll just go and make my bow to the two young women," said Dick musingly, "because I promised Frank I would. If they want to go into the promenade concert, it's only two bob to my share, and I can easily get away. I mustn't do these things, though, when I'm once married. I wonder what Maria would say if she knew it. Would n't she go on at me, that's all!"

Thus paltering with fearful fancies, he turned into a familiar tobacconist's shop; for he suddenly remembered that Garton was an inveterate smoker, and that, by the time he arrived at his house, the vapor of cigars was likely to be in the ascendant.

The girl behind the counter did not at first know our young friend, so splendid was his appearance, and so "distingwy" was his air. When, however, she did recognize him, she asked, lifting the old accustomed little mahogany lid, "A penny Pickwick, sir?"

Dick returned a sort of deaf look from a kind of unintelligent eye, which made the girl titter, and, quietly raising another lid, he selected half a dozen of the finest woodvilles, taking good care that the ring should flame amazement from his little finger the while, and, throwing down two shillings with the utmost apparent indif-

ference, he received his small packet, and stalked with dignity out of the shop.

When he reached the portico of the Lyceum, behold there was no Frank Townsend with his fair charges awaiting him. What, then, was to be done but to place himself in an imposing attitude, one arm akimbo, the other outstretched, and supported gracefully on his cane, and give his friend the benefit of the difference of clocks? He did so; and, although somewhat molested by importunate applications that he should take a programme of the performances, he had his reward in attracting a very fair share of attention, considering that the ladies who passed, and smiled upon him, were immediately bent upon recreating their ears inside the theatre, and not upon gratifying their eyes outside. From the crown of his gossamer to the lowest mother-of-pearl button on his elegant jean boots, he felt himself to be the complete thing,—a right-down-and-no-mistake smiter of the weaker vessels,—and he smiled.

But wherefore tarry thus and here? He waxed impatient.

"I'll lay a guinea," said he at length, "Frank's gone in with his girls, and I shall see him as large as life gallivanting them round and round. I'll go in, however: it is but a bob."

Drawing a shilling forth manfully, he went and paid it down, and was admitted; but no Frank with his fair ones was to be seen, although Dick made a diligent search after them.

"It's low-water mark with Franky, I'm thinking," said Dick with a leer of superior scorn; "he won't show his nose here this night. He'll have to come the tea-garden and pint-of-ale move with his girls, I should n't wonder. Well, I'll just hear a tune or two, and cut. That's Monsieur Jullien—that's him. What a slap-up front and wrist-bands! He may well turn up his eyes in gratitude. A precious sight of bobs he'll collar to-night. They're going to strike up."

Refreshing to the vital principle enclosed in Dick's bosom were the "tunes" that greeted him, for he was "uncommon fond" of music. He had ejected a vexed and impatient "bother!" while the orchestra performed a growling overture; but when it gave out strains of Elysium,—strains "framed to make women *waltz*," his imagination was sent whirling and

spinning about with young countesses; and, wrapt in dreams of aristocratic companionship, he stood in the most unsophisticated manner staring at the conductor with his mouth open.

The first part ended, Dick relapsed into his proprieties of attitude and expression, and began to peer about after beauty's fascination. And there, sure enough, in a dress-box, between two elderly ladies of staid demeanor, sat one of Nature's paragons, a young creature of exceeding loveliness. She attracted Dick's attention on the instant.

"Hullo!" he murmured, "that's a non-pril, and no mistake. Maria's a fool to her. I wonder what sphere of life she moves about in! Maria can't come anear her."

With this, he himself drew so nigh, that if the young lady should chance to look down, her eyes must inevitably descend upon the upturned countenance of her admirer. And now his hand began to expatiate over his face. If the ring could but be brought to bear, it were as good as an introduction, and would, without question, establish his high respectability. He drummed upon his lips,—he scratched his cheek with the jewelled finger; he suddenly thought of something, and his hand went up to his forehead; he waved his hand in the air, intimating that what he had thought upon was idle, or not to the purpose; and all the while his gaze was fixed upon the girl, who, looking down, at length met the earnest glance of her admirer, and suddenly averted her head with a look of seeming displeasure.

"That's the way with 'em all," thought Dick; "as though every one doesn't know they like it, when a young fellow casts his goggles at 'em!"

And so he plied again and again, and the girl blushed redder and redder, till at last, his heart knocking about the four sovereigns in his waist-coat pocket, he ventured upon a wink, and then straightway bestowed his attention upon his ring, thereby considerably giving the girl time to divine the full import of that telegraphic communication, and to return a suitable and sentimental reply.

But there was a slight commotion where the young lady sat; and when Dick once again raised his eyes, there was a black-haired, black-whiskered, black-bearded tiger-eyed fellow, something like a captain

of brigands in private clothes, leaning half over the box, and glaring about him, as suddenly projected as though he had been shot from a catapult.

"You'd better be off, my friend," said a gentleman to the astounded Dick, who was well nigh distilled to jelly by the act of fear at the sight of this furious champion.

"Why, what harm have I done?" pleaded Dick, innocently.

"I saw you staring and winking rudely at the young lady," returned the other. "The gentleman'll be after you, rely upon it."

"Had I better cut my stick, d'ye think?" inquired Dick, in trembling accents.

But at that moment the hairy-visaged phenomenon darted out of the box-door with histrionic energy; and, seized with panic, amid the blaring and blasting of ophocleides, and cornets-à-piston, and the rolling of drums, for a battle-sinfonia had just commenced, Dick fled ignominiously out of the pit.

And now, to those who laugh derisively at the threats of Prince de Joinville, and know of what stuff the hearts of Britons are composed, it had been a degrading, ay, a damning sight, to have beheld Dick Sparrow, holding his breath, his shoulders up to his ears, his delicate jean boots twinkling with double-quick alertness, fly down the entrance-steps of the Lyceum Theatre, and disembody himself into the street.

Whether a sense of shame would have seized Dick himself had he known that his friend, Frank Townsend, with his two girls, were witnesses of his retreat and of its cause, which appeared in the shape of an excited foreigner, shaking his fist on the stair-head,—whether, I say, this circumstance would have caused Dick to blush for himself, I cannot tell; but certain it is, when he had run far enough to assure himself he was safe, and had recovered his breath, he remarked, with no apparent self-abasement.

"I'm precious glad I cut my lucky in time. If that fellow had caught me, I should have napt it, and no mistake. Would'n't he have cooked my goose?"

He now reminded himself that it was almost time he should be at Garton's, if he meant to be one of the party at supper, and he bent his steps in the direction of the New Road: but he suddenly be-

thought himself that it would be "the ticket" to be drawn up before Garton's very gate in a cab.

"It'll have such a look with it," he said definitively, as he came to a stand, upon which, however, only a solitary hackney-coach was plying.

"Coach, sir!—d'ye want a coach?"

"No, a cab, of course. Bother!"

"I'll take you for the same money. I want a fare. Get in, sir. Where to?"

"I don't know that I shall, Master Jarvey. The same money? No gammon, now? Well, let down the steps. Delta Villas, some where near Camden Town. You'll see two great stone lions sitting outside the door."

"I know them lions," said the coachman, drawing down the steps. "Now, sir."

Now it so happened that the steps were old and crazy, the springs of the coach were delusively elastic, and the fastening of the opposite door was a misnomer, so that when Dick, emulous to imitate a gentleman getting into his own carriage, made a bounding plunge upon the middle step, threw his other foot into the vehicle, and was about to sink gracefully into his seat, he did not perform the last operation, but made his backward exit from the off door, and the moment after felt that he lay sprawling in the road. Ere he could think of his aunt Reddish, to whom his thoughts ever turned in his tribulations, and before he could shriek for assistance, a good Samaritan plucked upon him, and lifted him to his feet.

"Much hurt, sir? What a blessed capsize! Ribs not staved in, sir? Haven't wrenched your sides, sir?" Such were the hurried questions asked by the benevolent man, as he tenderly applied his hands to the parts of Dick's frame indicated by his inquiries. "This way, sir,—lean on me. Let me lead you." And throwing his arm round the waist of the sufferer, he walked him into a ginger-beer shop, and sat him on a stool, saying to the woman of the shop with humane emphasis, "The young gentleman's had a blessed tumble out of a coach, marm."

Dick now drew a prolonged breath.

"Can do that, sir, without its hurting you?" inquired the tender-hearted stranger. "Does it pain you much—gently, though—here, sir,—just here?"

"No, it don't," replied Dick with sudden animation, who was very little hurt,

but hitherto had been unable to speak. "No it don't; and just please to leave my ribs alone, will you? That's where I keep my tin. There ain't much, but what there is I want." And with this he made an outward application to his waistcoat pocket, and assured himself that his four sovereigns lay snugly there imbedded.

"Well, no offence, mister. I meant no harm." And the Samaritan abruptly withdrew, with the air of a man to whom the doing of a worthy action is its own sufficient reward.

"What did that fellow mean by poking and pawing me about so, mum?" said Dick to the woman. "Can you give a guess? Let me have a bottle of pop. Why, mum," he added presently, setting down the glass, "he was a prig, and thought me precious green; but I'm wide awake."

Having uttered these words smilingly, but with a dash of satire in the intonation, he laid twopence on the counter, and issued into the street, where he confronted the coachman, who had come to look after him.

"I say, Master Jarvey," said he, "that vehicle o' yours ain't a patent safety, by no means. It ain't fit for two horses' tails to be turned to it. No—no—I won't get into it again."

"That be blowed!" cried the other, "you're not a-goin' to come that, after hirin' on me! Pay me my fare."

"I sha'n't do no such a thing!" returned Dick, and walked briskly away; but, looking round, and seeing a detaining hand about to be placed upon him, he took to his heels with amazing rapidity, and was soon lost in the distance.

He had made considerable progress towards his destination—indeed, he was not very far from Delta Villas, when it occurred to him that his roll into the road might have tarnished his apparel. An inspection of his gossamer elicited the fact that the brim had taken an upward direction in front; and, on applying the corner of his cambric handkerchief to his face, he discovered that that attractive combination of features had been soiled to an exigence of soap and water.

"I'll go into that little public-house," said he, "and set myself to rights. It won't do to show myself at Garton's in this dishabill. Cuss it, I'm precious un-

lucky; but it'll be all the same a hundred years hence. Cut along!"

Cheered by these philosophical stimulants, he entered the house, and made it his request to the landlady in the bar that she would permit him to set himself to rights. The landlady heard this request with little apparent sympathy for the occasion of it, for it seemed to her that Dick Sparrow was not likely to approve himself an absorbent. She, however, called to a girl, and bade her take the young man into the kitchen; but presently recollecting herself, added, "No, I shall want to come there myself. Take him up to the second floor back;"—and Dick followed his guide upstairs, and was ushered into a room.

And here he found, after an inspection of himself in the glass, and a diligent scrutiny of his garments, that he had a longer job cut out for him than he had anticipated,—a job rendered the more tedious from the untoward circumstance that there was no brush in the room.

"The old woman looked so precious sour, and was so busy with the mixed liquors, that I should n't like to ask her for a brush," mused Dick. "Never mind; I'll rub my clothes with the inside of that counterpane. No one'll be the wiser."

He now set to work in right earnest, and, his labors just completed, had walked into the corner for his cane, when he thought he heard a light step at the door; and, turning round, was just in time to see a female head withdrawn before the door was closed and locked.

"Here's a blessed move!" said Dick, staring about him. "Dash'd if they have n't fastened me in! Thought I'd bolted; and I sha'n't be able to make 'em hear in a month. I'll try, though."

He was just about to lift up his voice, and to propel it through the keyhole, when a sound as of two men ascending greeted his ears.

"They're coming to let me out, to be sure. Bother that fool of a girl!"

The two men halted close to the door.

"Well," said one, "what I've brought you up here for, and want to know is, D'ye think he'll come out?"

"To be sure he will," answered the other,—“if you kick him.”

"Well, I'll give him a little time, and then knock him down for one," observed the first speaker.

"Good: and if that won't do, we'll stick it into him, and no mistake.

With this the two men went down stairs, leaving the listener at the key-hole more dead than alive. Here were terribly intelligible words! Here was a frank avowal of an intention to "cook his goose!" Dick's personal courage, a small and subtle essence, disturbed by the foreign gentleman at the Lyceum, tampered with by the hackney-coachman, now evaporated altogether. Penny romances had quickened his sense of danger by revelations of road-side public-houses, where bedsteads descended through the floors, and the landlords were blood-boltered assassins. This must be one of such dens of horror,—the old house in West Street moved out of town, and set up in the public line.

"If Aunt Reddish knew what they're going to do, wouldn't she go on! Oh! that I was at home, and father jawing at me as he does when he's half sprung,—that's all."

Some such thoughts as these passed through his mind as he hurried to the window. It was no great height from the ground. There was yet a chance of escape. He had heard of such things practised successfully. He'd have a try.

Clawing off the counterpane, therefore, he tied the two sheets together, and fastened one to the bed-post, placing his foot against the bedstead to make the knot secure. This done, he laid hold upon the sheet tightly with both hands, and got out of the window. But before he had yet made any effort at descent, he did descend with terribly unexpected quickness, and, looking up with terrified amazement, there was a bed-post glimmering at the window,—a testimony that the piece of furniture to which it belonged went upon castors. And now a wild burst of laughter almost deprived him of his wits; and glancing whence it proceeded, he discovered that he was hanging suspended immediately in front of the first-floor window, through which he beheld some dozen of decent Christians seated at the convivial board.

"Don't go to chaff me, that's good gentlemen, or I shall let go, and break my neck," said Dick, as the window was thrown up, and two men caught him under the arms. "Just pull me in, and I'll

tell you all. It was an error of judgment, and there's no great harm done."

Dick being drawn in, and seated by the chairman, received a glass of rum and water, and explained wherefore he had entered the house, repeating the ominous words that had set him upon this hazardous method of escape.

The company in general stared; but their perplexity was soon relieved by obstreperous merriment proceeding from the chairman and his vice.

"After that, Perkins, you *must* sing," cried the chairman, when he recovered breath,—*"or we will stick it into you by making you stand glasses round."* Mr. Vice and I wanted to fix you, and went out of the room here to talk about it; but, seeing you coming up stairs, we moved on to the second-floor."

Dick was well laughed at by "the Goldfinches,"—for so they called themselves; but that he little cared for. He joined in the laugh, dispersed his cigars, reserving one for himself, had some more rum and water, and was duly elected a "Goldfinch," and promised a weekly attendance. This sort of relaxation was so new and delightful to him that he would probably have forgotten Garton's altogether, but that he discovered that he had come to the end of his silver, and felt that Aunt Reddish's sovereigns were inviolable. Added to this, one of the party had for some time past been regarding him with a pair of black and glaring eyes, that reminded him startlingly of the Lyceum gentleman; and not knowing that the gazer was inwardly resolved upon favoring his friends with "The Wolf," and that he was meditating the lowest bass notes he could descend to,—but, on the contrary, suspecting that the stranger had an evil design upon him, he was too glad to be gone, and took his hasty and disconcerted departure.

"Got clear of him, at any rate," said Dick when he was well on the road. "It must be precious late. That rum and water was rather stiff. I'm half lit up. Well, what's the odds! How terribly peckish I am, to be sure! Ah! there's Garton's. There are the lions, full sprawl."

And there they were, sure enough, flanking the street-door; sculptured objects at once of ornament and convenience,—of ornament to the general eye,

of convenience to the butcher's boy and the baker, whose tray and basket had often reposed upon their backs.

Just as Dick had ascended the steps, and was holding forth his hand for the knocker, the door opened, and a gentleman hastening out nearly knocked him backwards on to the pavement.

"Well, good-night, Prater. God bless you!"

"Garton, my boy, good night. I'm last, as usual. Never spent so happy an evening in my life."

By this time the two gentlemen had recognized Dick.

"Leave *him* to me," said Garton, with a look at the other. "Good night, Prater. God bless you!"

"Good night!" said Prater, and with a glance of scorn and contempt at Dick, he went his way.

"And what brings you here, sir?" cried Garton, fiercely. "You got my letter?"

"No, I did n't. What was it about?" answered Dick; then, to himself, "Old Garton's well lit up, anyhow."

"You must have had it," said Garton, "by the six o'clock delivery."

Dick remembered the postman with the letter at his nose, just before he set forth.

"Well, never mind the letter," said he. "Bother the letter! You've put off the party. Nimport. What d'ye look so for at me? I'm very late; but I'll tell you all about it. Let us come in. I'm so peckish—so hungry, I mean."

"Hungry, are you?" cried Garton, savagely, and at that moment a servant came out of the parlor with the tantalizing remainder of a sirloin, with which she walked off into the kitchen,—"*hungry, are you?* Perhaps you'd like a rasher of Dunmow bacon?" and while the horror caused by this interrogatory was wreaking itself upon Dick's countenance, Garton called out, "Mrs. G., just step this way. Here's that impudent rascal, young Sparrow, come to pay his respects to you."

"I've heard him," said the lady, making her appearance from the parlor, with a tongue in one hand, and a roast fowl in the other; "and so we're always at it, hammer and tongs, are we?" and so saying, she wheeled off with her attractive burthen towards the kitchen.

"For heaven's sake, don't go! Come

back, Mrs. Garton. It's all a mistake. That Prater's one of the cussedest liars—" But his speech was cut short by the apparition of Miss Maria, who, walking up to him, tossed her head, grimaced, said in measured cadence, "Oh—you—puppy!" and tripped away with one of the most soul-entrancing pigeon pies that ever showed upturned claws in the centre,—and Dick almost went into hysterics.

"And now begone, sir!" exclaimed Garton, and he gave Dick a good shaking; "we've done with you. Don't come near us again, or you'll repent it. Be off, sir!"—and the door was shut in his face.

Might this be a dream? Could it be a vision? Was it a joke? Dick waited for the chance of their relenting, till lights appeared in the bed-chambers on the second floor, and then conscience told him he deserved no lenity, and sitting down on the top step, cheek by jowl with one of the lions, he wept.

"Well," said he, at length, rubbing his nose with his kid-gloved hand, "if I sit much longer on this cold step, I shall get a jolly cold. If I don't give it that Prater!—a spy, an informer, a traitor! Never mind. I'll go home now. Maria and me's cut, clean-cut. Well, I hope she'll meet a more deserving object."

And at the paternal home in Cannon Street, weary and woe-begone, did Dick Sparrow at length find himself. His Aunt Reddish answered the door.

"Why, you're very late, Richard,—very late," said the old lady somewhat reproachfully.

"Yes; but never you mind," answered Dick sharply; for he felt that the sufferings he had undergone might justly exempt him from idle and frivolous indications of displeasure,—"*yes, I am late; but that's not the worst. Is father a-bed?*"

"Yes."

"Anything eatable in the house, for I'm so hungry. Oh, Aunt Reddish! you may look; but I've had no supper."

"No supper!" cried his aunt, who was only too fond of her hopeful nephew. "Poor fellow! There's a bit of hock o' bacon."

"That'll do, if it ain't Dunmow. And I say, aunt, if I bone one of father's bottles of Guinness, he won't miss it?"

These needful restoratives being placed upon a small tray, were carried silently

up stairs, and Dick fell to, while his aunt looked upon him with mingled interest and curiosity.

"Oh, aunt!" said he, taking another draught at the stout, "I've gone through such things to-night as a book might be written about. I'm so precious done up! Why do people pray in their hats when they first get into church? That they may always have somewhere to put their heads into, I suppose." (Dick had heard this before.) "But sha'n't I pray in my night-cap before I get into bed,—that's all!"

Dick now recounted his adventures, softening down such details as might happily tell to his own disadvantage, and suffering his aunt to draw off Uncle Reddish's ring, which she did while he was in the middle of the hackney-coach scene.

"And you've spent all your money, have you?" asked the aunt when he had concluded.

"Every fraction. Six or seven bob," said Dick to whom the stout had given new life.

"Ah! you're very young and foolish, my boy. You've suffered a good deal to-night; but if you'd read the letter (I've broken it open—here it is), you'd have been spared the last trial. I was in hopes you had made it up with Mr. Garton; and have been sitting on thorns all the while you've been away. But now, just give me back those four sovereigns, that's a good lad; for you're not fit to be trusted with money,—indeed, you're not."

"Ain't I though?" cried Dick with animation, and he drew out with a flourish, and slapped upon the table four bright yellow medals, bearing the date of 1837, and commemorative of the accession of her Majesty to the throne of these realms.

At this miserable spectacle the eyes of poor Aunt Reddish assumed the orbicular form, with a kind of fish-like projection; but the direful metamorphosis of her nephew's visage caused her to bury her particular grief in silence, and to bestow her best care upon Dick, who, shaking his shoulders, and kicking out his legs, went forthwith into hysterics.

"That prig it was that boned 'em!" said he, when he came to himself; but it was long ere he would be comforted.

At length an idea struck him. "I'll get Prater to swear it was all his non-

sense, and make it up with Maria. Why, I meant no harm,—did I? and you shall have your money back as soon as the nuptials are solomonized."

"Solomonized" repeated the aunt several times slowly, lighting a chamber candlestick, placing it in his hand, and giving him a gentle thrust at the scruff of the neck towards the door. "Solomonized! when you're married, Richard, there'll be very little of Solomon in the business."

And Dick sneaked up to bed, wondering what on earth his Aunt Reddish could mean by such a speech as that.

CHARLES WHITEHEAD.

LODGINGS FOR SINGLE GENTLEMEN.

Who has e'er been in Loudon, that overgrown place,
Has seen "Lodgings to let" stare him full in the face;
Some are good, and let dearly; whilst some, 't is well known,
Are so dear, and so bad, they are best let alone.

Will Waddle, whose temper was studious and lonely,
Hired lodgings that took single gentlemen only;
But Will was so fat, he appeared like a ton,
Or like two single gentlemen roll'd into one.
He entered his rooms, and to bed he retreated,
But, all the night long, he felt fevered and heated;
And, though heavy to weigh as a score of fat sheep,
He was not, by any means, heavy to sleep.

Next night 't was the same. And the next.
And the next:
He perspired like an ox; he was nervous and vex'd;
Week pass'd after week; till, by weekly succession,
His weakly condition was past all expression.

In six months, his acquaintance began much to doubt him,
For his skin, like a lady's loose gown, hung about him.

He sent for a doctor; and cried, like a
nanny,
"I have lost many pounds. Make me well.
There's a guinea."

The doctor looked wise:—"A slow fever,"
he said:
Prescribed sudorifics,—and going to bed.
"Sudorifics in bed," exclaimed Will, "are
humbugs!
I've enough of them there, without paying
for drugs!"

Will kicked out the doctor:—but when ill
indeed,
E'en dismissing the doctor don't always
succeed;
So, calling his host, he said, "Sir, do you
know,
I'm the fat single gentleman, six months
ago?"

"Look 'e, landlord, I think," argued Will,
with a grin,
"That with honest intentions you first took
me in:
But from the first night—and to say it I'm
bold—
I have been so damn'd hot, that I'm sure I
caught cold."

Quoth the landlord—"Till now, I ne'er had
a dispute;
I've let lodgings ten years; I'm a baker, to
boot;
In airing your sheets, Sir, my wife is no
sloven;
And your bed is immediately over my oven."

"The oven!" says Will. Says the host,
"Why this passion?
In that excellent bed died three people of
fashion.
Why so crusty, good Sir?"—"Zounds!" cries
Will, in a taking,
"Who would n't be crusty, with half a year's
baking?"

Will paid for his rooms:—cried the host,
with a sneer,
"Well, I see you've been going away half a
year."
"Friend, we can't well agree,—yet no quar-
rel—" Will said,—
"But I'd rather not perish, while you make
your bread."

GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER, 1762-1836.

THE STOLEN PIG.

IN the village of X—, where every
householder had his kitchen garden and
kept his own cow and pig, a generous
neighborly spirit was cultivated. The
first fruits of the garden and the orchard
were thoughtfully shared by these good-
hearted people, and when any one killed
a pig, the near neighbors were sure to re-
ceive a liberal slice or a joint as a good-
will offering. But among these kindly
people was a man who, while glad enough
to accept a gift, was most grudging and
parsimonious in the returns that he made
for such favors. The time for killing his
pig had arrived, but the thought of giv-
ing a part of it away to friends from
whom he was accustomed to receive sim-
ilar gifts was so distressing to him that
he kept postponing the day, in the des-
perate hope of hitting upon some expe-
dient for keeping the pig all to himself.
To kill his pig secretly was impossible:
and he was in a serious quandary. While
in this state of mind he met an acquaint-
ance who had a better reputation for
shrewdness than for integrity, and as they
were kindred spirits at least in respect of
selfishness, our friend resolved to un-
bosom himself, and to seek advice of his
cunning fellow-townsmen. The latter
heard the story, expressed sympathy with
the niggardly intention, and told him that
the matter could easily be managed so
that the neighbors would get none of the
pig and yet be unoffended. "What is
your plan?" eagerly demanded the other.
"Simply this: Kill your pig as usual,
without any effort at concealment, and
when it is dressed hang the carcass up in
plain view where the neighbors can see
it. At night remove it to your cellar.
Now, all you have to do is to say that
while you slept some thief entered the
cellar and stole the pig! Of course, that
will put an end to any expectations on
the part of the neighbors,—for how can a
man give away what he has n't got?"
"Good," said the owner of the pig: "I
will follow the plan you advise; you have
lifted a heavy load from my mind." And
so they parted. The pig was duly killed,
and dressed, and hung up, and put into
the cellar; and at night, while the stingy
owner slept, his rascally adviser duly

broke into the cellar and actually stole the pig. When the owner arose the next morning, quietly rehearsing the lie with which he meant to delude and defraud his generous neighbors, he went directly to take a look at the precious pig which was to be *all his own*. Imagine his consternation and chagrin on discovering that his lie was of no use to him,—had been superseded, as it were, by the truth:—the pig was gone, conveyed, abstracted, stolen. No language can do justice to his feelings.

In the course of the day his knavish friend dropped in, casually, to inquire how the plan was working. Said the afflicted man, in solemn tones, "I might have spared myself all the trouble: the pig is really gone,—stolen." "Good," said the other, slyly winking, "that's the idea." "No," continued the mourner, still more solemnly, "I'm in earnest;—the pig's gone;—it's actually *stolen*." "Good," cried the rogue, again winking; "Stick to that—you have the idea,—it's bound to work;—and with another cunning leer he said, "good-day," and withdrew, leaving his wretched dupe to chew at leisure the "cud of bitter fancy."

PAYING DEAR FOR HIS BUGLE.

"MR. HOFFENSTEIN," said Herman, as he folded up a pair of pants and placed them on a pile, "if you don't haf any objections, I would like to get from de store away von efening und go mit de soldiers to de Spanish fort."

"Vell, Herman, I dinks you had better keep away from de soldiers," replied Hoffenstein, "und stay mit de store, because, you know, you don't can put any dependence mit de soldiers. I vill dell you vhy."

"Von day vile I vas in Vicksburg, during de var, a cock-eyed soldier came in my store mit an old bugle in his hand, und he looks around. I asks him vat he vants, und he buys a couple of undershirts; den he tells me to keep his bundle und de bugle behind de counter until he comes back. Afdere soldier vent de store out, some more come in und walk around, vile dey look at de goods."

"Shentlemen," I says, "do you vant anyding?"

"'Ve are shust looking to see vot you haf,' said one uf dem; und after a vile annoder says, 'Bill, shust look dere at de bugle: de very ding de captain told us to get. You know ve don't haf any bugle in de company for dree monts. How much you ask for dot bugle?'"

"I dells dem dot I can't sell de bugle because it belongs to a man vot shust vent out."

"I vill gif you fifty dollars for it," says the soldier, pulling his money out.

"I dells him I don't can sell it, because it vas n't mine."

"I vill gif you a hundred dollars," he said.

"Den he offers me von hundred und twenty-five dollars. My g-r-racious, Herman, I vants to sell de bugle so bad dat I vistles! De soldier dells me vile dey vos leaving de store dot if I buy de bugle from de man vot owns it, dey vill give me von hundred und twenty-five dollars for it. I dell dem I vill do it. I sees a chance, you know, Herman, to make some money by de operation."

"Ven de cock-eyed soldier comes in, he says:

"'Git me my bundle und bugle; I got to go to de camp.'"

"I says, 'My frent, don't you vant to sell your bugle?'"

"He dells me 'No;' und I says:

"'My little boy Leopold, vot plays in de store, sees de bugle, und he goes all around crying shust as loud as he can, because he don't can get it. Six times I dakes him in the yard und vips him, und he comes right back und cries for de bugle. It shows, you know, how much drouble a man vill haf mit a family. I vill gif you ten dollars for it shust to please little Leopold.'"

"De soldier vont dake it, und at last I offers him fifty dollars, und he says:

"'Vell, I vill dake fifty, because I can't vaste any more time; I haf to go to de camp.'"

"Afdere he goes away, I goes to de door und vatches for de soldiers vot vant de bugle. I sees dem passing along de street, und I says:

"'My frents, I have got de bugle;' und dey says:

"'Vell, vy don't you blow it?'"

"My gr-racious, Herman, vot you dink? All dem soldiers belong to de same crowd, und dey make de trick to svindle

me! Levi Cohen, across de street, he finds it out, und efery day he gets boys to blow horns in front of my store, so as to make me dink how I vas svindled. Herman, I dink you had better stay mit de store."

"BE QUIET—DO! I'LL CALL MY MOTHER!"

I.

As I was sitting in a wood,
Under an oak-tree's leafy cover,
Musing in pleasant solitude,
Who should come by, but John, my lover!
He pressed my hand, and kissed my cheek;
Then warmer growing, kissed the other;
While I exclaimed, and strove to shriek,
"Be quiet—do! I'll call my mother!"

II.

He saw my anger was sincere,
And lovingly began to chide me;
And, wiping from my cheek the tear,
He sat him on the grass beside me,
He feigned such pretty, amorous woe,
Breathed such sweet vows one after other,
I could but smile while whispering low,
"Be quiet—do! I'll call my mother!"

III.

He talked so long, and talked so well,
And swore he meant not to deceive me;
I felt more grief than I can tell,
When with a kiss he rose to leave me.
"Oh, John!" said I "and must thou go!
I love thee better than all other!
There is no need to hurry so,
I never meant to call my mother!"

CHARLES MACKAY, b. 1814.

NOTHING is so discouraging to a young lawyer just as he waxes eloquent about angels' tears, weeping willows and tombstones, as to be interrupted by the cold-blooded justice with, "You're off your nest, bub; this is a case of hog-stealing."

A CONTEMPORARY says of a very prominent militia general, that "his sword was never drawn but once,—and then in a raffle."

A FROSTY SATURDAY NIGHT.

THE weather suddenly turned into a freezing rain, Saturday evening. While the change was progressing, several people were in the library selecting mental pabulum for over Sunday. The rain fell silently and froze thoroughly, and in a very short time the walk which leads down from the library building to the street was a glare of ice. The first person who appeared at the door was a young lady with a volume of Tennyson hugged up to her. She tripped lightly down from the step, saying audibly—"Even a wild moor with love, my heart—" Then she got up, recovered her muff and book, looked apprehensively about to see who was in view, and then hastened home, without quoting another line. She had scarcely cleared the walk when a tall man, with a work on botany, emerged from the door. The instant he stepped on the walk he said: "Holy cryptogamus!" and crawled off into the snow on his hands and knees, and recovered the volume, which remained on the walk, by the aid of his cape. Following him were two large men. One of them had the autobiography of John B. Gough. They both stepped on the walk together. The Gough man was just saying: "I am confident that the downfall of men is to be attributed to rum—" Two conspicuous exceptions to his belief were immediately made manifest. The Gough man in going down had sufficient presence of mind to catch hold of his fellow, and both being heavy men they went the whole length of the walk, clawing and kicking each other all the distance. The Gough man got on his feet and put off in one direction, and the other man got on his feet and sloped at once in an opposite direction. And while they were doing this a tall, spare man with a book descriptive of the Holy Land, put his foot on the walk, then shook it at the heavens, and met the pavement with the simple ejaculation—"O Jerusalem!" The debris of this wreck was no more than cleared away when a very stout man, with a florid countenance, and a copy of Tyndall in his hand, came out. He was saying to himself—"We have now got down to the

base—sho—whoop!” And was down there. It was a terrible but brief struggle. There was a shooting of legs, a waving of arms, and a spasmodic wriggle of the body, and the base was reached. And for two minutes he sat there, feeling around for an under set of false teeth, and swearing like a pirate. The next morning was the Sabbath, a bright, quiet, sunshiny morn, and the son of the librarian went out on the walk, and in a very few minutes had accumulated a book-cover, a set of false teeth, three gloves, a handkerchief, and a good-sized handful of hairpins. These articles are now at the library awaiting identification.—*Danbury News.*

DIALOGUE ON MATRIMONY.

“WHAT!” said Bartle, with an air of disgust. “Was there a woman concerned? Then I give you up, Adam.”

“But it’s a woman you’n spoke well on, Bartle,” said Mr. Poyser. “Come, now, you canna draw back; you said once as women wouldna ha’ been a bad invention if they’d all been like Dinah.”

“I meant her voice, man—I meant her voice, that was all,” said Bartle. “I can bear to hear her speak without wanting to put wool in my ears. As for other things, I daresay she’s like the rest o’ the women—thinks two and two’ll come to five, if she cries and bothers enough about it.”

“Ay, ay!” said Mrs. Poyser; “one ’ud think, an’ hear some folk talk, as the men were ’cute enough to count the corns in a bag o’ wheat wi’ only smelling at it. They can see through a barn-door, *they* can. Perhaps that’s the reason they can see so little o’ this side on’t.”

Martin Poyser shook with delighted laughter, and winked at Adam, as much as to say the schoolmaster was in for it now.

“Ah;” said Bartle sneeringly, “the women are quick enough—they’re quick enough. They know the rights of a story before they hear it, and can tell a man what his thoughts are before he knows ’em himself.”

“Like enough,” said, Mrs. Poyser; “for the men are mostly so slow, their thoughts overrun ’em, an’ they can only

catch ’em by the tail. I can count a stocking-top while a man’s getting’s tongue ready; an’ when he out wi’ his speech at last, there’s little broth to be made on’t. It’s your dead chicks take the longest hatchin’. Howiver, I’m not denyin’ the women are foolish: God Almighty made ’em to match the men.”

“Match!” said Bartle; “ay, as vinegar matches one’s teeth. If a man says a word his wife’ll match it with a contradiction; if he’s a mind for hot meat, his wife’ll match it with cold bacon; if he laughs, she’ll match him with whimpering. She’s such a match as the horse-fly is to th’ horse: she’s got the right venom to sting him with—the right venom to sting him with.”

“Yes,” said Mrs. Poyser, “I know what the men like—a poor soft, as ’ud simper at ’em like the pictur o’ the sun, whether they did right or wrong, an’ say thank you for a kick, an’ pretend she didna know which end she stood uppermost, till her husband told her. That’s what a man wants in a wife, mostly: he wants to make sure o’ one fool as ’ll tell him he’s wise. But there’s some men can do wi’-out that—they think so much o’ themselves a’ready—an’ that’s how it is there’s old bachelors.”

“Come, Craig,” said Mr. Poyser jocosely, “you mun get married pretty quick, else you’ll be set down for an old bachelor; an’ you see what the women ’ull think on you.”

“Well,” said Mr. Craig, willing to conciliate Mrs. Poyser, and setting a high value on his own compliments, “I like a cleverish woman—a woman o’ sperrit—a managing woman.”

“You’re out there, Craig,” said Bartle dryly; “you’re out there. You judge o’ your garden-stuff on a better plan than that; you pick the things for what they can excel in—for what they can excel in. You don’t value your peas for their roots, or your carrots for their flowers. Now that’s the way you should choose women; their cleverness ’ll never come to much—never come to much; but they make excellent simpletons, ripe and strong flavored.”

“What dost say to that?” said Mr. Poyser, throwing himself back and looking merrily at his wife.

“Say!” answered Mrs. Poyser, with dangerous fire kindling in her eye; “why,

I say as some folks' tongues are like the clocks as run on strikin', not to tell you the time o' the day, but because there's summat wrong i' their own inside."

GEORGE ELIOT, 1820-1881.

MY NEXT HUSBAND.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

LADY GRACE GAYTON was—I should say is, but that would be adopting the style unhistorical; she was, then, a charming young person whom one could not help loving. She has been copied for the heroine of a score of modern romances, just as Charles Lamb sat to a portrait painter for a series of the British Admirals;—readers of books seldom know whom they are admiring. Lady Grace was as good-natured as she was beautiful; I am certain that, like uncle Toby, she would not willingly have harmed even a fly. All the world knew Lady Grace's good nature; all the world, therefore, were astonished at her treatment of Frank Mildardour.

Poor Frank! I never knew a man so deeply in love: he existed only in her smiles; he would have attempted any exploit to gratify the slightest of her whims: a word from her would have made him fight a windmill, travel to Timbuctoo, or study German metaphysics. Frank had never loved any other woman than Lady Grace; his love had all the zeal and sincerity of a first attachment, all the intensity and devotedness of an absorbing passion. Poor Frank! I say again; everybody sympathised with him, and declared that if he could not command success, he certainly "studied to deserve it." However, let us defer moralizing till we come to the end of the story.

Frank and Lady Grace had been on familiar terms for many years; it was utterly impossible for the heart of the young lady not to respond to the passion of so ardent a lover:—a passion that had grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength. In plain terms, she positively loved Frank; how could she help it? she had so good a heart, so sweet a temper!—They were certainly destined for each other; and everybody pronounced that nothing on earth could part

them, for Lady Grace bestowed her sweetest smiles upon Frank and Frank became the shadow of Lady Grace:—but everybody was somewhat mistaken. I don't know, by the way, a less infallible personage than that everybody.

Never was an enterprise so promising as that of Frank in making love to Lady Grace; she had a decided *penchant* for him from the very beginning, and her esteem for him did but increase on every moment's acquaintance, for Frank was one of the best of men. Never did a courtship promise a more happy consummation; nearly every thing was settled, and Frank was only waiting for Lady Grace to name the happy day. "Well, my dear Lady Grace," said Frank, with the utmost impatience at his next visit, "when is the hour to be that shall make me the happiest of men?—Thursday, I hope, or Friday—or next week at farthest."

"My dear Mr. Frank," replied she in some confusion, "I am the most unfortunate creature in the world;—you are certainly one of the best of men; it is so unlucky—I am shockingly grieved on your account; but it is so unlucky that you did not make your proposals sooner."

"What do you mean, Lady Grace?" said Frank in the greatest alarm.

"Dear me! Mr. Frank, I am afraid you never will forgive me," replied the lady, with the sweetest smile imaginable;—"but the truth is, I have already promised my hand to Sir Billy Rattle."

"Sir Billy Rattle!" said Frank in unfeigned amazement.

"Yes, Sir Billy Rattle; you know Sir Billy; 't is the most amusing creature in the universe; positively I think he 'll make me die with laughing one of these days; however, 't is a pity for your sake that it has happened so, as I have the most sincere esteem for you, Mr. Mildardour; but Sir Billy has such a fascinating way that he absolutely won my consent before I was aware of what I had promised him. La! me! 't is a most awkward affair—I know what you will say, but it can't be helped: Sir Billy insists upon the promise; he is a strange creature."

Frank could hardly believe his ears while listening to this astounding recital. In any other case he would have exploded with a torrent of reproaches and imprecations, but Lady Grace had such a sweet and affable manner, displayed such a

charming affability while condoling with him on his ill luck, and expressed so much real regret at the occurrence that it was impossible to feel the smallest anger against her. In spite of all, therefore, Frank loved her as strongly as ever.

"Ah! my dear Lady Grace," said he, with a deep sigh, "I must submit, since destiny will have it so; but to live without you is impossible—I will live no longer."

"Nay, my dear Mr. Frank," replied she, smiling upon him in a manner not to be resisted, "you must on no account hang or drown yourself—you must not, for my sake—because Sir Billy, who is a great hunter, may break his neck some day, poor man." Here Lady Grace put her handkerchief to her eyes, which, however, Frank thought never looked so bright as at that moment: "And then," continued she, "Frank, I know you will continue to love me;—you shall be my next husband."

There was a drop of consolation at least in this assurance; but Frank took the disaster terribly to heart. When the matter came out, every body predicted that the disappointment would be the death of him, and perhaps it was only Lady Grace's prohibition that withheld his hand. But Lady Grace married, and Frank lived on. Let a lover never despair! Sir Billy Rattle broke his neck at Melton within a year; 'twas nobody's fault but his own, though his lady *did* predict it.

Mr. Frank Mildardour was thus, when he least expected it, raised from the depths of despondency to the summit of confident assurance. His first impulse was to rush to the presence of the fair widow, with protestations of his unabated attachment, but a slight consideration convinced him that he ought not to intrude his vows of love upon the sacredness of grief. He allowed, therefore, a few weeks to pass, at the end of which time he ventured to approach her with a condolence on her loss, and an assurance of his unaltered love. "Tis melancholy," added Frank, with as deep a sigh as he could put forth on the occasion,—"this domestic calamity of yours—poor Sir Billy! But you may yet be happy, my dear Lady Grace; you know your promise?"

Lady Grace was as beautiful and as engaging as ever. "I am sure, Mr. Frank," said she, "I shall ever feel the deepest obligations to you; you are so constant; and the most sincere lover I ever knew. I would rather a thousand pounds it had never happened so;—but must I tell you the truth?—I have promised my hand."

"Promised your hand!" exclaimed the astonished Frank; "what! a second time? Oh, Lady Grace!"

"My dear Mr. Frank!" returned she, "I knew you would be concerned to hear it, but I hope you will not be angry—no, I know you are too good-natured to be angry. 'Tis an awkward affair, and I wish with all my heart it were not so; but I promised this very morning to marry Colonel Flashdagger; he loves me to distraction; but no matter for that, I wish you had been so fortunate as to have seen me somewhat earlier. A few days earlier—only a few days—would have totally altered the affair."

"Earlier! my dear Lady Grace, Sir Billy has been dead but three or four weeks."

"True, true, Mr. Frank—he died very suddenly, poor man—but I always predicted it. However, I am very sorry for this disappointment of yours, but the Colonel has been so assiduous in his attentions, how could I refuse? These military gentlemen have a way with them, indeed. Dear Mr. Frank, I shall remember you as long as I live; I know how devoted you are, and if the Colonel should ever get killed in the wars, why then, of course, you are my next husband."

Frank could not restrain himself from starting up and vowing to challenge Colonel Flashdagger, but Lady Grace protested in the most positive manner that she would not hear of a duel. His next vow was to love Lady Grace no more, but this was as ineffectual as the first; he soon discovered that she had more power over him than ever, since his love continued unabated through circumstances that seemed calculated to inspire a far different feeling. Frank thought it the strangest conjunction of events in the world; but he was convinced that Lady Grace loved him—how could he help it? Lady Grace had such a bewitching smile, and such an engaging air, and talked so charmingly, and manifested so deep a re-

gret for his misfortunes, and was so polite, and good-natured, and sincere. "She is the most beautiful, fascinating, tantalizing creature in the world," said he, "and the Colonel is not bullet-proof, so—"

With this assurance, therefore, that Lady Grace was an angel, and that Colonel Flashdagger might be killed, Frank shrugged his shoulders, and let the second misfortune pass. The Colonel went to the wars, and had his head shot off by a cannon-ball. "Now," quoth Frank, "my time is come; nobody shall anticipate me by having less scruple in wiping away a widow's tears!" So without losing a moment's time, he hurried to Lady Grace, and claimed the fulfilment of her promise.

Lady Grace received him in the most obliging manner possible, and Frank thought her a great deal handsomer than ever. "I beg ten thousand pardons, my dear Mr. Mildardour," said she, "but there is a circumstance which I cannot control; I would it were otherwise. You are the man of all the world that I most esteem; but the Colonel, poor man! has laid a solemn injunction upon me, by his will, to marry his second cousin, Tom Starling, on pain of forfeiting his whole estate. What *can* I do, my dear Mr. Frank, 'tis such an awkward affair? Do you know Tom? he is a queer creature—sings a splendid song, they say—but I am sorry for you, with all my heart."

"Oh, Lady Grace! Lady Grace! "exclaimed Frank.

"Really, Mr. Mildardour, I feel quite as much grieved at it as you—I do, indeed; you are such an excellent man. But you won't deprive us of your company; we shall have such delightful concerts—quite charming, I assure you."

"My dear Lady Grace," said Frank, wringing his hands, "what *will* become of me?"

"Oh, Mr. Frank! you know I have the greatest regard for you; and if Tom, who is a fiery, choleric fellow, should ever be shot in a duel, why then, positively, Frank, nothing can prevent it,—you *must* be my next husband."

Frank ran away from her in despair, and made another vow not to think any more of Lady Grace; but he only thought the more of her on that very account. She was such a sweet creature, indeed, that the hope of possessing her

might have supported a man through a thousand mishaps. But Frank began to think himself doomed irrevocably to disappointment, and fell into a desperate melancholy. He set off for the continent, traversed France and Italy, and got to Naples in a fit of the most doleful dumps that ever clouded the brains of a hapless lover. He was just about to throw himself into the crater of Vesuvius, when he received intelligence that Mr. Tom Starling had died suddenly of a surfeit, at a harmonic celebration of the Anniversary of the Sons of Thunder.

"There is still a chance left," said Frank, as he ordered post horses for his return. "Ye gods! annihilate both space and time!" But the gods refused to do any such thing, and Frank arrived too late. Lady Grace had given him up for lost, and was engaged to Mr. William James, late of the city, a rich banker, just retired from business.

Poor Mr. Frank Mildardour!—there seemed nothing wanting to overwhelm him. He did not wait upon Lady Grace to extort a renewal of her promise, but abandoned himself to his melancholy, conceiving his case to be utterly hopeless.

When things are at the worst, however, they are sure to mend. Passing along Oxford street one afternoon, he saw a great crowd collected before a new building, and, by dint of inquiries, soon learned the particulars of the accident that had assembled it. He flew, like lightning, to Lady Grace.

"Lady Grace," said he, "you are once more a widow!"

"It cannot be, Mr. Mildardour. How a widow? Mr. James walked out in perfect health not half an hour ago."

"Exactly, my dear Lady Grace—I am sorry to be the bearer—ahem—of such ill news; but I will tell you just how it happened. Mr. James was walking along Oxford Street, arm-in-arm with Sir Harry Wildgoose."

"Ah! the very man; Sir Harry is always here. Sir Harry is quite a friend of mine—but go on, Mr. Frank, with your relation."

"Mr. James, I say, my dear Lady Grace, happened to pass near the scaffolding of a building just as the workmen were hoisting a huge stone, when a horse in the street taking fright, ran against the scaffolding; the stone fell—and oh, Lady

Grace!—Mr. James was killed on the spot!

"Dear me! Mr. Mildardour! you don't say so!"

"Positively true. I saw him with my own eyes."

Lady Grace put her handkerchief to her eyes, and there was a dead silence for some time; at last Frank thought it time to remind her of his purpose by saying:

"Lady Grace, you know your promise?"

"My dear Mr. Frank, there is only one obstacle in the way—I have a promise to Sir Harry Wildgoose—it was only last week; 'tis an unfortunate thing—but if Sir Harry dies, then, upon my honor, you shall, truly and positively, be my *next husband*."

"On your honor?"

"On my honor."

"Then, my dear Lady Grace, I am the happiest man in the world, for the same stone has killed both of them!"

Lady Grace started with surprise; her feelings, I need not attempt to describe,—for how few can guess what it is to lose two husbands at a single blow! "I am the happiest man in the world," repeated Frank. Lady Grace looked upon him in a manner that left it dubious whether a smile or a tear was to follow; but she was fairly caught. Frank loved her, and she—who can doubt it? had always loved him. They were married at St. George's, Hanover Square, but I am unable to say whether Lady Grace has made a further appointment of her *next husband*.

A SAILOR'S COMPLACENCY AND BENEVOLENCE.

Two of the most genuine characteristics of a Jack, I consider to be his complacency and benevolence. This summer, at Plymouth, I witnessed a curious display of both. A crowd of people were surrounding and endeavoring to secure a bull which had escaped from its owner. The beast, exhausted with a chase about the streets in one of the hottest days of July, stood still and panted; but by his low growl and significant position of the horn, betokened he was not unprepared for his pursuers. After many ineffectual attempts to seize him by ropes, &c., an honest Jack came forward, and began to

swear at them lustily, for their manner of treating the national beast of Old England. "Avast, you lubbers!—a turn," said he, "and see how I'll take him in tow! Here, Billy, Billy, Billy!—There, don't you see how he nods at me? Only treat him civilly, and like a gentleman, he'll come to directly." As he said this, Jack, sure enough, approached the brute, and, patting his forehead, threw one arm over his neck, leant carelessly against him, and, laughing at their fears, abused the mob for their violence.

"See here!" said he; "here have I laid myself quietly alongside, and Billy's as gentle as a young marmoselle. An't you a pretty set of swabs, to treat a dumb hanyamal in this way?—Where's a noose? Splinter me, if I was his howner, I'd sarve you out.—Poor Billy!"

He had scarcely spoken these words, (making a sign that they should throw him a rope), before the bull, slipping his horns from under Jack's arms, thrust them between his legs, and in an instant elevated him five feet above his back. Jack lighted upon the hard pavement, amidst the roars of the multitude. Rising up, and rubbing the saluted part, he glanced his eye at the bull and exclaimed, with a mixture of indignation and regret—"Sheer off, you bl—y swab! you bears malice!"

SONNET TO A CLAM.

Dum tacent clamant.

INGLORIOUS friend! most confident I am
Thy life is one of very little ease;
Albeit men mock thee in their similes
And prate of being "happy as a clam!"
What though thy shell protects thy fragile
head
From the sharp bailiffs of the briny sea?
Thy valves are, sure, no safety valves to
thee,
While rakes are free to desecrate thy bed,
And bear thee off, as foemen take their spoil,
Far from thy friends and family to roam;
Forced like a Hessian, from thy native
home,
To meet destruction in a foreign broil!
Though thou art tender, yet thy humble
bard
Declares, O clam! thy case is shocking
hard.

JOHN GODFREY SAGE, b. 1816.

THE BAPTEESEMENT O' THE BAIRN.

[ROBERT LEIGHTON has won a high place in the regard of British and American readers by his humorous poems in the Scottish dialect. These include "Scotch Words," "Our Ain Auld Toop," "John and Tibble's Dispute," and, chief of all, "The Bapteesement o' the Bairn." Of the latter, one admirer has justly said, that nothing in the form of Scottish satirical humor more genuinely graphic and characteristic has appeared since the days of Burns.]

OD, Andra, man! I doot ye may be wrang
To keep the bairn's bapteesement aff sae
lang.
Supposin' the fivver, or some quick mis-
chance,
Or even the kinkhost, whup it aff at once
To fire and brimstane, in the black domains
Of unbelievers and unchristen'd weans—
I'm sure ye never could forgie yoursel',
Or cock your head in Heaven, wi' it in hell.

Weesht, Meggie, weesht! name not the
wicked place,
I ken I'm wrang, but Heaven will grant us
grace.
I havena been unmindfu' o' the bairn,
Na, thocht on't till my bowels begin to
yearn.
But, woman, to my sorrow, I have found
Our minister is anything but sound;
I'd sooner break the half o' the commands
Than trust a bairn's bapteesement in his
hands.
I wadna say our minister's depraved;
In fact, in all respects he's weel behaved:
He veesits the haill pairish, rich and puir;
A worthier man, in warldly ways, I'm sure
We couldna hae; but, och! wae's me, wae's
me!
In doctrine points his head is all agley.
Wi' him there's no Elect—all are the same;
An honest heart, and conduct free frae
blame,
He thinks mair likely, in the hour o' death,
To comfort aye than a' your Bible faith;
And e'en the Atonement, woman, he licht-
lies so,
It's doubtfu' whether he believes't or no!
Redemption, too, he almost sets aside,
He leaves us hopeless, wandering far and
wide,
And whether saved or damn'd we canna
tell,
For every man must e'en redeem himsel'!

Then on the Resurrection he's clean wrang;
"Wherefore," says he, "lie in your graves
sae lang?"

The speerit is the man, and it ascends
The very instant that your breathing ends;
The body's buried, and will rise nae mair,
Though a' the horns in Heaven should rowt
and rair."

Sometimes he'll glint at Robbie Burns's
deil,

As if he were a decent kind o' chiel;
But to the doonricht Satan o' the Word,
Wae's me! he disna pay the least regard.
And Hell he treats sae brief and counts
sae sma'

That it amounts to nae sic place ava.
O dear, to think our prayers and holy
chaunts,

And all the self-denying of us saunts,
Are not to be repaid by the delight
Of hearing from that region black as night,
The yelling, gnashing, and despairing cry
Of wretches that in fire and brimstane lie!
'T will never do, guidwife; this daft divine
Shall ne'er lay hands on bairn o' yours and
mine.

Ye're richt, guidman, rather than hands
like his
Bapteeze the bairn, we'll keep it as it is—
For aye an outlin' wi' its kith and kin—
A hottentot, a heathen steep'd in sin!

Sin, did ye say, guidwife? ay, there
again
Our minister's the erringest of men.
Original sin he almost lauchs to scorn,
And says the purest thing's a babe new
born,
Quite free from guile, corruption, guilt, and
all
The curses of a veesionary fall—
Yes, "veesionary," was his very word!
Bapteeze our bairn! it's morally absurd!

Then, Andra, we'll just let the baptism
be,
And pray to Heaven the bairn may never
dee.

If Providence, for ends known to itsel',
Has ower us placed this darken'd infidel,
Let's trust that Providence will keep us
richt,
And aiblins turn our present dark to licht.

Meggie, my woman, ye're baith richt
and wrang:
Trust Providence, but dinna sit ower lang

In idle hope that Providence will bring
Light to your feet, or ony ither thing.
The Lord helps them that strive as weel as
trust,

While idle faith gets naething but a crust.
So says this heathen man—the only truth
We've ever gotten frae his graceless mooth.
Let's use the means, and Heaven will bless
the end.

And, Meggie, this is what I now intend—
That you and I, the morn's morn, go forth
Bearing the bairn along unto the north,
Like favored ones of old, until we find
A man of upright life, and godly mind,
Sound in the faith, matured in all his pow-
ers,

Fit to baptese a well-born bairn like
ours.—

Now, then, the parritch—flesh maun e'en
be fed—

And I'll wale out a chapter;—syne to bed.

Eh, but the mornin's grand! that mot-
tled gray
Is certain promise o' a famous day.
But Meggie, lass, you're getting tired, I
doot;
Gie me the bairn; we'll tak it time aboot.

I'm no that tired, and yet the road looks
lang;
But Andra, man, whar do you mean to
gang?

No very far; just north the road a wee,
To Leuchars manse; I'se warrant there
we'll see

A very saunt, the Reverend Maister Whyte,
Most worthy to perform the sacred rite;
A man of holy zeal, sound as a bell,
In all things perfect as the Word itsel';
Strict in his goings out and comings in;
A man that knoweth not the taste of sin—
Except original. Yon's the manse. Wi'
him

There's nae new readin' o' the text, nae
whim

That veetiates the essentials of our creed,
But scriptural in thought, in word, and
deed.—

Now let's walk up demurely to the door,
And gie a modest knock—one knock, no
more,
Or else they'll think we're gentles. Some
ane's here.

Stand back a little Meggie, and I'll speir

VOL. I.—W. E.

If Maister Whyte—Braw day, my lass! we
came
To see if Mr. Whyte—

He's no at hame!
But he'll be back sometime the nicht,
belyve;
He started aff, I reckon, aboot five
This mornin', to the fishin'—

Save us a'!
We're ower lang here—come Meggie,
come awa.

Let's shake the very dust frae aff our feet;
A fishin' minister! And so discreet
In all his ministrations! But he's young—
Maybe this shred of wickedness has clung
This lang aboot him, as a warning sign
That he should never touch your bairn and
mine—

We'll just haud north to Forgan manse,
and get
Auld Doctor Maule—in every way most
fit—

To consecrate the wean. He's a Divine
Of auld experience, and stood high lang-
syne,
Ere we were born; in doctrine clear and
sound,
He'll no be at the fishin', I'll be bound.
Wae's me, to think the pious Maister Whyte
In catchin' troots should tak the least de-
light!

But, Andra, man, just hover for a blink,
He mayna be sae wicked as we think.
What do the Scriptures say? There we are
told
Andrew and Peter, James and John of old,
And others mentioned in the Holy Word,
Were fishermen—the chosen of the Lord.

I'm weel aware o' that, but ye forget,
That when the Apostles fished 't was wi' the
net.

They didna flee about like Hieland kerns,
Wi' hair lines, and lang wands whuppin' the
burns;

No, no, they fished i' the lake o' Galilee,
A Bible loch, almost as big's the sea.

They had their cobbles, too, wi' sails and
oars,

And plied their usefu' trade beyond the
shores.

Besides, though first their trade was catchin'
fish—

An honest craft as ony ane could wish—
They gave it up, when called upon, and then,

Though they were fishers still, it was o' men.

But this young Maister Whyte first got a call

To fish for men, and—oh, how sad his fall!—
The learned, pious, yet unworthy skoot
Neglects his sacred trust to catch a troot!
Now here comes Forgan manse amang the trees,

A cozie spot, weel skoogit frae the breeze.
We'll just walk ane by ane up to the door,
And knock and do the same's we did before.

The doctor's been a bachelor a' his life;
Ye'd almost tak the servant for his wife,
She's such command ower a' that's said and dune—

Hush! this maun be the cheepin' o' her shune.—

How do you do, mem? there's a bonnie day,

And like to keep sae. We've come a' the way

Frae Edenside to get this bairn bapteesed
By Doctor Maule, if you and he be pleased.

We've no objections; but the Doctor's gone
A-shootin': since the shootin' time cam' on
Ae minute frae the gun he's hardly been.

The Lord protect us! Was the like e'er seen?

A shootin' minister! Think shame, auld wife!

Were he the only minister in Fife
He'd never lay a hand on bairn o' mine;
Irreverent poachin', poother-an'-lead Divine!

Let's shake the dust frae aff our shune again;

Come, Meggie, come awa; I hardly ken
Which o' the twa's the warst; but I wad say
The shootin' minister—he's auld and gray,
Gray in the service o' the kirk, and hence
Wi' age and service should hae gathered sense.

Now let's consider, as we stap alang:
Doon to the Waterside we needna gang:
I'm tauld the ministers preach naething there

But cauld morality—new-fangled ware
That draps all faith and trusts to warks alone,

That gangs skin-deep, but never cleaves the bone.

We'll just haud ower—for troth it's wearin' late—

By Pickletillim, and then west the gate
To auld Kilmeny—it slants haffins hame,
Which, for the sake o' this toom, grumblin' wame,

I wish were nearer. Hech! to save my saul,

I never can get ower auld Doctor Maule!
It plainly coves all things aneath the sun!
Whaur, Meggie, whaur's your Scripture for the gun?

Od, Andra, as we've come alang the road
I've just been kirnin' through the Word o' God,

Baith auld and new, as far as I can mind,
But not the least iota can I find.

That maks the Doctor waur than Maister Whyte,

And on his ain auld head brings a' the wyte.

It does. The word gives not the merest hint

O' guns, an' poother's never mentioned in't.
They had their bows and arrows, and their slings,

And implements o' war—auld-fashioned things,

I reckon—for the dingin' doon o' toons,
And spears, and swords, and clubs for crackin' croons;

But as for guns and shot, puir hares to kill,
There's nae authority, look whaur ye will—
Losh, see! the sun's gaen red, and looks askance;

The gloamin' fa's; but here's Kilmeny manse.

Hark, Andra! is that music that we hear,
Louder an' louder, as we're drawin' near?
It's naething else! I'se wager my new goon

The minister's frae hame, and some wild loon
Comes fiddlin' to the lasses. O, the jads!
The minister's awa—they've in their lads,
And turned the very manse into a barn,
Fiddlin' and dancin'—drinkin' too, I'se warraan'!

Tod, Meggie, but ye're richt; I fear ye're richt;

And here's gray gloamin' sinkin' into nicht,
While we're as near our errand's end as whan

This mornin' wi' the sunrise we began.

We'll e'en gang roond upon the kitchen door,

And catch the ill-bred herpies at their
splore!

Hush! softly: 'od, I dinna hear their feet,
And yet the fiddle lilts fu' deft and sweet.
It's no the little squeakin' fiddle, though;
But ane that bums dowff in its wame and
low.

They hear us speakin'—here's the lassie
comin'.—

The minister's frae hame, I hear, my wo-
man?

The minister frae hame! he's nae sic
thing;
He's ben the hoose there, playin' himsel' a
spring.

The minister a fiddler! sinfu' shame!
I'd sooner far that he had been frae hame.
Though he should live as lang's Methusa-
lem,

I'll never bring anither bairn to him;
Nor will he get the ane we've brocht; na,
na;

Come, Meggie, tak' the bairn and come
awa;

I wadna let him look upon its face:
Young woman, you're in danger; leave this
place!

Hear how the sinner rasps the rosin'y
strings,
And nocht but reels and ither warldly
springs!

Let's shake the dust ance mair frae aff our
shune,

And leave the pagan to his wicked tune.

But, Andra, let's consider: it's sae late,
We canna now gang ony ither gate,
And as we're here we'll better just haud back
And get the bairn bapteesed. What does
it mak'

Altho' he scrapes a fiddle now and then.
King David was preferred above all men.

And yet 't was known he played upon the
harp;

And stringed instruments, baith flat and
sharp,

Are mentioned many a time in Holy Writ.
I dinna think it signifees a bit—

The more especially since, as we hear,
It's no the little thing sae screech and skeer
That drunken fiddlers play in barns and
booths,

But the big gaucy fiddle that sae soothes
The speerit into holiness and calm,
That e'en some kirks hae thocht it mends
the psalm.

Tempt not the man, O woman! Meggie,
I say—

Get thee behind us, Satan!—come away!
For he, the Evil One, has aye a sicht
Of arguments, to turn wrang into richt.
He's crammed wi' pleasant reasons that as-
sail

Weak woman first, and maistly aye pre-
vail;

Then she, of course, must try her wiles on
man,

As Eve on Adam did. Thus sin began,
And thus goes on, I fear, unto this day,
In spite of a' the kirks can do or say.
And what can we expect but sin and woe,
When manses are the hotbeds where they
grow?

I grieve for puir Kilmeny, and I grieve
For Leuchars and for Forgan—yea, believe
For Sodom and Gomorrah there will be
A better chance than ony o' the three,
Especially Kilmeny. I maintain—

For a' your reasons, sacred and profane,
The minister that plays the fiddle's waur
Than either o' the ither twa, by far.

And yet, weak woman, ye wad e'en return
And get this fiddler to bapteeze our bairn!
Na, na; we'll take the bairn to whence it
came,

And get our ain brave minister at hame.
Altho' he may be wrang on mony a point,
And his salvation scheme sair out o' joint,
He lays it doon without the slightest fear,
And wins the heart because he's so sincere.

And he's a man that disna need to care
Wha looks into his life; there's naething
there,

Nae sin, nae slip of either hand or tongue
That ane can tak an say, "Thou doest
wrong."

His theologic veesion may be skew'd;
But, though the broken cistern he has hew'd
May let the water through it like a riddle,
He neither fishes, shoots, nor plays the
fiddle.

WHILE Dr. Mary Walker was lecturing
in one of our rural towns, it is said that
a youth cried out: "Are you the Mary
who had a little lamb?" "No!" was the
reply, "but your mother had a little
jackass."

"WE all owe something to our coun-
try," as the man said who went abroad
without having paid his income tax.

STORY OF THE BAD LITTLE BOY WHO DIDN'T COME TO GRIEF.

ONCE there was a bad little boy whose name was Jim; though, if you will notice, you will find that bad little boys are nearly always called James, in your Sunday-school books. It was very strange, but still it was true, that this one was called Jim.

He did n't have any sick mother, either,—a sick mother who was pious, and had the consumption, and would be glad to lie down in the grave and be at rest, but for the strong love she bore her boy, and the anxiety she felt that the world would be harsh and cold towards him when she was gone. Most bad boys in the Sunday-school books are named James, and have sick mothers who teach them to say, "Now I lay me down," &c., and sing them to sleep with sweet, plaintive voices, and then kiss them good-night, and kneel down by the bedside and weep. But it was different with this fellow. He was named Jim; and there was n't any thing the matter with his mother,—no consumption, or any thing of that kind. She was rather stout than otherwise; and she was not pious: moreover, she was not anxious on Jim's account. She said if he were to break his neck, it would n't be much loss. She always spanked Jim to sleep; and she never kissed him good-night: on the contrary, she boxed his ears when she was ready to leave him.

Once this bad little boy stole the key of the pantry, and slipped in there, and helped himself to some jam, and filled up the vessel with tar, so that his mother would never know the difference; but all at once a terrible feeling didn't come over him, and something didn't seem to whisper to him, "Is it right to disobey my mother? Is n't it sinful to do this? Where do bad little boys go who gobble up their good, kind mother's jam?" and then he didn't kneel down all alone and promise never to be wicked any more, and rise up with a light, happy heart, and go and tell his mother all about it, and beg her forgiveness, and be blessed by her with tears of pride and thankfulness in her eyes. No; that is the way with all other bad boys in the books; but it happened otherwise with this Jim, strangely enough.

He ate that jam, and said it was bully, in his sinful, vulgar way; and he put in the tar, and said that was bully also, and laughed, and observed that "the old woman would get up and snort" when she found it out; and when she did find it out, he denied knowing anything about it; and she whipped him severely; and he did the crying himself. Everything about this boy was curious: every thing turned out differently with him from the way it does to the bad Jameses in the books.

Once he climbed up in Farmer Acorn's apple-tree to steal apples; and the limb didn't break; and he didn't fall and break his arm, and get torn by the farmer's great dog, and then languish on a sick-bed for weeks, and repent and become good. Oh, no! he stole as many apples as he wanted, and came down all right; and he was all ready for the dog, too, and knocked him endways with a rock when he came to tear him. It was very strange: nothing like it ever happened in those mild little books with marbled backs, and with pictures in them of men with swallow-tailed coats, and bell-crowned hats, and pantaloons that are short in the legs; and women with the waists of their dresses under their arms, and no hoops on,—nothing like it in any of the Sunday-school books.

Once he stole the teacher's penknife; and when he was afraid it would be found out, and he would get whipped, he slipped it into George Wilson's cap,—poor widow Wilson's son, the moral boy, the good little boy of the village, who always obeyed his mother, and never told an untruth, and was fond of his lessons and infatuated with Sunday-school. And when the knife dropped from the cap, and poor George hung his head and blushed as if in conscious guilt, and the grieved teacher charged the theft upon him, and was just in the very act of bringing the switch down upon his trembling shoulders, a white-haired improbable justice of the peace did not suddenly appear in their midst, and strike an attitude, and say, "Spare this noble boy: there stands the cowering culprit. I was passing the school-door at recess, and, unseen myself, I saw the theft committed." And then Jim didn't get whaled; and the venerable justice didn't read the tearful school a homily, and take George

by the hand, and say such a boy deserved to be exalted, and then tell him to come and make his home with him, and sweep out the office, and make fires, and run errands, and chop wood, and study law, and help his wife to do household labors, and have all the balance of the time to play, and get forty cents a month, and be happy. No: it would have happened that way in the books; but it didn't happen that way to Jim. No meddling old clam of a justice dropped in to make trouble, and so the model boy George got thrashed; and Jim was glad of it, because, you know, Jim hated moral boys. Jim said he was "down on them milksops." Such was the coarse language of this bad, neglected boy.

But the strangest thing that ever happened to Jim was the time he went boating on Sunday and didn't get drowned, and that other time that he got caught out in the storm when he was fishing on Sunday, and didn't get struck by lightning. Why, you might look and look and look through the Sunday-school books from now till next Christmas, and you would never come across anything like this. Oh, no! you would find that all the bad boys who go boating on Sunday invariably get drowned; and all the bad boys who get caught out in storms when they are fishing on Sunday infallibly get struck by lightning. Boats with bad boys in them always upset on Sunday; and it always storms when bad boys go fishing on the Sabbath. How this Jim ever escaped is a mystery to me.

This Jim bore a charmed life: that must have been the way of it. Nothing could hurt him. He even gave the elephant in the menagerie a plug of tobacco; and the elephant didn't knock the top of his head off with his trunk. He browsed around the cupboard after essence of peppermint, and didn't make a mistake and drink aqua-fortis. He stole his father's gun, and went hunting on the Sabbath, and didn't shoot three or four of his fingers off. He struck his little sister on the temple with his fist when he was angry; and she didn't linger in pain through long summer days, and die with sweet words of forgiveness upon her lips that redoubled the anguish of his breaking heart. No: she got over it. He ran off and went to sea at last, and didn't come back and find himself sad and alone in

the world, his loved ones sleeping in the quiet churchyard, and the vine-embowered home of his boyhood tumbled down and gone to decay. Ah, no! he came home drunk as a piper, and got into the station-house the first thing.

And he grew up, and married, and raised a large family, and got wealthy by all manner of cheating and rascality; and now he is the infernal wickedest scoundrel in his native village, and is universally respected, and belongs to the legislature.

So you see there never was a bad James in the Sunday-school books that had such a streak of luck as this sinful Jim with the charmed life.

SAMUEL L. CLEMENS ("Mark Twain"), b. 1835.

COURTING IN NEBRASKA.

LADIES seem to be in demand out in Nebraska, to judge from an amusing letter recently published. The writer, being benighted while on a sporting excursion in that State, sought lodging in a farmer's house where there were three sons and but one daughter. Shortly after his arrival a vehicle drove up containing two young men, who were instantly ushered into the parlor. Supper was then served up, but scarcely had the party taken their seats when the howling of the dogs announced a third young man. The mother rose to admit him, but the daughter rushed forward with an unceremonious, "Don't git up, mother! It's one of my fellows! Come in, Jim; how do you do?" The writer was now invited into the kitchen to smoke, and Jim was left in sole possession of the sitting room. Scarcely, however, had the smokers installed themselves comfortably in the kitchen when a fourth young man made his appearance. The house consisted altogether of but three rooms. Two sweethearts were already in the parlor, and one in the sitting-room. There was nothing for it, therefore, for the new-comer but to make himself as happy as he could in the kitchen, while the young lady divided her attention impartially between the four. But ten minutes had hardly passed when there were two more arrivals, who were announced as the wid-

owers. It was 9 o'clock. We wished to go to bed, and the only bed we had discovered was in the parlor. The old gentleman divined our wishes, and said, "I'm sorry, gentlemen; but this is one of the regular courtin' nights. Them two fellers in the parlor never leave afore midnight, and Dan 'll be here at ten o'clock." In reply to further questioning, the old gentleman said: "Friday nights it's purty bad, but Sundays it's wuss. Last Sunday night there was ten on 'em; and the girl is getting more and more par-tic'lar." Seeing no other resource, the writer betook himself to a haystack, the old man remarking, "Yes, gentlemen, courtin' 's hot in Nebrasky."

THE ASS AND THE FLUTE.

You must know that this ditty,
This little romance,
Be it dull, be it witty,
Arose from mere chance.

Near a certain inclosure,
Not far from my manse,
An ass, with composure,
Was passing by chance.

As he went along prying,
With sober advance,
A shepherd's lute lying,
He found there by chance.

Our amateur started,
And eyed it askance,
Drew nearer, and snorted
Upon it by chance.

The breath of the brute, sir,
Drew music for once;
It entered the flute, sir,
And blew it by chance.

'Ah!' cried he, in wonder,
How comes this to pass?
Who will now dare to slander
The skill of an ass?"

And asses in plenty
I see at a glance,
Who, one time in twenty,
Succeed by mere chance.

TOMAS DE YRIARTE, 1760-1791.

A SMART AGENT.

"SIR," said a tall, thin man, clad in a worn, very shining garb, suddenly appearing in the room, "I have ventured to call to lay before you one of the most astonishing inventions of modern times." They all begin in some such impressive way as that. "A gas-burner, sir." I was busy arranging some papers in a corner, and having both hands full, with a pen held crossways in my mouth, I was for the moment quite at his mercy. "Perhaps, sir, you are aware, that in the case of every kind of burner but this I now show you, gas gives off a most noxious effluvia, having a peculiarly ruinous effect upon the eyesight." By this time I had emptied my hands and mouth, and was advancing upon him. Fixing his eyes upon mine, he started back in distressful horror. Heaven help us, sir," he exclaimed, "how you have suffered already! Your sight, sir, would not last six months longer. This must not be."

Before I could say a word, or lift a finger to stop him, he rapidly glided past me to the table on which the lamp stood. With a nimbleness which rooted me to the spot in apprehension, he whipped off the shade, and then the old burner. In a moment the lamp was a ruin. "It's a mercy of Providence, sir, that I happened to call."

"Stop!" I called. "Replace everything as it was, instantly."

"The number of cases of premature blindness," he calmly proceeded, "that I have had the gratification of preventing makes my labor a most pleasant one."

Thinking he might be deaf, I bawled, "I don't want your burner; I won't have it; take it off." For he was lightly twirling the new one in its place.

"There, sir, you will feel thankful to me as long as you live! The only thing that troubles me in the matter is, I know I am ruining the spectacle makers."

"Do you hear?" I asked. "I shall not pay you for it."

He struck a very effective attitude. "Payment! Of what consequence is that? I could not remove that inestimable burner for any amount of money, when the alternative is the ruin of your valuable eyesight. For, sir, your eyes are worth

many burners. I make you a present of it willingly. I am a poor man, under heavy travelling expenses, and I have a family in want." He sighed. "But duty shall be done. The price is threepence half-penny, or three shillings a dozen. I know you will regret this momentary harshness in long years to come, when you are enjoying the benefits of that burner. But that is not my affair, though I am sorry to think of it. Good morning, sir. If at any time, no matter how long an interval, by some inconceivable accident anything should become out of order in it, you will find the name of the manufacturers stamped on the inside. Be good enough to drop a line to their well-known house at Glasgow, and a man will instantly be sent to attend to it."

I was beaten. This offer to send a man from Scotland into the heart of England, after the lapse of years, to put a gratuitously bestowed threepence half-penny gas-burner to rights, was too much for me. I had to make a purchase.—*Chambers' Journal.*

CARRYING OUT THE JOKE.

WHILE we were lying in camp at Rossville, Georgia, writes a correspondent, the Sixtieth Illinois returned from their furlough with a number of recruits. One of these having exhausted his supply of clean shirts, and not having learned to be his own laundress, asked a veteran where he could get some washing done. "Do you see those tents there by the church? Well, go there and ask for Mr. Morgan; he does washing. He's a crusty old cur, but if you talk pretty nice to him he'll do it for you." The recruit went as directed, and found General Morgan walking in front of his tent, dressed as was his custom, in the uniform of a high private. "Where will I find Mr. Morgan?" asked the recruit. "My name is Morgan. What will you have?" "I came to see if I could get some clothes washed." "H-m-m. Who sent you here to get your clothes washed?" "John Smith, over here in the Sixth." "Corporal of the guard!" (The corporal approached and saluted.) "Young man, go with the corporal, and show him John Smith, so that he can

bring him over here. And you come back with him and bring all the dirty clothes you have." They departed and soon returned with the guilty veteran, and a huge armful of dirty shirts and socks, etc. The General to Smith: "Did you send this young man here to have his clothes washed?" "Yes, sir, for a joke." "For a joke! Well, we'll have the joke carried out. We do have clothes washed here sometimes. Corporal, take this man, Smith, and that bundle of clothes down to the creek, and have him wash them, fold them up neatly, and return them to the owner! See that he does the job up handsomely!" The veteran went away to his work sorrowfully, and the General resumed his walk.

BE NOT A WIT.

O FATHER, says Dick, could you taste the delights
That myself and companions enjoy at nights,
Were you once but to hear the conundrums
and quibbles,
The retorts and the puns, the lampoons and
the libels,
The rhymes, repetitions, the songs, and the
catches,
The whims and the flirts, and the smart
witty touches,
That over the flask we most lovingly vent,
You would think a whole night most gloriously
spent;
And would guess by our wit, and the course
that we follow,
We could all be no less than the sons of
Apollo.
Ah! Dick, says the father, take care, I entreat
ye,
Thoud'st better be hang'd of the two than
be witty;
For if thou'rt once thought, by thy studies
and labors,
To 've acquired more wit than the rest of
thy neighbors,
Thou'lt be sneer'd at by fools, and be fear'd
by thy betters,
And hunted about by rogues, bailiffs, and
setters.
Thy lodging must be in some nine-penny
garret,
Thy drink, porter's guzzle much oftener than
claret;

Thy coat must through all the four seasons
 be worn,
 Till it's robb'd of its lap like a sheep newly shorn;
 You must always seem pleasant, that is, if you can,
 Keep your wits ready prim'd for a flash in the pan;
 When your pockets are empty, your brains must project
 Puns, quibbles, and tales, to supply the defect;
 That whenever you meet with a generous chub,
 You may sneak out a jest in the room of your club;
 For a wit is no more than a merry Tom Fool,
 A satirical scourge, or a flattering tool.

TOM D'UVEY, 1628-1723.

PLACING THE PUDDING.

HERE is an old story of a Yankee captain and his mate: Whenever there was a plum pudding made, by the captain's orders all of the plums were put into one end of it, and that end placed next to the captain, who, after helping himself, passed it to the mate, who never found any plums in his part of it. Well, after this game had been played for some time, the mate prevailed on the steward to place the end which had no plums in it next to the captain.

The captain no sooner saw the pudding than he discovered that he had the wrong end of it. Picking up the dish, and turning it in his hands as if merely examining the china, he said, "This dish cost me two shillings in Liverpool," and put it down again, as though without design, with the plum end next to himself.

"Is it possible?" said the mate, taking up the dish, "I should n't suppose it was worth more than a shilling," and, as if in perfect innocence, he put down the dish with the plum end next to himself. The captain looked at the mate, the mate looked at the captain. The captain laughed, the mate laughed. "I tell you what, young one," said the captain, "you've found me out, so we'll just cut the pudding lengthwise this time."

CAPITAL AND EXPERIENCE.

A BRIGHT German gentleman, retired from business, relates the following little anecdote:

"Going down to New York the other night on the boat," said he, "I got chatting with a German acquaintance, and asked him what he was doing.

"'Vell,' he replied, 'shoot now I am doing nodings, but I have made arrangements to go into pizness.'

"'Glad to hear it. What are you going into?'

"'Vell, I goes into partnership mit a man.'

"'Do you put in much capital?'

"'No; I does n't put in no gabital.'

"'Don't want to risk it, eh?'

"'No; but I puts in de experience.'

"'And he puts in the capital?'

"'Yes, dot is it. We goes into pizness for dree year; *he* puts in de gabital, *I* puts in de experience. At the end of de dree year *I* will have de gabital, and *he* will have de experience!'

ANECDOTE OF JEROME BONAPARTE.

JEROME BONAPARTE, before he arrived at kingly dignity, led an easy, pleasant life at Paris, frequenting the public spectacles in company with a few young men, chiefly literati, as gay and careless as himself. The evening that his brother had announced to him his intention of making him king of Westphalia, he went to the Vaudeville, and there encountered M. C— and M. P. L—, two of his wild companions.

"My friends," he said, "I am charmed at this meeting. Do you know I am named king of Westphalia?"

"It is not yet public, sire," replied C—, "but we are most happy in being the first to pay our respects."

"Nonsense! Let there be no such ceremonies between us," interrupted the new king: "if I was at my court, all very well; but here it is ridiculous. We will have the same frankness and gaiety as in time past, so let us sup together."

Jerome then led the way to one of the

first restaurateurs in the Palais Royal, where they had a supper truly fit for a king.

"My friends," said Jerome, "we will never part again. I will take you with me to my new kingdom. C—, thou shalt have the post of private secretary to my majesty; and as for thee, P—, thou hast a decided taste for literature, and shalt therefore be my royal librarian."

The proposition was accepted and ratified over a glass of sparkling champagne.

The night wore away, and the time came for these convivial companions to finish their carouse. The bill was required. Jerome took out his purse, but the royal treasure of Westphalia not being yet organized, he found but two Louis therein, which was not sufficient to satisfy a demand of one hundred francs. The new-made dignitaries combined their funds, but alas, they did not amount to half a crown. What was to be done? They decided on seeing the master of the house, and on informing him of the defective state of their finances. He took the matter very courteously, but as they were totally unknown to him, demanded their names.

"As for me," said P—, "I am private secretary to the king of Westphalia."

"And I," continued the other wit, "am librarian to the same monarch."

Now the host had never heard of such a potentate, and it went beyond his patience for people to run in his debt, and laugh at him to his face.

"And this rascal, who sits grinning there," said he, turning in a rage to Jerome, "is, I suppose, the king of Westphalia himself?"

"You have guessed right enough," said Jerome, "for I am the king of Westphalia."

"Ah! ah! Messieurs, this is a little too bad, and we will see if you will have the imprudence to mock the commissaire in this manner."

"Be so kind as not to make any bustle about this affair," said Jerome, "and if you do not like to trust me, I will leave my watch as a pledge."

He then put into the hands of the restaurateur his magnificent watch, at the back of which was his cipher in diamonds. The restaurateur, as soon as he had examined the watch, doubted not for an instant that it had been stolen, and

carried the party before monsieur le commissaire. He, recognizing the imperial arms, ran to the prefect of the police, the prefect ran to the minister of the home department, and the minister to the emperor. Next morning there appeared an ordinance in the *Moniteur*, announcing the immediate departure of the king of Westphalia to his government, and that he was neither to bestow post nor place in his kingdom till he had arrived at his capital.

A FRENCH JOKE.

A GENTLEMAN was seated before the Café Riche, when a young artist passed with a companion.

"I will bet you," said the artist to his friend, "I will drink that gentleman's coffee, and he will thank me for doing it."

"You are crazy."

"You will see."

"You know him, then."

"Come and see the proceeding for yourself."

Very solemnly they approached the gentleman. "Sir," said the artist, "I am an inspector of the Board of Health. If I ask for coffee they will give me, without doubt, a very good cup for they know me. You, sir, whom they do not know, are served like the rest of the world. Will you permit me to taste your coffee?"

"Certainly," said the gentleman. "This is really good. The government has great care over the people. The police cannot be too watchful over the public health."

The artist drank the coffee, and having finished it, said, politely: "They do things properly at this café; this is excellent coffee." He bowed, and left the gentleman to pay for the coffee he had not had, but profoundly grateful for the care of the government.

A GENTLEMAN while making a speech, inadvertently stepping forward, fell off the platform. In response to the peals of laughter that greeted his unlucky fall, he claimed that any speaker had a right to come down to the level of his audience.

THE DEVIL'S WALK.

From his brimstone bed at break of day,
 A-walking the devil is gone,
 To visit his snug little farm of the earth,
 And see how his stock goes on.
 And over the hill, and over the dale,
 He walk'd, and over the plain;
 And backwards and forwards he switch'd
 his long tail,
 As a gentleman switches his cane.

And pray how was the Devil drest?
 Oh he was in his Sunday's best;
 His coat was red, and his breeches were
 blue,
 With a little hole behind, where his tail
 came through.
 He saw a lawyer killing a viper,
 On a dunghill, beside his own stable;
 And the Devil smiled, for it put him in
 mind
 Of Cain and his brother Abel.

An apothecary, on a white horse,
 Rode by on his avocations—
 "Oh!" says the Devil, "there's my old
 friend
 Death in the Revelations!"
 He saw a cottage, with a double coach-house,
 A cottage of gentility;
 And the Devil was pleased, for his darling
 vice
 Is the pride that apes humility.

He stepp'd into a rich bookseller's shop;
 Says he, "We are both of one college;
 For I myself sat, like a cormorant, once,
 Hard by on the Tree of Knowledge."
 As he pass'd through Cold-Bath-Fields, he
 saw
 A solitary cell:
 And the Devil was charm'd for it gave him
 a hint
 For improving the prisons of Hell.

He saw a turnkey in a trice
 Fetter a troublesome jade!
 "Ah! nimble," quoth he, "do the fingers
 move
 When they are used to their trade."
 He saw the same turnkey unfetter the same,
 But with little expedition;
 And the Devil thought on the long debates
 On the Slave Trade Abolition.

Down the river did glide, with wind and
 with tide,
 A pig with vast celerity!
 And the Devil grinn'd, for he saw all the
 while
 How it cut its own throat, and he thought,
 with a smile,
 Of "England's commercial prosperity!"

He saw a certain minister
 (A minister to his mind)
 Go up into a certain house,
 With a majority behind.

The Devil quoted Genesis,
 Like a very learned clerk,
 How "Noah, and his creeping things,
 Went up into the ark!"

General Gascoigne's burning face
 He saw with consternation,
 And back to Hell his way did take;
 For the Devil thought, by a slight mistake,
 'Twas the General Conflagration!¹

RICHARD PORSON, 1759-1806.

A POSITION STILL OPEN.

JEM B—— is a wag. A joke to Jem
 is both food and raiment, and whenever
 there is an opening for fun he "goes into"
 it. Jem was recently in a drug store,
 when a youth, apparently fresh from the
 "mountings," entered the store and at
 once accosted Jem, stating that he was in
 search of a job.

"What kind of a job?" inquired the
 wag.

"Oh! a'most anything. I want to get
 a kind of a genteel job; I am tired o'
 farmin', an' kin turn my hand to almost
 anything."

"Well, we want a man,—a good, strong,
 healthy man,—as a sample clerk."

¹One evening, at the house of the late Dr. Vincent
 Prof. Porson, being cut out at a whist table, was about
 to take his leave. Mrs. Vincent pressed him to stay,
 saying, "I know you will not stay if you are doing
 nothing; but the rubber will soon be over, when you
 may go in; and, in the meantime, take a pen and ink
 at another table, and write us some verses." Dr.
 Vincent, in the midst of the game, seconded this re-
 quest and added, "I will give a subject. You
 shall suppose that the Devil is come up among us to
 see what we are doing, and you shall tell us what ob-
 servations he makes." Porson obeyed these injunc-
 tions, and this amusing *jeu d'esprit* was the result.
 "The Devil's Walk," with additions, has been claimed
 also for Coleridge and Southey.

"What's the wages?"
 "Wages are good; we pay \$1,000 to a man in that situation."

"What's a feller got to do?"
 "Oh! merely to test medicines, that's all. It requires a stout man, one of good constitution; and after he gets used to it he does n't mind it. You see, we are very particular about the quality of our medicines, and before we sell any we test every parcel. You would be required to take, say, six or seven ounces of castor oil some days, with a few doses of rhubarb, aloes, croton oil, and similar preparations. Some days you would not be required to test anything; but as a general thing, you can count upon, say from six to ten doses of *something* daily. As to the work, that does not amount to much; the testing department simply would be the principal labor required of you; and, as I said before, it requires a person of very healthy organization to endure it. But you look hearty, and I guess you would suit us. That young man (pointing to a very pale-faced, slim-looking youth, who happened to be present) has filled the post the past two weeks; but he is hardly stout enough to stand it; we should like to have you take right hold, if you are ready; and, if you say so, we'll begin to-day. Here is a new barrel of castor-oil just come in. I'll go and draw an ounce——"

Here Verdant, who had been gazing intently upon the slim youth, interrupted him with:

"N-no, no; I g-u-e-s-s not,—not to-day, anyhow. I'll go down and see my aunt; and, ef I 'clude to come, I'll come up to-morrer and let yer know."

He has not yet turned up.

YAWCOB STRAUSS.

I HAF von funny leetle poy,
 Vot gomes schust to my knee,
 Der queerest schap, der createst rogue,
 As efer you dit see.
 He runs, und schumps, und schmashes
 dings
 In all barts off der house:
 But vot of dot? he vas mine son,
 My leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He get der measles und der mumbas,
 Und eferyding dot's oudt;

He skills mine glass of lager bier,
 Poots schnuff indo mine kraut.
 He fills mine pipe mit Limburg cheese;—
 Dot vas der roughest chouse:
 I'd dake dot vrom no oder poy
 But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk-ban for a dhrum,
 Und cuts mine cane in dwo,
 To make der schticks to beat it mit,—
 Mine cracious dot vas drue!
 I dinks mine hed vas schplit abart,
 He kicks oop such a touse:
 But nefer mind; der poy vas few
 Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions sooch as dese:
 Who baints mine nose so red?
 Who vas it cut dot schmooth blace oudt
 Vrom der hair ubon mine hed?
 Und vhere der plaze goes vrom der lamp
 Vene'er der glim I douse.
 How gan I all dose dings eggsblain
 To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss?

I somedimes dink I shall go wild
 Mit sooch a grasy poy,
 Und vish vonce more I Gould haf rest
 Und beaceful dimes ensboy;
 But ven he vas ashleep in ped,
 So quiet as a mouse,
 I prays der Lord, "Dake anyding,
 But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS, b. 1842.

ANECDOTE OF THIERS.

DURING the Franco-Prussian war, M. Thiers was walking one morning alone in the new camp which he had established near Versailles. He saw a soldier stationed on guard, and at the moment vigorously engaged in eating bread and cheese. "Good morning, mon garçon," said M. Thiers. "Good morning, ma petite vieille" (my little old woman), replied the soldier. "Eh bien! You don't get tired, do you, of your camp life?" "That depends on the hour. At present, not. I am off duty, and am eating my bread and cheese, as you see." "And the camp bread, it's good, isn't it? I find it far superior to that they gave us before." "Tiens! Do you eat it? What are you, then? Are you an oil merchant or a hospital nurse?" "Better than that," re-

plied M. Thiers. "Bah! Then you're a second lieutenant." "Better than that." "Captain?" "Better than that." "General?" "Better than that; I'm the President of the Republic." "You are Thiers: Sacrebleu! Then quick, hold my bread and cheese, so I can present arms to you!"

ARTEMUS WARD VISITS THE SHAKERS.

"MR. SHAKER," sed I, "You see before you a Babe in the Woods, so to speak, and he axes a shelter of you."

"Yay," said the Shaker, and he led the way into the house, another bein sent to put my horse and wagon under kiver.

A solum female, lookin somewhat like a last year's bean-pole stuck into a long meal-bag, cum in and axed me was I athirst and did I hunger? To which I asserted, "A few." She went orf, and I endeavored to open a conversation with the old man.

"Elder, I spect," sed I.

"Yay," he said.

"Health's good, I reckon?"

"Yay."

"What's the wages of a Elder, when he understands his bizness—or do you devote your sarvices gratooitous?"

"Yay."

"Storm nigh, sir?"

"Yay."

"If the storm continues there'll be a mess underfoot, hay?"

"Yay."

"If I may be so bold, kind sir, what's the price of that pecooler kind of wesket you wear, includin trimmins?"

"Yay."

I pawsed a minit, and, thinkin I'd be fasechus with him and see how that would go, I slapt him on the shoulder, burst into a hearty larf, and told him that as a yayer he had no living ekel.

He jumped up as if bilin water had been squirted into his ears, groaned, rolled his eyes up tords the sealin, and sed:

"You're a man of sin!"

He then walked out of the room.

Directly thar cum in two young Shakeresses, as putty and slick lookin gals as I ever met. It is troo they was drest in

meal-bags like the old one I'd met previsly, and their shiny, silky hair was hid from sight by long, white caps, such as I suppose female ghosts wear; but their eyes sparkled like diamonds, their cheeks was like roses, and they was charmin enuff to make a man throw stuns at his grandmother, if they axed him to. They commenst clearing away the dishes, casting shy glances at me all the time. I got excited. I forgot Betsey Jane in my rapter, and sez I,

"My pretty dears, how air you?"

"We air well," they solumly sed.

"Where is the old man?" said I, in a soft voice.

"Of whom dost thou speak—Brother Uriah?"

"I mean that gay and festive cuss who calls me a man of sin. Shouldn't wonder if his name was n't Uriah."

"He has retired."

"Wall, my pretty dears," sez I, "let's have some fun. Let's play puss in the corner. What say?"

"Air you a Shaker, sir?" they asked.

"Wall, my pretty dears, I have n't arrayed my proud form in a long weskit yet, but if they wus all like you perhaps I'd jine em. As it is, I am willing to be a Shaker protemporary."

They was full of fun. I seed that at fust, only they was a little skeery. I tawt 'em pwas in the corner, and sich like plase, and we had a nice time, keepin quiet, of course, so that the old man shouldn't hear. When we broke up, sez I:

"My pretty dears, ear I go, you have no objections, have you, to a innersent kiss at partin?"

"Yay," they said, and I—yayed.

CHARLES F. BROWNE, 1832-1867.

THE RING.

"GIVE me," said Lubin to his fair,
To whom he would be more than friend,
"Give me the little ring you wear,
'T is like my love—it has no end."

"Excuse me, that I cannot do;
My heart you have no hope of winning;
The ring is like my love for you,
For, Lubin, it has no beginning!"

—Scribner's.

GENEALOGY OF HUMOR.

It is indeed much easier to describe what is not humor, than what is; and very difficult to define it otherwise than as Cowley has done it, by negatives. Were I to give my own notions of it, I would deliver them after Plato's manner, in a kind of allegory, and by supposing Humor to be a person, deduce to him all his qualifications, according to the following genealogy: Truth was the founder of the family, and the father of Good Sense. Good Sense was the father of Wit, who married a lady of collateral line called Mirth, by whom he has issue Humor. Humor, therefore, being the youngest of the illustrious family, and descended from parents of such different dispositions, is very various and unequal in his temper; sometimes you see him putting on grave looks and a solemn habit, sometimes airy in his behavior and fantastic in his dress; insomuch that at different times he appears as serious as a judge and as jocular as a Merry Andrew. But as he has a great deal of the mother in his constitution, whatever mood he is in, he never fails to make his company laugh.

JOSEPH ADDISON, 1672-1719.

BOBADIL'S PLAN FOR SAVING THE
EXPENSE OF AN ARMY.

Bobadil. I will tell you, sir, by the way of private, and under seal, I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself; but were I known to her majesty and the lords (observe me), I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of her subjects in general, but to save the one-half, nay, three parts of her yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?

E. Knowell. Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

Bob. Why, thus, sir. I would select nineteen more, to myself, throughout the land; gentlemen they should be of good spirit, strong and able constitution; I would choose them by an instinct, a

character that I have: and I would teach these nineteen the special rules—as your punto, your reverso, your stoccata, your imbroglio, your passado, your montanto—till they could all play very near, or altogether as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March, or thereabouts; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not in their honor refuse us; well, we would kill them: challenge twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them too; and thus would we kill every man his twenty a day, that's twenty score; twenty score, that's two hundred; two hundred a day, five days a thousand; forty thousand; forty times five, five times forty, two hundred days kills them all up by computation. And this will I venture my poor gentleman-like carcass to perform, provided there be no treason practised upon us, by fair and discreet manhood; that is, civilly by the sword.

BEN JONSON, 1574-1637.

A NOVEL FRENCHMAN.

DURING the war, an officer in the Army of the Potomac was surprised, on receiving a draft of men to fill up the gaps in the ranks, to find that one of the names on the list was Fitz-Herbert de Percy. Still greater was his astonishment at the discovery that the owner of this aristocratic name was an Irishman, a man in whose features Nast would have delighted, and whose broad accent, as Brougham would phrase it, could have only been made with a broad-axe. The possession of this clearly impossible title exercised a dreadful fascination on all the officers of the regiment, and numberless were the attempts made to discover what the wearer's real name was, and why he had adopted such an alias. All were baffled. Drunk or sober, to orders or entreaties, artfully pumped or abruptly questioned, he made but one reply: "Me naame is Fitz-Horboort de Porrey."

At last his term of service expired, and he received his discharge. "And now, De Percy," said his commanding officer, "you are out of the army, and whatever your real name may be or your reasons

for abandoning it can make no difference in your relations with me. What was it? Come now."

"Capting," answered the man, "I will not desave yez. Fitz-Horboort de Porrcy was not me raal naame. That, sor, I consaled for family raisons."

"I understand, I understand," said the officer, eagerly; "and your true name is—"

"Me raal naame, sor, answered the ex-soldier,—“me raal naame is not Fitz-Horboort de Porrcy; it is Fitz-Clarence de Montmorenshy.”"

AN ORIENTAL ÆSCULAPIUS.

MR. OSCANYAN, in his book *The Sultan and his People*, tells the following anecdote of a Turkish physician :

A person exceedingly ill of typhus fever called in one of these medical gentlemen, who, although he considered the case quite hopeless, prescribed for his patient, and took his leave. The next day, in passing by, he inquired of a servant at the door if his master was not dead. "Dead! No; he is much better."

Whereupon the doctor proceeded up stairs to obtain the solution of this miracle. "Why," said the convalescent, "I was consumed with thirst, and I drank a pailful of the juice of pickled cabbage."

"Wonderful!" quoth the doctor. And out came the tablets, on which the physician made this inscription, "Cured of typhus fever, Mehemed Agha, an upholsterer, by drinking a pailful of pickled cabbage juice."

Soon after, the doctor was called to another patient, a yaghlikgee, or dealer in embroidered handkerchiefs, suffering from the same malady. He forthwith prescribed "a pailful of pickled cabbage juice."

On calling the next day to congratulate his patient on his recovery, he was astonished to be told the man was dead.

The Oriental Æsculapius, in his bewilderment at these phenomena, came to the safe conclusion, and duly noted it in his memoranda, that "although in cases of typhus fever *pickled cabbage juice* is an efficient remedy, it is not, however, to be used *unless the patient be by profession an upholsterer.*"

SWALLOWING AN OYSTER ALIVE.

AT a late hour one night (1843), the door of an oyster house in our city was thrust open, and in stalked a hero from the Sucker State [Illinois]. He was six feet high, spare, somewhat stooped, with a hungry, anxious countenance, and his hands pushed clear down to the bottom of his breeches pockets. His outer covering was hard to define, but after surveying it minutely, we came to the conclusion that his suit had been made in his boyhood, of a dingy yellow linsey-wolsey, and that, having sprouted up with astonishing rapidity, he had been forced to piece it out with all colors, in order to keep pace with his body. In spite of his exertions, however, he had fallen in arrears about a foot of the necessary length, and, consequently, stuck that far through his inexpressibles. His crop of hair was surmounted by the funniest little seal-skin cap imaginable. After taking a position, he indulged in a long stare at the man opening the *bivalves*, and slowly ejaculated—"isters?"

"Yes, sir," responded the attentive operator,—“and fine ones they are, too.”

"Well, I've heard of isters afore," says he, "but this is the first time I've seed 'em, and *pre-haps* I'll know what *thar* made of afore I git out of town."

Having expressed this desperate intention, he cautiously approached the plate, and scrutinized the uncased shell-fish with a gravity and interest which would have done honor to the most illustrious searcher into the hidden mysteries of nature. At length he began to soliloquize on the difficulty of getting them out, and how queer they looked when out.

"I never seed any thin' hold on so—takes an amazin' sight of screwin, hoss, to get them out, and aint they slick and slip'ry when they does come? Smooth as an eel! I've a good mind to give that feller lodgin', jist to realize the effects, as uncle Jess used to say about speckalation."

"Well, sir," was the reply, "down with two bits, and you can have a dozen."

"Two bits!" exclaimed the Sucker, "now come, that's stickin' it on rite strong, hoss, for isters. A dozen on 'em

aint nothin', to a chicken, and there's no gettin' more'n a picayune apiece for *them*. I've only realized forty-five picayunes on my first ventur' to St. Louis. I'll tell you what, I'll gin you two chickens for a dozen, if you'll conclude to deal."

A wag, who was standing by, indulging in a dozen, winked to the attendant to shell out, and the offer was accepted.

"Now mind," repeated the Sucker, "all fair—two chickens for a dozen—you're a witness, mister," turning at the same time to the wag; "none of your tricks, for I've heard that your city fellers are mighty slip'ry coons."

The bargain being fairly understood, our Sucker squared himself for the onset; deliberately put off his seal-skin, tucked up his sleeves, and, fork in hand, awaited the appearance of No. 1. It came—he saw—and quickly it was bolted! A moment's dreadful pause ensued. The wag dropped his knife and fork, with a look of mingled amazement and horror—something akin to Shakspeare's Hamlet on seeing his daddy's ghost—while he burst into the exclamation—

"Swallowed alive, as I'm a Christian!"

Our Sucker hero had opened his mouth with pleasure a moment before, but now it stood open. Fear—a horrid dread of he did n't know what—a consciousness that all was n't right, and ignorant of the extent of the wrong—the uncertainty of the moment was terrible. Urged to desperation, he faltered out—

"What on earth's the row?"

"Did you swallow it alive?" inquired the wag.

"I swallowed it jest as he gin it to me!" shouted the Sucker.

"You're a dead man!" exclaimed his anxious friend, "the creature is alive, and will eat right through you," added he in a most helpless tone.

"Get a pizen pump and pump it out!" screamed the Sucker, in a frenzy, his eyes fairly starting out of their sockets. "O gracious!—what'll I do?—It's got hold of my innards already, and I'm dead as a chicken!—do something for me, do—don't let the infernal sea-toad eat me afore your eyes."

"Why don't you put some of this on it?" inquired the wag, pointing to a bottle of strong pepper sauce.

The hint was enough—the Sucker, upon the instant, seized the bottle, and des-

perately wrenching out the cork, swallowed half the contents at a draught. He fairly squealed from its effects, and gasped and blowed, and pitched, and twisted, as if it were coursing through him with electric effect, while at the same time his eyes ran a stream of tears. At length becoming a little composed, his waggish adviser approached, almost bursting with suppressed laughter, and inquired,—

"How are you now, old fellow—did you kill it?"

"Well, I did, hoss,—ugh, ugh o-o-o my innards. If that *ister* critter's dyin' agonies did n't stir a 'ruption in me equal to a small earthquake, then 'taint no use sayin' it—it squirmed like a serpent, when that killin' stuff touched it; hu!"—and here with a countenance made up of suppressed agony and present determination, he paused to give force to his words, and slowly and deliberately remarked, "If you git two chickens from me for that live animal, I'm d—d!" and seizing his seal-skin he vanished.

The shout of laughter, and the contortions of the company at this finale, would have made a spectator believe that they had all been *swallowing oysters alive*.

JOHN S. ROME ("Solitaire").

THE PILGRIMS AND THE PEAS.

A BRACE of sinners, for no good,

Were order'd to the Virgin Mary's shrine,
Who at Loretto dwelt, in wax, stone, wood,
And in a fair white wig look'd wond'rous fine.

Fifty long miles had those sad rogues to travel,

With something in their shoes much worse than gravel:

In short, their toes so gentle to amuse,
The priest had order'd peas into their shoes:

A nostrum, famous in old popish times,
For purifying souls that stunk with crimes:

A sort of apostolic salt,
That popish parsons for its power exalt,
For keeping souls of sinners sweet,
Just as our kitchen-salt keeps meat.

The knaves set off on the same day,
Peas in their shoes, to go and pray:

But very different was their speed, I wot:

One of the sinners gallop'd on,
Light as a bullet from a gun;
The other limp'd as if he had been shot.

One saw the Virgin soon—*peccavi* cried—
Had his soul whitewash'd all so clever;
Then home again he nimbly hied,
Made fit with saints above to live forever.

In coming back, however, let me say,
He met his brother-rogue about half way,
Hobbling with outstretch'd hams and bend-
ed knees,
Damning the souls and bodies of the peas;
His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brow in
sweat,
Deep sympathizing with his groaning feet.

"How now," the light-toed, whitewash'd
pilgrim broke,
"You lazy lubber!"
"Odds curse it!" cried the other, "'t is no
joke;
My feet, once hard as any rock,
Are now as soft as any blubber.

"Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear:
As for Loretto, I shall not get there;
No! to the Devil my sinful soul must go,
For hang me if I ha'n't lost every toe.

"But, brother sinner, do explain
How 't is that you are not in pain?
What power hath work'd a wonder for
your toes?
Whilst I, just like a snail, am crawling,
Now swearing, now on saints devoutly
bawling,
Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my
woes?

"How is 't that you can like a greyhound go,
Merry, as if nought had happen'd, burn
ye?"

"Why," cried the other, grinning, "you
must know,
That, just before I ventured on my journey,
To walk a little more at ease,
I took the liberty to boil my peas."

JOHN WOLCOTT ("Peter Pindar"), 1738-1819.

A TAILOR of melancholic temperament
was sitting on the Canada shore, gazing
intently at the Horseshoe Fall with its
thick cloud of spray. A reporter stole
up unobserved, and heard him mutter—
'What a place to sponge a coat!'

THE ETHICS OF BRAN.

I AM sometimes lost in delight as I read
the confident and generous directions of
some man who has solved the problem of
correct living and given his gospel to the
world. How much better than any im-
agined millennium will that be when we
conform all our vile bodies to his body;
what a sweet uniformity when we all eat
and drink and sleep and dress and exer-
cise exactly as he has found it best for
him. The process of natural selection
has been carried quite far enough. Let
us be of one mind and one diet; bran of
one bran, flesh of one flesh. We shall all
go to bed at one hour, and that right
early,—except the editors of morning
journals, who will have a dispensation to
die early. We shall all rise, like a bed
of crocuses in spring, at a very early hour,
and all together. Sickness will not ex-
cuse us, for there will be no excuse for
sickness. At the same moment we shall
all be engaged in taking an air bath, a
plunge bath, a sponge bath, a dry rub;
and then, dressing according to a tabular
set of figures, furnished by the central
authority, showing the proper weight of
each garment according to the tempera-
ture indicated by the thermometer, we
shall all take a brisk walk of eleven min-
utes. We shall all saw wood for half an
hour, if we have no lifting-machine, and
then sit down to breakfast, to consist of
half a pint of filtered water (free of all
animal substances), and two quarters of a
dried apple, or any other fruit in season,
to be eaten with the utmost cheerfulness,
and even with a little moderate hilarity.
A dried apple without hilarity is to be
avoided. After breakfast, we are to go to
our various occupations with a clear mind
and an elastic frame. By twelve o'clock
we shall be quite ready for dinner. This
meal is to be varied every day in the
week,—different kinds of bran-bread,
different kinds of cracked wheat, different
kinds of dried apples, and other sorts of
fruit that do not contain a certain kind
of acid which is hostile to the standard
stomach of the reformer whom we follow,
to be eaten with a great deal of merri-
ment (no matter who has died or who has
gone into bankruptcy), to be eaten in
large quantities. In fact, we are to eat

all we want at this king meal, with one restriction. We are to leave off hungry and extremely hilarious. The dinner is to cost not over eight cents, except you dine with a friend, and he pays the bill, in which case you may take sugar on your fruit. After dinner you may take a siesta of twenty minutes and a nap in your chair; but do not lie down; and sleep with your mouth shut in fly-time, for animal food is absolutely prohibited. These directions may seem unimportant; but nothing is trivial to an immortal man, as you will feel when you go to your business with a springing step, a sparkling eye, glowing cheeks, fire in every limb, exultant blood in every muscle, and the consciousness that you have no butcher's bill, grocer's bill, or milkman's, that you owe no man a dollar, and can keep all the commandments just as easy as you can wink. As you walk along the street, you occasionally jump into the air four or five feet, or leap over the boundary fence and back, and laugh aloud. At supper it is best for you to eat nothing, excepting your own cheerfulness. But, if nature will have something, try a little brown-bread, raised without yeast, slowly masticating it, thinking about butter, and being careful to call up no image of excessive laughter; for this is the time to begin to tranquilize the mind and prepare for self-satisfied slumber.

Of course, it must be understood that all you eat must be carefully weighed. This not only guards against excess, but it induces a careful and methodical habit of mind. When you go out to dinner, you will carry your scales with you, and weigh your own food at the table. It is important to notice that beans, uncontaminated by pork, may be eaten on Sundays and the Fourth of July.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, b. 1829.

A SHOCKING MIXTURE.

It devolved on a certain newspaper reporter, to write for the same edition an account of the gift of a gold-headed cane to Rev. Dr. Janes, the clergyman of the place, and a description of a patent hog-killing and sausage-making machine, which had just gone into operation. When

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the foreman of the composing room received the two locals, he cut them into small pieces, as usual, for distribution among the type-setters. A mistake must have been made in numbering the "copy," for when the paper went to press the two reports were mixed in such a frightful manner, that the following, or something like it, was the result: "Several of Rev. Dr. Janes' friends called upon him yesterday, and after a brief conversation the unsuspecting hog was seized by the hind legs and slid along a beam till he reached the hot water tank. His friends explained the object of their visit and presented him with a very handsome gold-headed butcher, who grabbed him by the tail, swung him around, slit his throat from ear to ear, and in less than a minute the carcass was in the water. Thereupon he came forward and said that there were times when the feelings overpowered one, and for that reason he would not attempt to do more than thank those around him for the manner in which such a huge animal was cut into fragments was simply astonishing. The doctor concluded his remarks, when the machine seized him and in less time than it takes to write it, the hog was cut into pieces and worked up into delicious sausage. The occasion will long be remembered by the Doctor's friends as one of the most delightful of their lives. The best pieces can be procured at fifteen cents a pound, and we are sure that those who have sat so long under his ministry will rejoice that he has been treated so handsomely."

The entire congregation of Dr. Janes' church stopped taking the paper immediately.

MAX ADLER.

A SHREWD CORRESPONDENT.

ARCHIBALD SAUL, the wealthy banker, was well known on 'Change in his day. He was a small, wiry man, keen and shrewd, and a great stickler for form. His clerks were aware of his precision, and failed not to do their work according to the rules and forms laid down. One day Saul called his private secretary and directed him to write to Mr. B——, a rising merchant and importer.

"Write," said the banker, "that I have

transacted the business which he entrusted to me agreeably to his wishes."

The secretary at his desk wrote, and when the body of the communication had been completed, turned and asked:

"With what form shall I close the letter, sir?"

"You may place," said Saul, "I have the honor to be yours."

"Yes, sir."

"Ah! wait; tell me, has Mr. B— settled his accounts to date?"

"Yes, sir. His accounts were settled promptly and cheerfully."

"Ah! then you may place,—I have the honor to be your very humble servant."

"By the way," said the secretary, "I forgot to tell you that Mr. B— has chartered two new ships, and his ventures are not only brilliant but safe. He is regarded by the knowing ones as a man of remarkable ability."

"Ah, ah! Indeed! Place quickly,—I have the honor to be, sir, with the highest consideration and respect, your very humble and very obedient servant!"

WIT AND WISDOM FROM JOSH BILLINGS.¹

FLATTERY iz like colone water, tew be smelt ov, not swallowed.

There iz only one good substitute for the endearments of a sister, and that iz the endearments ov sum other phellow's sister.

Cheerfull old girls are the brides' maids ov society.

About the hardest thing a phellow can do, iz tew spark two girls at onct, and preserve a good average.

Old dorgs nuss their grudges, but yung purps fite, and then frolick.

A big noze iz sed tew be a sign ov genius—if a man's genius lays in hiz noze, i should say the sign waz a good one.

Medicine haz cost the world more than bread haz, and haz killed more than it haz cured.

Marriage tew a coquette iz often "letters ov marque and reprisal."

It iz very diffikult for a poor man tew be superior tew hiz fortune, and more diffikult for a rich one.

How menney people there iz whosesouls hang in them, like the pith in a goose quill.

If you want a true friend, hire him bi the month, and pay him fair wages.

In fishing for krabs, use your fingers for bait, you can feel them when they fust bite.

If yu want to git a sure krop, and a big yield, sow wild oats.

I have alwus notised one thing, when a man gits in a tite spot, he dont never call on hiz friend the Devil tew help him out.

I had rather be a seed cowcumber, flung up in a wood pile tew ripen, than tew be an old bachelor.

The time tew be karefullest iz when we have a hand full ov trumps.

Tew learn yure offspring to steal, make them beg hard for all that yu give them.

In fishing for musketoze, dont wait for them tew bite a seckond time.

If a man haint got a well-balanced head, i like tew see him part hiz hair in the middle.

Keep a cow, and then the milk wont hav tew be watered but once.

Tew enjoy a good reputashun, giv publickly, and steal privately.

A HORSE-TRADE.

WHEN Abraham Lincoln was a lawyer in Illinois, he and a judge got to bantering one another about trading horses, and it was agreed that the next morning at nine o'clock they should make a trade, the horses to be unseen up to that hour, and no backing out under a forfeiture of \$25. At the hour appointed the judge came up, leading the sorriest looking specimen of a horse ever seen in those parts. In a few minutes Lincoln was seen approaching, with a wooden sawhorse upon his shoulder. Great were the shouts and the laughter of the crowd, and both were greatly increased when Mr. Lincoln, on surveying the judge's animal, set down his sawhorse and exclaimed: "Well, judge, this is the first time I ever got the worst of it in a horse trade."

¹ The works of Josh Billings are published by G. W. Carleton & Co., New York.

VOLTAIRE'S MICROMEGAS.

CHAPTER I.

A VOYAGE TO THE PLANET SATURN, BY AN INHABITANT OF THE STAR SIRIUS.

IN one of the planets that revolve around the star known by the name of Sirius, was a certain young gentleman of promising parts, whom I had the honor to be acquainted with, in his last voyage to this our little ant-hill. His name was Micromegas, an appellation admirably suited to all great men, and his stature amounted to eight leagues in length, that is, four and twenty thousand geometrical paces, five feet in each.

Some of your mathematicians, a set of people always useful to the public, will perhaps instantly seize the pen, and calculate that Mr. Micromegas, inhabitant of the country of Sirius, being from head to foot four and twenty thousand paces in length, making one hundred and twenty thousand royal feet; that we, denizens of this earth, being at a medium little more than five feet high and our globe nine thousand leagues in circumference: these things being premised, I say, they will conclude, that the periphery of the globe which produced him, must be exactly one hundred and twenty millions six hundred thousand times greater than that of this our tiny ball. Nothing in nature is more simple and common. The dominions of some sovereigns of Germany or Italy which may be compassed in half an hour, when compared with the empires of Ottoman, Muscovy, or China are no other than faint instances of the prodigious difference which nature hath made in the scale of beings. The stature of his excellency being of these extraordinary dimensions, all our painters and statuaries will easily agree that the round of his belly might amount to fifty thousand royal feet: a very agreeable and just proportion.

His nose being equal in length to one-third of his face, and his jolly countenance engrossing one-seventh part of his length, it must be owned that the nose of this famous Sirian was six thousand

three hundred and thirty-three royal feet to a hair; which was to be demonstrated. With regard to his understanding, it is one of the best cultivated I have known; he is perfectly well acquainted with abundance of things, some of which are of his own invention: for when his age did not exceed two hundred and fifty years, he, according to the custom of his country, studied at the most celebrated university of the whole planet, and by the force of his genius, found out upwards of fifty propositions of Euclid, having the advantage by more than eighteen of Blaise Paschal, who (as we are told by his own sister,) demonstrated two and thirty for his amusement, and then left off, choosing rather to be an indifferent philosopher, than a great mathematician.—About the four hundred and fiftieth year of his age, or the latter part of his childhood, he dissected a great number of small insects, not more than one hundred feet in diameter, which are not perceivable by ordinary microscopes, of which he composed a curious treatise, which involved him in some trouble: the mufti of the nation, though very old and very ignorant, made shift to discover in his book certain lemmas that were suspicious, unseemly, rash, heretic and unsound; and prosecuted him with great animosity, for the subject of the author's inquiry was whether, in the world of Sirius, there was any difference between the substantial forms of a flea and a snail.

Micromegas defended his philosophy with such spirit as made all the female sex his proselytes; and the process lasted two hundred and twenty years; at the end of which, in consequence of the mufti's interest, the book was condemned by judges who had never read it, and the author expelled from court, for the term of eight hundred years.

Not much afflicted at this banishment from a court that teemed with nothing but turmoils and trifles, he made a very humorous song upon the mufti, who gave himself no trouble about the matter, and set out on his travels from planet to planet, in order (as the saying is) to improve his mind and finish his education. Those who never travel but in a post chaise or berlin, will doubtless be astonished at the equipage used above: for we that strut upon this little mole hill, are at a loss to conceive anything that sur-

¹ A name compounded of two Greek words, signifying *little* and *great*.

passes our own customs. But our traveller was a wonderful adept in the laws of gravitation, together with the whole force of attraction and repulsion; and made such reasonable use of his knowledge, that sometimes by the help of a sunbeam, and sometimes by the convenience of a comet, he and his retinue glided from sphere to sphere, as a bird hops from one bough to another. He in a very little time posted through the milky way; and I am obliged to own, he saw not a twinkle of those stars supposed to adorn that fair empyrean, which the illustrious doctor Derham brags to have observed through his telescope. Not that I pretend to say the doctor was mistaken. God forbid! but Micromegas was upon the spot, an exceeding good observer, and I have no mind to contradict any man. Be that as it will, after many windings and turnings, he arrived at the planet Saturn, and accustomed as he was to the sight of novelties, he could not for his life repress that supercilious and conceited smile which often escapes the wisest philosopher when he perceives the smallness of that globe, and the diminutive size of its inhabitants: for really Saturn is but about nine hundred times larger than this our earth, and the people of that country are mere dwarfs, about a thousand fathoms high. In short, he at first derided those poor pigmies, just as an Italian fiddler laughs at the music of Lully, at his first arrival in Paris; but as this Sirian was a person of good sense, he soon perceived that a thinking being may not be altogether ridiculous, even though he is not quite six thousand feet high; and therefore he became familiar with them, after they had ceased to wonder at his extraordinary appearance. In particular he contracted an intimate friendship with the secretary of the academy of Saturn, a man of good understanding, who, though in truth he had invented nothing of his own, gave a very good account of the inventions of others, and enjoyed, in peace, the reputation of a little poet and great calculator. And here, for the edification of the reader, I will repeat a very singular conversation that one day passed between Mr. Secretary and Micromegas.

CHAPTER II.

THE CONVERSATION BETWEEN MICROMEGAS AND THE INHABITANT OF SATURN.

His excellency having laid himself down, and the secretary approached his nose, "It must be confessed," said Micromegas, "that nature is full of variety,"—"Yes," replied the Saturnian, "nature is like a parterre whose flowers—" "Pshaw!" cried the other, "truce with your parterres."—"It is," resumed the secretary, "like an assembly of fair and brown women whose dresses—" "What a plague have I to do with your brunettes?" said our traveller. "Then it is like a gallery of pictures, the strokes of which—" "Not at all," answered Micromegas. "I will tell you once for all, that nature is like nature, and comparisons are odorous." "Well, to please you"—said the secretary—"I won't be pleased," replied the Sirian, "I want to be instructed: begin therefore, without further preamble, tell me how many senses the people of this world enjoy."—"We have seventy and two," said the academician, "but we are daily complaining of the small number: as our imagination transcends our wants; for with these seventy-two senses, our five moons and ring, we find ourselves very much restricted; and notwithstanding our curiosity, and the no small number of those passions that result from these few senses, we have still time enough to be tired of idleness." "I sincerely believe what you say," cried Micromegas, "for, though we Sirians have near a thousand different senses, there still remains a certain vague desire, an unaccountable inquietude, incessantly advertising us of our own unimportance, and giving us to understand that there are other beings who are much our superiors in point of perfection. I have travelled a little, and seen mortals both above and below myself in the scale of being: but I have met with none who had not more desire than necessity, and more want than gratification: perhaps I shall one day arrive in some country where nought is wanting: but hitherto I have had no certain information of such a happy land." The Saturnian and his guest exhausted themselves in conjectures upon this subject, and after abundance of argumentation equally ingenious and un-

certain, being fain to return to matter of fact, "To what age do you commonly live?" said the Sirian. "Lack-a-day! a mere trifle," replied the little gentleman. "It is the very same case with us," resumed the other, "the shortness of life is our daily complaint, so that this must be a universal law in nature." "Alas!" cried the Saturnian, "few, very few, on this globe, outlive five hundred great revolutions of the sun; (these, according to our way of reckoning amount to about fifteen thousand years.) So, you see, we in a manner begin to die the moment we are born: our existence is no more than a point, our duration an instant, and our globe an atom. Scarce do we begin to learn a little, when death intervenes, before we can profit by experience: for my own part, I am deterred from laying schemes, when I consider myself as a single drop in an immense ocean. I am particularly ashamed, in your presence, of the ridiculous figure I make among my fellow-creatures."

To this declaration, Micromegas replied, "If you were not a philosopher, I should be afraid of mortifying your pride, by telling you that the term of our lives is seven hundred times longer than the date of your existence: but, you are very sensible, that when the texture of the body is resolved, in order to reanimate nature in another form, which is the consequence of what we call death; when that moment of change arrives there is not the least difference between having lived a whole eternity or a single day. I have been in some countries where the people live a thousand times longer than with us, and yet they murmured at the shortness of their time: but one will find everywhere, some few persons of good sense, who know how to make the best of their portion, and thank the author of nature for his bounty. There is a profusion of variety scattered through the universe, and yet there is an admirable vein of uniformity that runs through the whole; for example, all thinking beings are different among themselves, though at bottom they resemble one another, in the powers and passions of the soul: matter, though interminable, hath different properties in every sphere. How many principal attributes do you reckon in the matter of this world?" "If you mean those properties," said the Saturnian,

"without which we believe that this our globe could not subsist, we reckon in all three hundred, such as extent, impenetrability, motion, gravitation, divisibility, *et cætera*." "That small number," replied the traveller, "probably answers the views of the creator on this your narrow sphere. I adore his wisdom in all his works. I see infinite variety, but everywhere proportion. Your globe is small; so are the inhabitants; you have few sensations; because your matter is endued with few properties: these are the works of unerring providence. Of what color does your sun appear when accurately examined?" "Of a yellowish white," answered the Saturnian; "and in separating one of his rays, we find it to contain seven colors." "Our sun," saith the Sirian, "is of a reddish hue, and we have no less than thirty-nine original colors. Among all the suns I have seen, there is no sort of resemblance; and in this sphere of yours there is not one face like another."

After divers questions of this nature, he asked how many substances essentially different they counted in the world of Saturn; and understood that they numbered but thirty; such as God; space; matter; beings endued with sense and extension; beings that have extension, sense, and reflection; thinking beings that have no extension; those that are penetrable; those that are impenetrable, and the rest. But the Saturnian philosopher was prodigiously astonished when the Sirian told him they had no less than three hundred, and that he himself had discovered three thousand more in the course of his travels. In short, after having communicated to each other, what they knew, and even what they did not know, and argued during a whole revolution of the sun, they resolved to set out together on a small philosophical tour.

CHAPTER III.

THE VOYAGE OF THOSE TWO INHABITANTS OF THE OTHER WORLD.

Our two philosophers were just ready to embark for the atmosphere of Saturn, with a jolly provision of mathematical instruments, when the Saturnian's mistress having got an inkling of their de-

sign, came all in tears to make her remonstrances. She was a little handsome brunette, not above six hundred and threescore fathom high; but her agreeable attractions made amends for the smallness of stature. "Oh! cruel man," cried she, "after a resistance of fifteen hundred years, when at length I have surrendered, and scarce have passed two hundred in thy embrace, to leave me thus, before the honey-moon is over, and go a rambling with a giant of another world! go, go, thou art a mere virtuoso, devoid of tenderness and love! if thou wert a true Saturnian, thou wouldst be faithful and invariable. Ah! whither art thou going? what is thy design? our five moons are not so inconstant, nor our ring so changeable as thee! but take this along with you, henceforth I ne'er shall love another man." The little gentleman embraced and wept over her, notwithstanding his philosophy: and the lady, after having swooned with great decency, went to console herself with the conversation of a certain beau.

Meanwhile our two virtuosi set out, and at one jump leaped upon the ring, which they found pretty flat, according to the ingenious guess of an illustrious inhabitant of our little earth; from thence they easily slipped from moon to moon; and a comet chancing to pass, they sprung upon it with all their servants and apparatus. Thus carried about one hundred and fifty million of leagues, they met with the satellites of Jupiter, and arrived upon the body of the planet itself, where they continued a whole year; during which they learned some very curious secrets, which would actually be sent to the press, were it not for fear of the gentlemen inquisitors, who have found among them some corollaries very hard of digestion. Nevertheless, I have read the manuscript in the library of the illustrious archbishop of ——— who has granted me permission to peruse his books with that generosity and goodness which can never be enough commended: wherefore I promise that he shall have a long article in the next edition of *Moreri*, where I shall not forget the young gentlemen his sons, who give us such pleasing hopes of seeing perpetuated the race of their illustrious father. But to return to our travellers. When they took leave of Jupiter, they traversed a space of about

one hundred millions of leagues, and coasting along the planet Mars, which is well known to be five times smaller than our little earth, they descried two moons subservient to that orb, which have escaped the observation of all our astronomers. I know father Castel will write, and that pleasantly enough, against the existence of these two moons; but I entirely refer myself to those who reason by analogy: those worthy philosophers are very sensible that Mars, which is at such a distance from the sun, must be in a very uncomfortable situation, without the benefit of a couple of moons: be that as it may, our gentlemen found the planet so small, that they were afraid they should not find room to take a little repose; so they pursued their journey like two travellers who despise the paltry accommodation of a village, and push forward to the next market town. But the Sirian and his companion soon repented of their delicacy; for, they journeyed a long time, without finding a resting place, till at length they discovered a small speck which was the Earth. Coming from Jupiter, they could not but be moved with compassion at sight of this miserable spot, upon which, however, they resolved to land, lest they should be a second time disappointed. They accordingly moved towards the tail of the comet, where finding an *Aurora Borealis* ready to set sail they embarked, and arrived on the northern coast of the Baltic on the fifth day of July, O. S., in the year 1737.

CHAPTER IV.

WHAT BEFEL THEM UPON THIS OUR GLOBE.

Having taken some repose, and being desirous of reconnoitering the narrow field in which they were, they traversed it at once from north to south. Every step of the Sirian and his attendants measured about thirty thousand royal feet: whereas the dwarf of Saturn, whose stature did not exceed a thousand fathoms, followed at a distance quite out of breath; because, for every single stride of his companion, he was obliged to make twelve good steps at least. The reader may figure to himself (if we are allowed to make such comparisons) a very little rough spaniel

dodging after a captain of the Prussian grenadiers.

As those strangers walked at a good pace, they compassed the globe in six and thirty hours; the sun, it is true, or rather the earth, describes the same space in the course of one day; but it must be observed that it is much more easy to turn upon an axis than to walk a-foot. Behold them then returned to the spot from which they had set out, after having discovered that almost imperceptible sea which is called the Mediterranean; and the other narrow pond that surrounds this mole-hill under the denomination of the great ocean; in wading through which the dwarf had never wet his mid-leg, while the other scarce moistened his heel. In going and coming through both hemispheres, they did all that lay in their power to discover whether or not the globe was inhabited. They stooped, they lay down, they groped in every corner; but their eyes and hands were not at all proportioned to the small beings that crawl upon this earth; and therefore, they could not find the smallest reason to suspect that we and our fellow citizens of this globe had the honour to exist.

The dwarf, who sometimes judged too hastily, concluded at once that there was no living creature upon earth; and his chief reason was that he had seen nobody. But Micromegas in a polite manner, made him sensible of the unjust conclusion; "For (said he) with your diminutive eyes you cannot see certain stars of the fiftieth magnitude, which I distinctly perceive; and do you take it for granted that no such stars exist?" "But I have groped with great care," replied the dwarf. "Then your sense of feeling must be bad," resumed the other. "But this globe, (said the dwarf) is ill contrived; and so irregular in its form as to be quite ridiculous. The whole together looks like a chaos. Do but observe these little rivulets; not one of them runs in a straight line; and these ponds, which are neither round, square, nor oval, nor indeed of any regular figure; together with those little sharp pebbles (meaning the mountains) that roughen the whole surface of the globe and have torn all the skin from my feet. Besides, pray take notice of the shape of the whole, how it flattens at the poles, and turns round the sun in an awkward oblique manner, so as

that the polar circles cannot possibly be cultivated. Truly, what makes me believe there is no inhabitant on this sphere, is a full persuasion that no sensible being would live in such a disagreeable place." "What then? (said Micromegas) perhaps the beings that inhabit it come not under that denomination; but, in all appearance, it was not made for nothing. Every thing here seems to you irregular; because you fetch all your companions from Jupiter or Saturn. Perhaps this is the very reason of the seeming confusion which you condemn; have not I told you, that in the course of my travels I have always met with variety?" The Saturnian replied to all these arguments; and perhaps the dispute would have known no end, if Micromegas in the heat of the contest had not luckily broke the string of his diamond necklace; so that the jewels fell to the ground, consisting of pretty small unequal karats, the largest of which weighed four hundred pounds, and the smallest fifty. The dwarf, in helping to pick them up, perceived, as they approached his eye, that every single diamond was cut in such a manner as to answer the purpose of an excellent microscope. He therefore took up a small one, about one hundred and sixty feet in diameter, and applied it to his eye, while Micromegas chose another of two thousand five hundred; though they were of excellent powers, the observers could perceive nothing by their assistance, so that they were altered and adjusted: at length, the inhabitant of Saturn discerned something almost imperceptible moving between two waves in the Baltic: this was no other than a whale, which in a dexterous manner, he caught with his little finger, and placing it on the nail of his thumb, showed it to the Sirian, who laughed heartily at the excessive smallness peculiar to the inhabitants of this our globe. The Saturnian, by this time convinced that our world was inhabited, began to imagine we had no other animals than whales; and being a mighty arguer, he forthwith set about investigating the origin and motion of this small atom, curious to know whether or not it was furnished with ideas, judgment, and free will. Micromegas was very much perplexed upon this subject; he examined the animal with the most patient attention, and the result of his inquiry was, that he

could see no reason to believe a soul was lodged in such a body. The two travellers were actually inclined to think there was no such thing as mind in this our habitation, when by the help of their microscope, they perceived something as large as a whale floating upon the surface of the sea. It is well known, that at this period, a flight of philosophers was on its return from the polar circle, where they had been making observations, for which nobody has hitherto been the wiser.¹ The gazettes record, that their vessel ran ashore on the coast of Bothnia, and that they with great difficulty saved their lives; but in this world one can never dive to the bottom of things: for my own part, I will ingeniously recount the transaction just as it happened, without any addition of my own; and this is no small effort in a modern historian

CHAPTER V.

AN ASTONISHING DISCOVERY.

Micromegas stretched out his hand gently towards the place where the object appeared, and advanced two fingers, which he instantly pulled back, for fear of being disappointed, then opening softly and shutting them all at once, he very dexterously seized the ship that contained those gentlemen and placed it on his nail, avoiding too much pressure, which might have crushed the whole in pieces. "This," said the Saturnian dwarf, "is a creature very different from the former:" upon which, the Sirian placing the supposed

animal in the hollow of his hand, the passengers and crew, who believed themselves thrown by a hurricane upon some rock, began to put themselves in motion. The sailors having hoisted out some casks of wine, jumped after them into the hand of Micromegas; the mathematicians having secured their quadrants, sectors, and Lapland mistresses, went overboard at a different place, and made such a bustle in their descent, that the Sirian at length felt his fingers tickled by something that seemed to move. An iron crow chanced to penetrate about a foot deep into his fore finger; and from this prick he concluded that something had issued from the little animal he had held in his hand; but at first he suspected nothing more: for the microscope that scarce rendered a whale and a ship visible, had no effect upon an object so imperceptible as man. I do not intend to shock the vanity of any person whatever; but here I am obliged to beg your people of importance to consider, that supposing the stature of a man to be about five feet, we mortals make just such a figure upon the earth, as an animal the sixty-thousandth part of a foot in height, would exhibit upon a bowl ten feet in circumference. When you reflect upon a being who could hold this whole earth in the palm of his hand, and is endowed with organs proportioned to those we possess, you will conceive that there must be a great variety of created substances;—and pray, what must such beings think of those battles by which a conqueror gains a small village, to lose it again in the sequel?

I do not at all doubt, but if some captain of grenadiers should chance to read this work, he would add two large feet at least to the caps of his company: but I assure him his labor will be in vain: for do what he will, he and his soldiers will never be other than infinitely diminutive and inconsiderable. What wonderful address must have been inherent in our Sirian philosopher, that enabled him to perceive those atoms of which we have been speaking. When Leuwenhoek and Hartsoecker observed the first rudiments of which we are formed, they did not make such an astonishing discovery. What pleasure, therefore, was the portion of Micromegas in observing the motion of those little machines, in examining all their pranks, and pursuing them in their

¹ Cassini, who had measured a degree of the meridian in France, published in 1718 his book upon the size and figure of the earth, in which he concludes it is lengthened at the poles, in contradiction to the theory of Newton and Huygens; the French king ordered a company of academicians to measure a degree of the equator, and another to take the dimensions of a degree at the polar circle, in order to determine this dispute. Messrs. Goden, Bouguer, and de la Condamine, were sent to Peru, while Maupertuis, Clairaut, Camus, Monnier, and Outhier, set out for Lapland. The observations of both companies, reinforced by those of Don Jorge Juan and Antonio d'Ulloa, two Spanish philosophers employed by his Catholick Majesty, confirmed the theory of Sir Isaac Newton, that the earth was an oblate spheroid flattened at the poles. A curious account of the voyage to Lapland, and of the observations there made, is to be found in the works of Maupertuis, published at Lyons in the year 1756.

operations! with what joy did he put his microscope into his companion's hand; and with what transport did they at once exclaim, "I see them distinctly—don't you perceive them carrying burdens, lying down and rising up again?" So saying, their hands shook with eagerness to see, and apprehension to lose such uncommon objects.

CHAPTER VI.

WHAT HAPPENED IN THEIR INTERCOURSE WITH MAN.

Micromegas being a much better observer than his dwarf, perceived distinctly that those atoms spoke; and made the remark to his companions, who would not believe such a puny species could possibly communicate their ideas: for though he had the gift of tongues, as well as his companion, he could not hear these particles speak; and therefore supposed they had no language: besides, how should such imperceptible beings have the organs of speech? and what in the name of God can they say one to another? in order to speak they must have something like thought, and if they think, they must surely have something equivalent to a soul: now, to attribute anything like a soul to such an insect species appears a mere absurdity.

"But just now," replied the Sirian, "you believed they made love to each other; and do you think this could be done without thinking, without using some sort of language, or at least some way of making themselves understood? or do you suppose it is more difficult to advance an argument than to produce a child? for my own part, I look upon both these faculties as alike mysterious." "I will no longer venture to believe or deny," answered the dwarf: "in short I have no opinion at all. Let us endeavor to examine these insects, and we will reason upon them afterwards."

"With all my heart," said Micromegas, who, taking out a pair of scissors which he kept for paring his nails, cut off a paring from his thumb nail, from which he formed a large kind of speaking trumpet, like a vast tunnel, and clapped the pipe to his ear: as the circumference of this machine included the ship and all the crew, the most feeble voice was conveyed along the circular fibres of the nail; so

that, thanks to his industry, the philosopher could distinctly hear the buzzing of our insects that were below; in a few hours he distinguished articulate sounds, and at last plainly understood the French language. The dwarf heard the same, though with more difficulty. The astonishment of our travellers increased every instant. They heard a nest of mites talk in a pretty sensible strain: and that *Lusus Naturæ* seemed to them inexplicable. You need not doubt but the Sirian and his dwarf glowed with impatience to enter into conversation with such atoms. Micromegas being afraid that his voice, like thunder, would deafen and confound the mites, without being understood by them, saw the necessity of diminishing the sound; each, therefore put into his mouth a sort of small tooth-pick, the slender end of which reached the vessel. The Sirian setting the dwarf upon his knees, and the ship and crew upon his nail, held down his head and spoke softly.—In fine, having taken these and a great many more precautions, he addressed himself to them in these words.

"O ye invisible insects, whom the hand of the Creator hath deigned to produce in the abyss of infinite littleness, I give praise to His goodness, in that He hath been pleased to disclose unto me those secrets that seemed to be impenetrable; perhaps the court of Sirius will not disdain to behold you with admiration: for my own part, I despise no creature, and therefore offer you my protection."

If ever there was such a thing as astonishment, it seized upon the people who heard this address, and could not conceive from whence it proceeded. The chaplain of the ship repeated exorcisms, the sailors swore, and the philosophers formed a system: but, notwithstanding all their systems, they could not divine who the person was that spoke to them. Then the dwarf of Saturn, whose voice was softer than that of Micromegas, gave them briefly to understand what species of beings they had to do with. He related the particulars of their voyage from Saturn, made them acquainted with the rank and quality of Monsieur Micromegas; and after having pitied their smallness, asked if they had always been in that miserable state, so near akin to annihilation; and what their business was upon that globe which seemed to be the property of whales;

he also desired to know if they were happy in their situation, if they propagated their species, if they were inspired with souls? and put a hundred questions of the like nature.

A certain mathematician on board, more courageous than the rest, and shocked to hear his soul called in question, planted his quadrant, and having taken two observations of this interlocutor, "You believe then, Mr. what d'y'e callum," said he, "that because you measure from head to foot a thousand fathoms—" "A thousand fathoms!" cried the dwarf, "good heaven, how should he know the height of my stature? a thousand fathoms! my very dimensions to a hair. What, measured by a mite! this atom, forsooth is a geometrician, and knows exactly how tall I am: while I, who can scarce see him through a microscope, am utterly ignorant of his extent!" "Yes, I have taken your measure," answered the philosopher, "and I will now do the same by your tall companion." The proposal was embraced; his excellency laid himself along: for, had he stood upright, his head would have reached too far above the clouds. Our mathematicians planted a tall tree in a certain part of him: then, by a series of triangles joined together, they discovered that the object of their observations was a strapping youth, exactly one hundred and twenty thousand royal feet in length.

In consequence of this calculation, Micromegas uttered these words: "I am now more than ever convinced that we ought to judge of nothing by its external magnitude. O God, who hast bestowed understanding upon such seemingly contemptible substances, thou canst with equal ease produce that which is infinitely small, as that which is incredibly great: and if it be possible, that among thy works there are beings still more diminutive than these, they may nevertheless be indued with understanding superior to the intelligence of those stupendous animals I have seen in heaven, a single foot of whom is larger than this whole globe on which I have alighted." One of the philosophers bid him be assured, that there were intelligent beings much smaller than man, and recounted not only Virgil's whole fable of the bees, but also described all that Swammerdam hath discovered and Reaumur dissected. In a word, he informed him that there were animals which

bear the same proportion to bees, which bees bear to man; the same as the Sirian himself was to those vast beings whom he had mentioned; and as those huge animals were to other substances, before whom they would appear like so many particles of dust. Here the conversation became very interesting, and Micromegas proceeded in these words.

CHAPTER VII.

A CONVERSATION THAT PASSED BETWEEN OUR TRAVELLERS AND THE MEN THEY HAD ENCOUNTERED.

"O ye intelligent atoms, in whom the Supreme Being hath been pleased to manifest his omniscience and power, without all doubt your joys on this earth must be pure and exquisite: for being unencumbered with matter, and to all appearance, little else than soul, you must spend your lives in the delights of love and reflection, which are the true enjoyments of a perfect spirit. True happiness I have nowhere found; but certainly here it dwells." At this harangue, all the philosophers shook their heads, and one among the rest more candid than his brethren, frankly avowed, that, excepting a very small number of the inhabitants, who were very little esteemed by their fellows, all the rest were a parcel of knaves, fools, and miserable wretches. "We have matter enough," said he, "to do abundance of mischief, if mischief comes of matter, and too much understanding, if evil flows from understanding; you must know, for example, that this very moment, while I am speaking, there are one hundred thousand animals of our own species, covered with hats, slaying an equal number of fellow-creatures, who wear turbans; at least, they are either slaying or slain; and this hath been nearly the case all over the earth from time immemorial." The Sirian shuddering at this information, begged to know the cause of those horrible quarrels among such a puny race; and was given to understand, that the subject of the dispute was some pitiful molehill no bigger than his heel: nor that any one of those millions who cut one another's throats pretends to have the least claim to the

smallest particle of that clod; the question is to know, whether it shall belong to a certain person who is known by the name of Sultan, or to another whom (for what reason I know not), they dignify with the appellation of Czar. Neither one nor t'other has ever seen, or ever will see, the pitiful comer in question; and scarce one of those wretches who sacrifice one another hath ever beheld the animal on whose account they are mutually sacrificed.

"Oh miscreants! (cried the indignant Sirian) such excess of desperate rage is beyond conception. I have a good mind to take two or three steps, and trample the whole nest of such ridiculous assassins under my feet." "Don't give yourself the trouble, (replied the philosopher) they are industrious enough in procuring their own destruction; at the end of ten years the hundredth part of those wretches will be no more; for you must know, that though they should not draw a sword in the cause they have espoused, famine, fatigue, and intemperance would sweep almost all of them from the face of the earth. Besides, the punishment should not be inflicted upon them, but upon those sedentary and slothful barbarians, who from their close stools, give orders for murdering a million of men and then solemnly thank God for their success."

Our traveller, moved with compassion for the little human race, in which he discovered such astonishing contrasts, "Since you are of the small number of the wise, (said he) and in all likelihood do not engage yourselves in the trade of murder for hire, be so good as to tell me your occupation." "We anatomize flies (replied the philosopher), we measure lines, we make calculations, we agree upon two or three points which we understand, and dispute upon two or three thousand that are beyond our comprehension." Then the strangers being seized with the whim of interrogating those thinking atoms, upon the subjects about which they were agreed, "How far (said the Sirian) do you reckon the distance between the great star of the constellation Gemini and that called Caniculus?" To this question all of them answered with one voice, "Thirty-two degrees and a half." "And what is the distance from hence to the moon?" "Sixty semidiameters of the earth." He then thought to puzzle them by asking the weight of the air; but they

answered distinctly that common air is about nine hundred times specifically lighter than an equal column of the lightest water, and nineteen hundred times lighter than current gold. The little dwarf of Saturn, astonished at their answers, was now tempted to believe those people sorcerers, whom, but a quarter of an hour before, he would not allow to be inspired with souls.

"Well! (said Micromegas) since you know so well what is without you, doubtless you are still more perfectly acquainted with that which is within; tell me what is the soul, and how your ideas are framed?" Here the philosophers spoke all together as before; but each was of a different opinion: the eldest quoted Aristotle; another pronounced the name of Descartes; a third mentioned Malebranche; a fourth Leibnitz; and a fifth Locke: an old peripatetic lifting up his voice, exclaimed with an air of confidence, "The soul is perfection and reason, having power to be such as it is; as Aristotle expressly declares, page 633 of the Louvre edition. *Εντελεχεια τις εστι, και λόγος τε δυνάμει έχοντος τοιαυτή ειναι.*"

"I am not very well versed in Greek," said the giant: "Nor I either," replied the philosophical mite. "Why, then, do you quote that same Aristotle in Greek?" resumed the Sirian: "Because (answered the other), it is but reasonable we should quote what we do not comprehend in a language we do not understand."

Here the Cartesian interposing, "The soul (said he), is a pure spirit or intelligence which hath received in the mother's womb all the metaphysical ideas; but, upon leaving that prison, is obliged to go to school, and learn anew that knowledge which it hath lost, and will never more attain." "So it was necessary (replied the animal of eight leagues), that thy soul should be learned in thy mother's womb, in order to be so ignorant when thou hast got a beard upon thy chin: but, what dost thou understand by spirit?" "To what purpose do you ask me that question?" (said the philosopher) I have no idea of it: indeed it is supposed to be immaterial." "At least, thou knowest what matter is," resumed the Sirian. "Perfectly well, (answered the other). For example, that stone is grey, is of a certain figure, has three dimensions, specific weight and divisibility," "Thou seest a few quali-

ties, but dost thou know the nature of the thing itself?"

"Not I, truly," answered the Cartesian. Upon which the other told him he did not know what matter was, then addressing himself to another sage who stood upon his thumb, he asked "what is the soul? and what are her functions?" "Nothing at all" (replied this disciple of Malebranche), "God hath made everything for my convenience; in Him I see everything; by Him I act; He is the Universal Agent, and I never meddle in His work." "That is being a non-entity, indeed," said the Sirian sage; who, turning to a follower of Leibnitz, "Hark ye, friend, what is thy opinion of the soul?" "In my opinion (answered this metaphysician), the soul is the hand that points at the hour, while my body does the office of a clock; or, if you please, the soul is the clock, and the body is the pointer; or again, my soul is the mirror of the universe, and my body the frame. All this is clear and uncontrovertible."

A little partisan of Locke, who chanced to be present, being asked his opinion on the same subject, "I do not know (said he) by what power I think: but well I know, that I should never have thought without the assistance of my senses; that these are immaterial and intelligent substances, I do not at all doubt: but that it is impossible for God to communicate the faculty of thinking to matter, I doubt very much. I revere the eternal Power, to which it would ill become me to prescribe bounds; I affirm nothing, and am contented to believe that many more things are possible than are usually thought so." The Sirian smiled at this declaration, and did not look upon the author as the least sagacious of the company; and, as for the dwarf of Saturn, he would have embraced the adherent of Locke, had it not been for the extreme disproportion in their different sizes. But unfortunately there was another animalcule in a square cap, who, taking the word from all his philosophical brethren, affirmed that he knew the whole secret which was contained in the abridgment of St. Thomas: he surveyed the two celestial strangers from top to toe, and maintained to their faces, that their persons, their fashions, their suns and their stars, were created solely for the use of man. At this wild assertion, the two

travellers let themselves tumble topsy turvy, seized with a fit of that inextinguishable laughter, which (according to Homer) is the portion of the immortal gods; their bellies quivered, their shoulders rose and fell, and, during these convulsions, the vessel fell from the Sirian's nail into the Saturnian's pocket, where these worthy people searched for it a long time with great diligence. At length, having found the ship and set every thing to rights again, the Sirian, resuming the discourse with these diminutive mites, promised to compose for them a choice book of philosophy, which would teach them abundance of admirable sciences, and demonstrate the very essence of things. Accordingly, before his departure he made them a present of the book, which was brought to the Academy of Sciences at Paris; but when the old secretary came to open it, he saw nothing but blank paper: upon which, "Ay, ay, (said he) this is just what I expected!"

M. DE VOLTAIRE, b. 1694—d. 1778.

THE THREE BLACK CROWS.

[JOHN BRON, an English poet and essayist, of much wit and vivacity, born 1691, died 1763. His *Colin and Phoebe*, a poem, appeared in the *Spectator*, and he wrote a treatise on shorthand and two volumes of poems, and was elected to the Royal Society.]

Two honest tradesmen, meeting in the Strand,

One took the other briskly by the hand:

"Hark ye," said he, "it is an odd story this,
About the crows!" "I don't know what
it is,"

Replied his friend. "No? I'm surprised at
that;

Where I come from it is the common chat;
But you shall hear; an old affair indeed!
And that it happened, they are all agreed.
Not to detain you from a thing so strange,
A gentleman who lives not far from 'Change,
This week, in short, as all the Alley knows,
Taking some physick, threw up Three Black
Crows!"

"Impossible!" "Nay, but 'tis really
true;

I had it from good hands, and so may you."

"From whose, I pray?" So, having named
the man,

Straight to enquire, his curious comrade ran.

"Sir, did you tell——?" (relating the affair).

"Yes, sir, I did; and if it's worth your care,

'Twas Mr. Such-a-one, he told it me;

But, by-the-bye, 'twas two black crows—not three."

Resolved to trace so wondrous an event,
Quick to the third our virtuoso went.

"Sir,"—and so forth—"Why, yes, the thing is fact,

Though in regard to number not exact;

It was not two black crows, 'twas only one;

The truth of that, you may depend upon,

The gentleman himself told me the case."

"Where may I find him?" "Why in——"
(such a place).

Away he goes, and having found him out,

"Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt."

Then to his last informant he referr'd,

And begg'd to know, if true what he had heard;

"Did you, sir, throw up a black crow?"

"Not I."

"Bless me! how people propagate a lie!

Black crows have been thrown up, three,
two, and one;

And here, I find, all comes at last to none!

Did you say nothing of a crow at all?"

"Crow—crow—perhaps I might—now I recall

The matter over." "And pray, sir, what was't?"

"Why, I was horrid sick, and at the last
I did throw up, and told my neighbors so,
Something that was—as black, sir, as a crow."

JOHN BYRON.

A SCOTCH READING.

THE FOXES' TAILS.

[EDWARD BANNERMAN RAMSEY, LL. D., 1793-1882; born in Scotland; graduated at St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1815; ordained in the Church of England; was curate in Somersetshire for seven years; in 1830 was minister of St. John's Church, Edinburgh; in 1841 dean of the Reformed Church of Scotland. Among his productions, besides lectures and sermons, are *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character*, from which we select the following.]

"WEEL, Sandy," said the minister of a parish church, in a small fishing village

on the east coast of Scotland, to his precentor as he entered the vestry, after having preached what he thought a very learned and well-constructed sermon. "Weel, Sandy, man, and how did you like the sermon the day?"

"Eh?"

"I say, how did you like the sermon?"

"Oh, the sermon; weel—a—a. The sermon; od—a—I maist forget how I likit it."

"D'ye no mind the sermon, Sandy?"

"Weel, I wadna jist like tae say I didna mind it, but, ye see——"

"D'ye no mind the text, then?"

"Oh, ay, I mind the text weel eneuch—I aye mind the text."

"Weel, d'ye no mind the sermon?"

"Bide a meenit—bide a meenit; I'm thinkin'. Hoots, ay, I mind the sermon noo: ay, I mind it fine."

"What d'ye mind about it?"

"A—a—ye—a—said the warl' was lyin' in wickedness."

"Tuts, man, ony fule kens that. What did you think o' the discourse as a whole?"

"I thoct it was owre lang."

"Tut, tut. Weel, what did ye think o't in the abstract?"

"The abstract? Weel, I thoct the abstract was rather drumlie now an' then as a whole, like."

"Man, d'ye understand yer ain language? I ask ye what was your opeenion o' the nature—the gist—pith—marrow o' the discourse?"

"Ay, jist that. Weel, it was—it was evangelical."

"Evangelical! of course it was evangelical. Was't no more than that?"

"Ou, ay, it was gey an' conneckit."

"You thickhead! Was the sermon good, bad, or indifferent? There, can you fathom that?"

"Oh, that's what you've been speirin' a' the time, is't? What for did you no speak plain afore? Weel, it was a guid sermon; a grand sermon. 'Deed it was the best I ever heard ye preach."

"Hoot, toot, Sandy, now you're gaun owre far."

"Aweel, aweel, I never saw sae few folk sleepin' afore."

"So you think it was a good sermon?"

"Ay, it was a hantle better than the lave."

"I'm much obleeged to you for your opeenion, Sandy."

"You're perfectly welcome; but at the same time, if you'll excuse, I wad jist like tae mak' an observation aboot the discoorse the day, an', in fact, aboot a' yer discoorses."

"Ay, what's that?"

"Weel, it's raither a venturesome pint tae handle, but if ye'll forgie the freedom, I was jist gaun tae say that in your discoorse the day—we'll no gang ony farther than the yin the day in the midst o't like, when ye was on the tap o' an illystration, it struck me that every noo and then—but ye'll no feel offended at what I'm gaun tae say?"

"Say awa', man, an' I'll tell ye after."

"Aweel, it struck me every noo an' then, when ye were explainin' some kittle pint oot o' the Scriptures, or when ye were in the heat o' an argument or that, it struck me that every noo an' then, jist occasionally, that there was maybe, frae time tae time, jist a wee bit o' exaggeration!"

"Exagger—what, sir?"

"Weel maybe that's owre strong a word. I dinna want tae offend ye. I mean jist amplification like."

"Exaggeration! amplification! what the mischief d'ye mean, sir? Where got ye haud o' sic lang nebbit words as these?"

"There, there, there! I'll no say anither word. I didna mean tae rouse ye like that. A' I meant tae say was, that ye jist streetcht the pint a wee bit!"

"Streecht the pint! D'ye mean tae say, sir, that I tell lees? Answer me this—are ye sayin' this oot o' yer ain heid, or did somebody else put ye up till't? Did ye ever hear the laird say I was in the habit o' exaggeratin'?"

"I wadna say but what I hae."

"Did ye ever hear the elders say that I amplified or streetcht the pint?"

"I wadna say but what they hae tae."

"Oh! so the laird, and the elders, and the whole o' ye call me a leear, do ye? Weel, Sandy, it's maybe jist possible that being obleeged Sawbbath after Sawbbath to expound the Word to sic a doited set o' naturals—for if I dinna mak' ilk thing as big as a barn door, ye wadna see't ava—I say it's jist possible that I may hae slippit into a kind o' habit o' magnifying things, and, therefore, Sandy, I'll call upon you, if ever ye should hear me say another

word oot o' joint to pull me up there and then—just give a sort o' a signal."

"Hoo could I gie ye a signal in the kirk?"

"You're sittin' jist doon aneath me, ye ken, so ye micht jist put up your heid an' gie a bit whistle like that."

"What? Whistle in the Lord's hoose on the Lord's Day? I never heard o' sic a thing in a' my days!"

"Hoots, man, disna the wind whistle on the Sabbath?"

"Aye; I never thocht o' that afore. Yes, the wind whistles."

"Weel, jist gie a wee bit sougning whistle like the wind, so that naebody can hear it but ourselves."

"Weel, if there's nae hairm in't I'll dae my best."

So it was ultimately agreed between minister and precentor that the first word of exaggeration from the pulpit was to elicit the signal from the desk below. Next Sunday came. The sermon had been rigorously trimmed, and the parson seated himself in the pulpit with a radiant smile, as he thought of the prospective discomfiture of Sandy. Sandy sat down as imperturbable as usual, looking neither to the right hand nor to the left. Had the minister only stuck to his sermon that day he would have done very well, and had the laugh against Sandy which he had anticipated at the end of the sermon. But it was his habit, before sermon, to read a chapter from the Bible, adding such remarks and explanations of his own as he thought necessary. He generally selected such passages as contained a number of "kittle pints," so that his marvellous powers of "eloocidation" might be called into play. On the present occasion he had chosen one that bristled with difficulties. It was that chapter which describes Samson as catching 300 foxes, tying them tail to tail, setting firebrands in their midst, starting them among the standing corn of the Philistines, and burning it down. As he closed the description he shut the book and commenced the "eloocidation" as follows:—

"My dear friends, I daresay you have been wondering in your minds how it was possible Samson could catch three hundred foxes. You or me couldna catch one fox, let alone three hundred—the beasties run so fast. It takes a great number of

